THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded [illegible] Benj. Franklin

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Earl Derr Biggers—David Gray—Octavus Roy Cohen—Sam Hellman
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BROADWAY BROKE

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

YOU may have met them drifting along Broadway—men whose names were once in the lights, women who were the toast of the town. Something, they tell you, is gone from their theater; something they find it hard to define. But they who have followed it from Union Square to Madison, thence north to Herald and finally to Long Acre, feel that in each of the neighborhoods it deserted it left a little of its glamour, a little of its romance. They shake their heads and travel on, seeking one more engagement, one more opportunity to wrest a living from their profession before the final curtain falls. Unless you wish to encounter heartbreak, do not inquire too closely into their fate. It is an alien land through which they wander now, a "show me" country where the cry is ever for youth.

On a humid August afternoon Nellie Wayne was walking up Broadway—our Nellie of the magic voice. Your father will remember her if you do not. At the old Fourteenth Street Theater early in the 80's she first flashed on the town, and thereafter for twenty years her name was synonymous with beauty. Lady Teazle, Viola, Rosalind, Camille—it mattered not in which guise the young men saw her first, from that moment her portrait adorned their bureaus and her lovely face often haunted their dreams.

It was at that forgotten playhouse, the Standard, that she appeared in the comedies and melodramas written by the brilliant Charlie Farren. She was Charlie's wife then, and when the critics urged her back to the classics she only laughed, for to her Charlie's poorest line was better than Shakspere at his best. Late in the 90's Charlie died, and in the hour of her sorrow she first began to realize that something almost as precious had left her, too—her stock in trade, her youth. One black morning a manager offered her a mother rôle, and though she at first indignantly refused, she took it in the end and so started down the long slope beyond the hilltop.

She was well down that slope this August afternoon, a woman of—well, no one could say precisely how many years; but sixty-eight is a good guess. A beauty still, her age considered; tall, with the carriage of a great lady and a face but faintly lined. Though her hair was snow white, a youthful sparkle lingered in her eyes. Yes, a fine figure of a woman, but lacking something—hope, high spirits, a real destination along this famous thoroughfare. Once, when she walked on Broadway, twenty blocks down, people nudged one another and turned to stare; but now in the cold, fishy eyes about her gleamed no faintest spark of recognition. Well down the slope, indeed.

"Look at What it's Done to Me! Gave it My Best, I Did; Made a Name, a Big Name. And What Has it All Come To?"

A stocky, prosperous-looking man was standing on the corner of Forty-fourth Street, gazing out across the alien tide that drifted by him; a big gray-haired man who seemed lonesome on that crowded corner. Suddenly he chanced to see Nellie Wayne. His face lighted and he strode boldly through the horde of lesser creatures between and seized both her hands.

"Nellie!" he cried. She looked up, startled. Old memories of her golden past flooded her heart and her eyes filled with the quick tears of the artist.

"Tom! Tom Kerrigen!"

"Nellie, is it you? Fine and blooming as ever!"

To have someone step out of the mob and tell her that! Life was worth living, after all.

"Tom—where from? Where to?"

"From Denver. I've been living out there since I closed here—ten years ago."

"In business, Tom?"

He shook his head.

"Retired." They walked along together through the Wednesday matinée throng. "I decided it wasn't any game for an honest man any more."

She glanced up at him, a little breathless, thrilled. It was wonderful just to see him again. Charlie's best friend, Square Tom Kerrigen, a dazzling figure on the old Broadway, a patron of the drama, front row on the aisle every opening night; Square Tom, whose establishment just off Fifth Avenue was the favorite resort of the men about town whose gaming instincts were active and who preferred to play where the game was fair.

"Nothing but crooks in my business today," Tom was saying. "The dirty outcasts of Europe—the scum of the earth. I saw it coming—no Americans left. Besides, I wouldn't pay tribute to any man living, in uniform or out. So I quit when it stopped being a gentleman's game. I dropped it. Denver was my old town—my daughter's out there. But I had to come back for one more look at the big street. And I'm sorry I did. I've spoiled it all." He turned to her wistfully. "Where's our Broadway, Nellie?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know, Tom. Gone! Gone with the theater we knew—the theater that had traditions. Show business. That's what the drama is now—the drama of Booth and Cushman and the rest. Show business—a trade, like cloaks and suits." They walked on for a moment in silence. "I'm mighty glad to see you," she told him. "But I'm sorry you came back."

"I know—I suspected—but I got to thinking. So many old friends I had to see once more."

"And have you found them?"

"I've found you, and there's none I'd rather meet. But the others—Lord, I don't know where to look for them! Once it would have been simple—a stroll up Broadway at the cocktail hour, from Martin's to the Metropole, and you met every last soul you knew. But now ——"

"Not now," she smiled sadly.

"I shouldn't have come," he admitted. "But my memories brought me. Lord, Nellie, what good times we used to have! Nights after the show, in your old house on

Twenty-second Street, with Charlie at the head of the supper table—good old Charlie. Then afterwards, when you'd sing for us, and the good talk lasting till morning, and Charlie following us to the door, holding us back, pleading with us not to go. 'The night's young,' he always said."

"Dear Charlie," she sighed. "Never wanted to go to bed. Never wanted to get up once he got there."

"I wonder what he'd think of our Broadway now." They walked along. "You—you're not working, Nellie?"

She looked away from him.

"Not for two years," she said softly.

"Oh!" He glanced at her quickly, then away. "Where you stopping?"

"I'm living with Gracie." Gracie was her daughter, her only child. "We've got a lovely—a little apartment on Forty-eighth, near Sixth Avenue. Gracie and young Nellie and I. Young Nellie's just turned seventeen."

"No, by Gad! Well, if she looks like her grandmother at the same age—but there never could be another Nellie Wayne. What's become of Gracie's husband?"

"Joe? Oh, he's on the road most of the time."

"An actor, eh?"

"Well, he's in vaudeville."

"Oh, I see! I don't recall his act."

"No?" She was silent a moment, as though debating something. "H'm—Karger and Chum. That's the name of it."

"Chum? Who's Chum?"

"He's—it's—it's a dog act."

Tom Kerrigen was too tactful to reply. He knew what the admission must have cost her. Nellie Wayne, Charlie Farren—all the glory, all the lights, all the applause—and the line ending in a dog act. The old gambler's heart was touched.

"You and Charlie made a lot of money once," he began, rather clumsily. "I—I understand you hung on to some of it. Enough—enough so that—you're all right, I hope, Nellie?"

"You know me," she answered, looking toward the street. Her head went up. "I'm all right, Tom, and thank you for asking."

"I'm glad to hear it. That was the impression I got from Lew Gorman. Lew made a lot managing you, and he's held on to it, believe me. By the way, he's in town. I met him on the train coming from Chicago. See much of him now?"

"Not for years," she said.

"Lew spends his winters in Hollywood, putting out a picture now and then just to pass the time. Tells me he makes good money out of them. A foxy boy, Lew."

"You don't need to tell me that. I'm going down here, Tom." They were at the corner of Forty-ninth. "I thought I'd drop in and see Madge Foster's new piece."

"I'll walk along to the door," said Kerrigen. "Listen here, Nellie, why don't you take a fling at the movies? Something to keep you amused."

She turned on him, her eyes flashing.

"The movies! Are you serious? I'd die first."

He was surprised at the fervor of her tone.

"Well, I don't care much for the pictures myself," he began.

"I should hope not, after what they've done to our theater, our Broadway. Silly pap for fools. I hate the movies! There used to be a road to play to. Where is it now? There used to be gallery boys." Her voice softened. "Do you remember when I came back from England late in the 80's—my first night at the Standard, when they let down that banner from the ceiling—'The Gallery Boys Welcome Their Nellie'? The flowers and the tears and the cheering? Where are the gallery boys today? Oh, Tom, Tom, the movies have killed it all; the dignity and the glamour; everything that was human and lovable about the theater."

"I didn't know you felt that way," he said apologetically.

"I told you I'd die before I'd touch them," Nellie answered. "I meant it."

At the door of the playhouse Kerrigen invited her to dine with him that night, and she accepted. She would meet him, she said, in the foyer of his hotel, but he insisted on calling for her. Rather reluctantly she gave him the address.

"The fifth floor," she said. "A walk-up apartment, Tom."

He laughed.

"Don't worry, I can make it, Nellie," he assured her with a laugh.

She went into the lobby of the theater. She was somewhat late, the place was deserted, the audience all inside. Through the front of the house as she entered spread the sudden coolness that instinctively greets the seeker for free seats. No, the man at the box office didn't know where Mr. McCarthy was—very busy somewhere, no doubt. Oh, sure, she could stand round and wait if she wanted to. Not much use, though. Mr. McCarthy probably wouldn't return.

With all the dignity she had she moved over to a corner. A beardless young press agent followed.

"Anything I can do?" he inquired. She explored her bag and offered him her card.

During Dinner He Came Again and Again to Their Table With Bits of Old Gossip, Shreds of Loving Reminiscence

"I'd like a seat, please."

He read the card and glanced at her coldly.

"In the profession?" he inquired.

In the profession! Nellie Wayne! The insult set her heart thumping with indignation.

"My name is rather well known," she said haughtily, "to any one who matters."

Johnny McCarthy, fat, bald, genial, bounced out of the auditorium past the ennuied ticket taker.

"Nellie!" he cried. "You stranger!"

"Come here, Johnny," she said. "Come here and tell this young man whether I'm in the profession or not."

McCarthy's smile faded as he looked at the press agent.

"You lost your bib somewhere," he said. "Go back to the nursery and find it. Nellie Wayne in the profession? You poor bonehead!" The young man beat a hasty retreat. "They make me sick, these kids," continued Mr. McCarthy. "They think they invented Broadway. How many you want, Nellie? Are you all alone?"

"Just one, John."

He went to the box office and returned with the coupon for a good seat.

"How's all the folks?" he inquired.

"Oh, Gracie's well. We all are."

"I caught Joe's act over in Philly. The dog's good, but Joe sort of crabs it."

"You never liked Joe, did you, John?"

"I couldn't understand why Gracie preferred him to me. I always told you he was lazy, and now—living off a dog!"

"Joe's been a good son, John. Mighty kind and gen—and gentlemanly. By the way, I'm not working. If you hear of anything ——"

"Oh, sure! I'll keep you in mind, Nellie. But it's not going to be a big year. Last season was so bad everybody's lying low." He looked at her pityingly. He had heard how, two seasons before when she was rehearsing a part, her memory had deserted her and she had been unable to learn the lines. All Broadway had heard; it was common talk for a time; and there was no engagement for Nellie Wayne; would probably never be one again. "The theater's been through some pretty tough times," he went on. "Worse than '93, and they're not over yet. You can be glad you laid away your pile, Nellie."

"What? Oh, yes."

"Better go on in. Foster's entrance is about due. You'll enjoy her in this"—he lowered his voice—"she's rotten! But she still gets the crowd. Over a thousand in the box this afternoon."

"That's good," said Nellie, and went to her seat, where she spent an envious afternoon.

When she returned to the street after the matinée her spirits were drooping. She had meant to go behind and congratulate Madge Foster, but the task was beyond her. Broadway was sizzling. Men had draped handkerchiefs about their collars; some carried their coats. The street is at its worst in August, though hope is in the air; high hope for the new season; a hit perhaps, recognition at last! Managers, authors, actors, pinning their faith to a new play, all the old failures forgotten—this—this is the one! Millions in it! Millions!

Rehearsals were still on, and round the stage doors of theaters not yet open for the season little groups of perspiring players awaited their cues. Nellie Wayne hurried by. The sight was almost more than she could bear. To be called again for rehearsal—the dim stage, the dusty piles of scenery, the empty auditorium, the droning voices, the kitchen chairs set to represent exits, and in the distance the first night looming, inspiring hope and terror too! Just once more—once more! She'd get the lines; she'd have them. That last trouble—that was the author's fault. His silly speeches didn't mean anything. Why should they hold that against her still?

With heavy heart she climbed the five flights to the little flat. Gracie was playing solitaire in the parlor—pale, colorless Gracie, who had come into the world without one spark of either parent's genius; Gracie, her inexplicable child, who now looked up from her game with a frown.

"Hello, you back?"

"Any word from Joe?"

"Not a line. I can't understand. You'd think the Orpheum in Frisco would answer my wire."

"You'd think Joe would answer." Nellie took off her hat and sat down in a rocker by the window. "No money order for three weeks—what does he figure you're going to live on? But then he's no good. I always said so."

"Now, mother, I won't have that." Gracie pushed the cards aside. "Talking against Joe—and you living on his money for two years past."

"His money! That's good, that is! A fine time I'd have had of it on any money Joe could earn. The dog's money, you mean. And do you think I'm proud of it? Do you think I want to be reminded of it? Me—Nellie Wayne—supported by a trick dog in vaudeville!" She took out her handkerchief. "If Charlie Farren were alive to see me now ——"

"Oh, mother, in heaven's name, don't cry! Things are bad enough as it is."

"I'll cry if I like. I met Tom Kerrigen on the street—you remember him. Your father's old friend."

"He's got money, hasn't he?" Gracie inquired.

"Yes, and he'll keep it for all of me. I'd die if he found out—I'd die. If he knew what I've come to ——"

The door opened and young Nellie came in, a slender, sweet girl in a blue tailored suit. She had a newspaper in her hand, her eyes were big with excitement.

"Mother," she cried, "I got a Frisco paper! Dad isn't on the bill. The act was canceled."

"Why?"

"I don't know. It doesn't say."

"I can't make it out." Gracie's face was blanker than usual. "What's happened to him? Why doesn't he send us a wire?"

"You can starve for all he cares," Nellie Wayne said.

"That's no way to speak of Joe Karger," Gracie objected. "Every week regular he's come across—you know

that. And never a word of complaint when you quit working ——"

"Go on! Reproach me with it! Throw my misfortune in my face!"

"Well, if you'd saved a little of your money ——"

"You know where the last of it went. Joe put it into those oil stocks. A fine business man he is! If he's paid my keep it's no more than he owes me!"

"Please," said young Nellie. "What are we going to do? That's what I want to know."

"The agent for the landlord was here," Gracie said. "He's given us two more days. I got that out of him. Heaven knows I'm not fitted for that sort of thing, but I managed it. There's no ice, and the milk has soured, and what more we can pawn I don't know."

"I told you not to buy that gray foulard," her mother reminded her.

"But it was marked down—a bargain. And I needed it; I really did. I'm not accustomed to going about in rags."

"If I could only get an engagement!" sighed young Nellie.

Nellie Wayne stared at her.

"What do you mean—an engagement?"

"She's been round to the agents," Gracie explained. "She thought—we both thought ——"

"I won't have it! Baby on the stage!"

"Please stop calling me baby," protested the girl. "I'm grown up. I've got to go to work sometime. Why not now?"

"But not in the theater!" Nellie cried. "Look at me! Look at what it's done to me!" She stood up as though called upon for a speech. "Gave it my best, I did; made a name, a big name—none bigger. And what has it all come to? What's been the end? Forgotten, slighted, insulted, living on the earnings of a trick dog! That's the theater for you! I'd rather see you in your grave!"

"Well, it's all true, of course," Gracie admitted. She picked up the cards and shuffled them. "I've heard interior decorating is a splendid profession for women. If you could take that up, baby—or even stenography ——"

"Nonsense!" said the girl. "I'm going on the stage."

"Listen to her!" cried Nellie Wayne. "Gracie, have you no authority ——"

"Oh, mother, do stop!" Gracie was dealing the cards. "What ails you anyhow?"

"I'm upset." She sat down again and wiped her eyes. "Upset, and I can't help it. Seeing Tom Kerrigen and remembering the old happy days—and a young fool of a press agent asked me if I was in the profession! Me! That's Broadway for you—no gratitude, no memory. A star today and a has-been tomorrow. It's just as Charlie used to say ——"

A knock on the door interrupted her. The three women sat for a moment, startled into silence.

"It might be the agent for the landlord," Gracie whispered. "He said he was going to put it up to the boss; maybe we're evicted. I could never hold up my head again." The knock came again, more insistent. "We'll pretend we're out ——"

"We can't do that," young Nellie said. She walked boldly to the door and opened it. "Dad!" she cried.

"Hello, baby!" Joe Karger came into the room, an overdressed, wise-looking citizen of forty, sleek and debonair, but with a weak mouth. "Hello, Gracie! How goes it? Ma, how are you?" He kissed them both.

Through the open door behind him trotted a small Irish terrier with a huge rhinestone collar about his neck—Chum, the vaudeville artist; three hundred a week, real money. Young Nellie dropped to her knees and put her arms about him.

"Joe, what happened?" Gracie cried. "We haven't had a word from you in three weeks. What you doing here? We thought you were booked solid through the winter."

"It's a long story," replied Mr. Karger, throwing his straw hat onto the table. "A long, sad story." He sat, but added nothing. Like all small souls, he enjoyed keeping others in suspense. It tickled his vanity.

"But, Joe, things are pretty bad here. The agent for the landlord ——"

"Things are worse than you think," Joe assured her, and still he held back his news.

"Father!" pleaded young Nellie.

Joe Karger pointed to Chum, who stood trembling slightly and looking exceedingly guilty.

"It's the dog," said Joe. "He's laid down on us. He's quit us cold."

"What? What do you mean?" Gracie's voice was terror-stricken.

"Old age, I guess," Joe said. "I never got his age straight, and it seems I was off a few years. Anyhow, out in Los Angeles one night, what does he do but forget his routine." He glanced meaningly at Nellie Wayne. "I'd heard of it happening to actors, but never to an animal act. However, he forgets it—balls up the whole turn—we're a frost. They canceled me. I took Chum to a vet and he tells me the dog's too old; nearly blind for one thing—can't get my signals. This vet says there's nothing left but chloroform."

"Oh, no!" young Nellie cried.

"Well, I guess Chum wouldn't want to be a burden, baby," said Joe. "I guess he'd understand."

They sat there in a circle, staring at the dog, these four grown people who had been living on his wages. And Chum looked back at them; looked anxiously from one to the other, a humble plea for forgiveness in his tired old eyes. He had sinned; he knew it; committed the deadly fault, lost the routine and crabbed the act. Yet there was his honorable past, his long years of service to the arts. Only in young Nellie's eyes could he find an answering spark of friendliness.

"Poor Chum!" she said softly.

"He was a good wagon, but he done broke down," said Joe.

Gracie's face, capable only of the simpler emotions, registered dismay. As for Nellie Wayne, she regarded Chum with renewed hostility. She had never been friends with the dog. To her he had been the symbol of her shame. She had hated him while she took her share of the money he earned. And now, to quote Joe, he had quit her cold. An icy fear gripped her heart. He had led her along a little way and then deserted her, and the great horror of these last years had descended on her at last. She was old and done for—broke, with not a ray of hope in sight.

"Joe, what can we do?" Gracie wanted to know. "We've spent pretty freely, with you booked solid over the Orpheum time. The rent's due, and the meat man wants his, and—and I don't see where we're going to end."

"Oh, we'll get along," said Joe the optimist.

"You—you got any money, Joe?"

"Me? Say, what do you think I am? Three weeks out of the bill, and my fare to pay from Frisco. This is a hell of a reception, anyhow!" Talk about money always annoyed him. "Ain't any of you glad to see me? I haven't heard you say it. You ain't, I guess. No, you'd rather have me out slaving, playing four shows a day, writing money orders. That's all you want out of me—money orders."

"Now, Joe, we're worried, that's all," Gracie said.

"Well, what the devil's the use of that? What does worry get you? Something will turn up. I can pawn that collar of Chum's for a few dollars. Then I'll look round. I'm going into business. Where I should have been long ago, with my talents. If I'd only gone into that broker's office when I had the chance! Oh, I'll find something. It's up to me, of course. Nobody else will lend a hand."

"I'm going on the stage," young Nellie announced.

"Sure, you're old enough," Joe approved. "And you got what they want—you got youth."

"Mother doesn't think she ought to," Gracie began.

"Oh, is that so?" Joe turned and glared at Nellie Wayne. "And what has mother got to say about it? What right has she to butt into our affairs? I haven't seen any of her money paying the grocery bills."

"Oil stock—that's where my money is," Nellie reminded him. "Going to be rich soon. That's what I was told when I handed it over to the person who got me into it."

"That's right, bring that up again!" growled Joe. "I was only trying to do you a favor."

A knock on the door interrupted him; and, opening it, Nellie admitted Tom Kerrigen. Mr. Kerrigen was in a gay mood, and if he found his old friend in surroundings that surprised him he gave no sign. Presently they all retired and left him in the parlor, while Nellie Wayne made ready for dinner. As she passed through the dining room on her way Joe resumed their argument.

"Don't you try to interfere!" he warned. "If baby wants to break into the profession it's no business of yours. Somebody's got to work round here. Somebody's got to support you, now that the dog's quit."

"Hush, Joe! Hush!" Nellie cried.

"Afraid your friend'll know, eh?" sneered Joe. "Well, I don't care who knows. You been sponging off that dog for two years ——"

"Father!" young Nellie cried. She alone could silence him; he subsided. The girl kissed her grandmother. "Have a good time," she said.

A good time! Nellie Wayne paused for a moment outside the parlor door, gathering her wits. Then she opened it and swept in as though it had been the entrance at rear center and the shabby parlor lay in the footlights' glare; swept in with her famous smile, her air of a great and vivacious lady. Tom Kerrigen went back thirty years at sight of her.

He took her to a quiet old restaurant, where the head waiter, a bent veteran of seventy, greeted them in a voice quavering with excitement:

"Nellie Wayne! Mr. Kerrigen! You remember me?"

They recognized in him a relict of their dead past. He had been a slender, blond young waiter at Delmonico's when that restaurant stood three blocks south of Union Square; a lad who haunted the theaters about Fourteenth Street, who worshiped at the shrine of Nellie Wayne. Only that afternoon she had wondered as to the whereabouts of her gallery boys, and here was one of them—wrinkled, feeble, one foot in the grave, but her admirer still.

(Continued on Page 152)

"Chloroform for You!" She Said Bitterly. "But for Me—What?"

NORTHCLIFFE

By Frederic William Wile

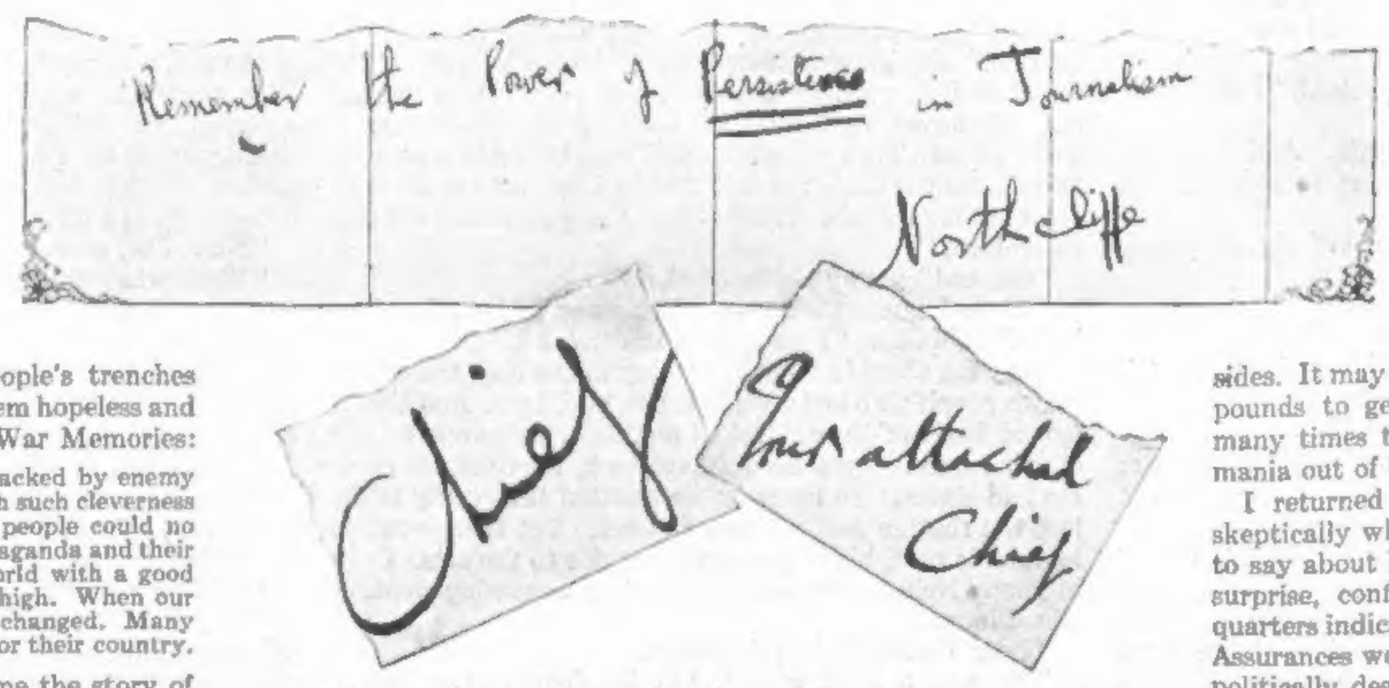
From 1906 to 1914 Chief Representative of The Northcliffe Press in Germany

How He Planned to Avert War With Germany by Starting a Newspaper in Berlin

WHEN the Napoleon of Fleet Street was gathered to the shadows and the dust the Prussian Junkers lamented that it was Northcliffe, not Foch, who finally brought Germany to her knees. Their sullen tribute concerned the breakdown of German popular morale—the home front—which the Northcliffe enemy propaganda organization battered and smashed. The Junkers had in mind the mass-suggestion barrage that was poured into the people's trenches behind the fighting lines, leaving them hopeless and heartless. Said Ludendorff in his War Memories:

> We found ourselves, bit by bit, attacked by enemy propaganda in speech and writing, with such cleverness and on such a large scale that many people could no longer distinguish between enemy propaganda and their own thoughts. We could fight the world with a good conscience so long as our morale was high. When our morale failed, the whole position was changed. Many Germans were no longer ready to die for their country.

Here is set down for the first time the story of Northcliffe's audacious project to crush the German war spirit, not while it was furiously alight amid the intoxication of battle, but long before it ever burst into devastating flame.



At the Top—Northcliffe's Cardinal Rule: "Remember the Power of Persistence in Journalism." At the Left—Northcliffe's Proudest Title: "Chief." At the Right—His Favorite Signature in Addressing His Men: "Your Attached Chief"

It is a part of European history how Northcliffe, for more than a decade before the war, thundered of the German menace at a Britain that would not listen. Having failed to arouse his countrymen to the danger stalking before their eyes, Northcliffe decided to tackle the peril at its source—in Germany, openly, boldly, unconventionally. The time was 1913; the medium, the one he was most skilled in using—a newspaper. His purpose, as it was five years later in the din of carnage, was to appeal to the German people over the heads of the war lords who were leading them to the shambles. His aim was to make them see the foolhardiness of an Anglo-German conflict—its futility for Britain and Germany alike. The adventurous scheme was doomed to remain one of Northcliffe's unrealized dreams, this bearding of the war lion in its Prussian den, yet it was a flash of genius perhaps more typical of the man and his methods than any other with which his contemporaries ever became familiar.

Northcliffe's plan, as he himself epitomized it, was to stop a war by starting a newspaper—a Daily Mail, to be published every morning in the English language at Berlin. Thus he hoped he might avert the crisis destined to overtake Europe in the red summer of 1914. It was to be a supreme attempt to demonstrate the theory that the pen is mightier than the sword. No one ever believed in that copy-book maxim more devoutly than Alfred Harmsworth, first Viscount Northcliffe.

The Chief's Amazing Suggestion

EARLY in 1913, still smarting under the intolerable humiliation of her ill-starred Moroccan adventure of 1911, Germany began her final and palpable preparations for The Day. To all concerned, by act of Reichstag publicly enacted, she signaled her determination to strike, in Bernhardi's ominous idiom, for "world power or downfall" at the earliest feasible moment.

The *Wehrvorlage*, designed to expand the already colossal defensive establishment by land, sea and air at a cost of $250,000,000, and by direct tax of the people, was adopted in sight of a complacent universe. The Bismarckian war chest at Spandau was tripled—from $30,000,000 to $90,000,000. To the peace footing of the army 100,000 men were added, bringing the grand total to the unprecedented strength of roundly 1,000,000. Von Tirpitz ordained day and night work on the dreadnoughts, battle cruisers, destroyers and submarines under way at government and private shipyards. The Zeppelin works speeded up the construction of battle airships. The Reichsbank, steadily augmenting the gold reserve, blithely proclaimed a policy of finance mobilization. In every direction the cogs of the German war machine were tightened up. Yet, with few exceptions, the Kaiser girded for the fray unnoticed.

Northcliffe was not blind to the meaning of those sinister activities. Since 1900 he had been prodding the British public and successive British cabinets into adequate appraisal of developments in Central Europe. Day in and day out his newspapers called attention to the aggressive naval program launched by William II and fomented by the eternal Tirpitz. Northcliffe reminded wave-ruling Britannia of the Kaiser's vaunted future upon the water and the Hohenzollern's self-anointment as Grand Admiral of the Atlantic. He placed the entire Northcliffe press behind Lord Roberts' campaign to popularize military preparedness in Great Britain. In inevitable consequence Northcliffe became the best-hated man in Germany. At home he continued to be as a voice crying in the wilderness.

Soon after Germany's unabashed war program was announced in 1913 I was summoned to London for conference with the Chief. During the preceding seven years of my service as Berlin correspondent of The Daily Mail and its associated newspapers they had specialized in reporting Germany's conspicuous preparations afield, afloat and aloft. Such developments, indeed, were the most important news Berlin produced from day to day, along with Germany's vast strides as a competitor of Great Britain in the markets of the world. I knew Northcliffe would be deeply interested in the newest manifestation of Germany's purpose to overawe or overpower Europe, but the real object of my summons was far different.

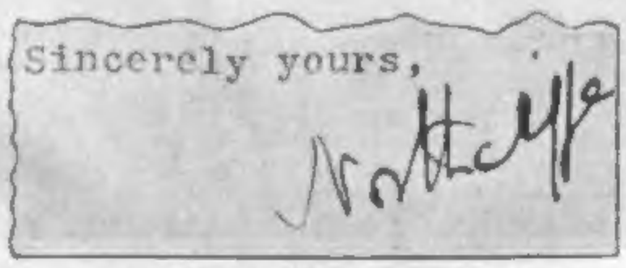
"Wile," said Northcliffe soon after my arrival in London, "I am going to start a Berlin edition of The Daily Mail."

If he had tendered me the editorship of The Times I could hardly have been more stunned.

"That will be a pretty risky business, Chief," I rejoined after recovering consciousness. Then I asked: "What is your object?"

"To stop a war," Northcliffe replied, with that staccato incisiveness which marked his discussion and decision of even the biggest question.

It set me gasping, accustomed as I was to amazing suggestions from this amazing man. He went on, in his impetuous way, to say how he now saw the long-impending Anglo-German clash, with its incalculable world ramifications, hastening on. He was persuaded it could be avoided and purposed using printer's ink to that end. Northcliffe believed, he explained, that straight English talk to the German people, day after day, might radically alter the distorted conception of Britain and British policy which they were getting from a Wilhelmstrasse-controlled press. "A Berlin Daily Mail," argued Northcliffe, "will open German eyes; show them the madness of their theory that John Bull is trying to encircle them; teach them that there is room enough in the world for both the Hamburg-American Line and the Cunard; let them know the British Empire isn't a house of cards ready to tumble down at the Kaiser's frown—and a lot of other things the Germans don't know."



Northcliffe's Formal Signature

I spoke of the uphill fight a Berlin Daily Mail would have to face from a financial standpoint in an atmosphere filled with the bitterest hostility.

"Well, we'll try it out," said Northcliffe. "You shall be editor and general manager. I'll give you a proprietary interest besides. It may cost us a couple of hundred thousand pounds to get established, but it will be worth many times that much if we can knock the war mania out of German heads."

I returned to my post at Berlin, wondering skeptically what responsible Germans would have to say about Northcliffe's daring scheme. To my surprise, confidential soundings in authoritative quarters indicated that it would not be unwelcome. Assurances were given that it would not only be a politically desirable thing but in time a commercially successful one as well. No War Party leaders were consulted. As to circulation possibilities, I was reminded that all educated Germans read and speak English, or profess to, and a daily lesson in that language at a cost of five *pfennige* would be an undoubted attraction. Besides, a Berlin edition of The Daily Mail could reach all parts of Germany on the day of publication, and even penetrate Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Russia within twenty-four hours. An adequate Berlin printing plant was available and news facilities presented no obstacles. Advertising experts foreshadowed an ample clientele.

The plan was to turn out a Berlin Daily Mail of the same make-up as the typical German newspaper, which is, roughly, the size and shape, except in number of pages, of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Wet Blanket of Conservatism

A FEW weeks after our original conversation I reported to Lord Northcliffe in London again, taking with me a dummy copy of the proposed Berlin edition. It was filled with news snipped at random from German papers and with a selection of advertisements such as the new paper might easily obtain. Northcliffe devoured new ideas, so I hit upon one he was sure to swallow whole—an offer of 5000 marks' free insurance to any German or English traveler who lost his life while en route between the two countries, provided said traveler carried on his unfortunate person a recent copy of the Berlin Daily Mail. Northcliffe chuckled over the insurance proposal, stuck conspicuously in the first column of page 1. "Splendid!" he gurgled. "But make it 10,000 marks. We'll probably never have to pay it."

Northcliffe liked the dummy and called a special meeting of his codirectors of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., to discuss it. The directors were not much enamored of the Berlin enterprise. There already was a Continental edition of The Daily Mail, published in Paris, and it had only recently turned the corner from a deficit producer into a money-maker. Particularly vehement objections to the Berlin project were burred by a Scotsman who was one of the cheeseparers of the Northcliffe press—a man who thought no more of sixpence than of his right arm. He was the canny spirit who, hearing of the torpedoing of a British battleship in the Dardanelles, ejaculated sympathetically that a Daily Mail correspondent was aboard with two hundred pounds of freshly cabled expense money.

No decisions were taken at the directors' meeting. Northcliffe and I remained behind. "Never mind," he said. "These fellows haven't much imagination. They're thinking of dividends. I'm thinking about a war."

"It'll be hard to put the idea through with —— in opposition," I suggested.

"My dear Wile," replied the Chief in his most caressing manner, "if I allowed my associates to influence me every time I tried something new or unusual I'd still be concentrating on Answers. We'll have our Berlin Daily Mail some day."

That was at Christmastime, 1913, seven months before Germany unleashed her thunderbolts. What occurred in the meantime to dissuade the Chief from starting a newspaper to stop a war I never learned. Beyond an occasional

and whimsical assurance that the idea remained dear to his heart, the idea never materialized. Perhaps the Scot prevailed. When the Berlin office of The Daily Mail was seized and sacked by the Prussian police in August, 1914, they found half a dozen copies of the original dummy edition, which hitherto had never been disclosed to any German eyes. I have often wondered what nefarious Northcliffe plot they scented when first they glimpsed that physical evidence of the British publisher's plan to talk the Germans out of war.

Northcliffe's unorthodox methods were responsible for my entering his service in Germany. It was the custom among American and British newspaper correspondents in Berlin to do one another's work during the holiday season. In the summer of 1906 I was substituting for the regular representative of The Daily Mail, an Englishman named Pooley, my own status in Berlin being that of correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. During my temporary representation of The Daily Mail, Mr. R. B. Haldane, who had recently become Secretary of State for War in the Asquith cabinet, came to Berlin to study the German General Staff system. He arrived from Marienbad, where King Edward VII was spending his annual holiday, this time in pursuit of health rather than recreation. To an American-trained reporter it was the obvious thing for even the temporary representative of a London newspaper to interview Mr. Haldane. So when I learned that he was due at the Hotel Bristol at five P.M., I decided to be there at 5:15.

En route to the hotel through Unter den Linden I encountered, supposedly on the same mission bent, the well-known Berlin correspondent of the London Morning Post. I suggested we should see Mr. Haldane together. My British colleague was horror-stricken. British ministers of the Crown, it appeared, were never molested by journalists, especially when visiting a foreign capital on official business. "That sort of thing isn't done," he said, in accents that seemed to mingle pity and contempt, and manifestly were intended to end the incident.

I decided, nevertheless, to violate British traditions, and, frankly to my surprise, Mr. Haldane received me, talked freely and sent me on my way rejoicing with a first-class interview. He told me what had brought him to Germany, just what he hoped to accomplish, the plans made for his entertainment, and other things pertinent to his visit. I telegraphed the interview *in extenso* to The Daily Mail. It was featured in the next morning's paper as the main news of the day.

The editorial staff, as I later learned, was flabbergasted, because the paper had been flaying Mr. Haldane mercilessly. Before the day was over I received a telegram from London asking if I could call on Lord Northcliffe at Sutton Place, his beautiful estate in Surrey.

Without the slightest notion why he wanted to see me I arrived in England at the end of that week.

A First Meeting With Northcliffe

NORTHCLIFFE never wasted much time in getting down to business, and soon after he had welcomed me at Sutton with the courtliness of the English country gentleman, he said: "When I saw that Haldane interview this week I asked who got it. The foreign editor said it was a Yank who was substituting for our regular man. I decided he was the man I wanted to represent The Daily Mail in Germany. When can you leave the Chicago Daily News?"

I told Northcliffe of my affectionate ties with Mr. Lawson's paper, dating from cub-reporter days, and explained that I felt obligated to allow ample time to replace me.

"That's all right," rejoined Northcliffe. "How much are you earning?"

I confessed, and Northcliffe said: "I'll double that and give you a three-year contract." Then he snatched a writing pad and scribbled the following note to Thomas Marlowe, editor of The Daily Mail:

Dear Marlowe: This is Wile, of Berlin. I'm going to take chances on him for three years at —— pounds a year. He is to have an office, an assistant and an expense account. Draw up a contract covering those points.

Then Northcliffe asked, "Now, are you perfectly happy? Is everything satisfactory?"

When I assented he said, "Right. Let's take a walk in the gardens, and talk no more shop."

The whole conversation occupied considerably less time than it has taken me to describe it. I remained in Northcliffe's service for thirteen successive years.

One of the features of our contract was illustrative of Northcliffe's newspaper tactics. It required me to visit London twice a year for the purpose of keeping in touch with thought and affairs in Great Britain.

"The trouble with most foreign correspondents," Northcliffe used to say, "is that they don't know what the people they're writing for are saying and thinking." When I would cross the North Sea from Berlin on those contractual occasions Northcliffe's invariable greeting was: "Go out and mix with people. Ask them about Germany and tell them about Germany." The Chief knew that a correspondent thus would inevitably return to his post with a freshened point of view.

To arouse Great Britain to Germany's *Weltmacht* program remained an obsession with Northcliffe. He was especially anxious to make his countrymen understand the latent strength dormant in the German nation. From the outset of the war he knew it would be a prolonged struggle.

In September, 1914, he said, "The war will last five years." It was well into its fifth twelvemonth when the armistice came. Northcliffe was never perturbed by the taunts of pacifists and Pro-Germans in England that he was a scaremonger.

In 1909 the Chief paid his first visit to Berlin. He was astounded at the growth of modern Germany, its splendor, power and possibilities. "Englishmen don't know anything about this country," he exclaimed. "Haven't a notion. Think it's still the land of damned professors that Palmerston called it. Don't realize that Germany of today is an empire of Ballins and battleships."

Little is known of the actual day-by-day methods by which Northcliffe conducted and built up his newspapers. Their universal success was due primarily to his uncanny vision—what he himself called his sixth sense of what the reading public wanted, or was going to be interested in. It was that highly developed intuition of Northcliffe that made him a pioneer in cycling, motoring, aviation and moving pictures long before the world generally took the slightest interest in those epoch-making developments.

The Chief's Daily Criticisms

NORTHCLIFFE'S system of critical daily bulletins to the editorial staffs of his papers provides material for a textbook for colleges of journalism. They consisted of minute, detailed comment on the day's paper. Whenever Northcliffe was within two hours of his office, whether in town or country, copies of all London morning papers were delivered at his bedside before he was awake. He seldom slept later than 5:30 o'clock. By seven, still abed, he had digested thoroughly the contents of his own papers and of their rivals—news, editorials, pictures, advertisements, everything. By nine—still pajama-clad and in his bedroom, where he loved to work—Northcliffe would be dictating to Harry Price, his confidential secretary, a bulletin to The Daily Mail or The Times or The Evening News.

Here is one, to the Daily Mail, November 26, 1915:

An excellent Daily Mail this morning.

I am sorry to see the disappearance of Germany Day by Day. These extracts from the Hun press are a feature that I invented, and one that is always looked forward to all over the country each day. But it is always cut down to nothing at the least opportunity. I hope it will be a column in future until I stop it.

One of the Napoleon quotations this morning is extremely unfortunate—that referring to England as being a permanent wart on the nose of France. I cannot imagine how such a *faux pas* occurred.

I particularly disliked the article attacking French imports into England, for that is what the article amounts to if one looks at the imports at the present time.

I think we ought to follow up the subject of British wine growing. That story will come as a great surprise to most people.

On the whole, the paper was really admirable in every respect.

Follow up the story about boys born in wartime.

Sometimes Northcliffe's bulletins, which were displayed throughout the office for all members of the staff to inspect, were generously commendatory, sometimes bitterly critical, often a blend of subtle irony and witty rebuke. They were always stimulating. A fault caught by the Chief's eagle eye was seldom repeated. Typographical errors were intolerable to him.

Here is another Daily Mail bulletin, crammed with typical touches:

This morning's editorials are varied in subject but long-winded. The Daily Mail's success came from saying in 150 words what other papers say in 500.

Why does the picture editor insist on printing plain women? England is full of beautiful women. Baker should hunt them up.

I see we continue to leave the hyphen out of Kinloch-Cooke's name. I do wish somebody would make it his special business to see that this is stopped.

The Titherton divorce story is well written. Tell the reporter who wrote it that I liked it very much.

Often the bulletin was short, but meaningful:

James Gordon Bennett once said the only way to conduct a successful newspaper is for the proprietor to sleep in the office. Judging by this morning's paper the entire Daily Mail staff was asleep in the office last night.

That was Northcliffe's way of calling attention to some important news the Daily Mail had missed. He was never

(Continued on Page 161)

Daily Mail

BERLIN EDITION

Giving all the News Many Hours in Advance of any other English Journal Circulating in Central Europe.

LONDON. MANCHESTER. 5 PARIS. NICE. BERLIN.

FIRST YEAR. THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1913. No. 1.

Daily Mail

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Foggy at first, then fair to dull with rain by afternoon or evening; temperature rising, with freshening south-easterly winds.

CHANNEL PASSAGES.

English Channel and North Sea, smooth and easy to moderate; Irish Channel, moderate or rather rough.

SPECIAL FORECAST.

For the twenty-four hours ending midnight, Friday, November 21.

FOR ENGLAND AND WALES.—Light variable winds, mainly from between the south-east and south; foggy to fair temperature; misty and mild afternoon or evening.

FOR IRELAND.—Fresh or strong from between the east and south; dull, rain at times; milder.

M. 5000

To popularize the Berlin Edition of the Daily Mail among the thousands of German and English travellers journeying between the two Countries, the proprietors hereby agree to pay as insurance of FIVE THOUSAND MARKS to the legal heir or heirs of any person whose life is lost during such a trip, provided the person is proved to have carried at the time of death a late copy of this journal.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT WILSON

FRIENDSHIP FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. James Bryce, the former British Ambassador in Washington, was the guest of "The Pilgrims" at a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, London, last night, when Dr

Page, the United States Ambassador in London, read the following message from President Wilson: —

Few men have done more than Mr. Bryce

KING FERDINAND'S FEARS.

"TO LET" PLACARDS ON HIS PALACE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Sofia (Bulgaria), Wednesday.

In the conversations he has had at Vienna with the Emperor Francis Joseph and Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is reported to have again raised the question of the revision of the peace of Bucharest, urging that otherwise the position in Bulgaria is to deepen.

It is impossible to verify these reports, but in responsible political circles it is not admitted that the fears which the King is said to have expressed are based on any solid foundation.

"To Let"

placards are, however, reported to have been posted up at the doors of the Royal Palace in Sofia, and this may be regarded as a fresh sign of resistance felt by the people.

GERMAN WAR CHEST.

JULIUS TOWER STORE OF GOLD AND SILVER.

Details are published of the prompt measures taken by the Imperial Bank to carry out the provisions of the new Defence Law in respect of the "strengthening of the Empire's financial preparedness for war."

The main feature of the scheme, as will be recalled, is the increase of the existing German war chest from Let. 6,000,000 in gold to Let. 12,000,000 in gold and Let. 6,000,000 in silver. The additional gold will be stored in the vaults of the Imperial Bank, but the silver will be added to the war chest at the Julius Tower at Spandau, the "German Wool-

KRUPP TRIAL.

BRANDT AND ECCIUS FOUND GUILTY.

LENIENT SENTENCES.

The Krupp trial was concluded yesterday afternoon.

Herr Brandt has been sentenced to Four months' imprisonment, the sentence being regarded as having been served by the accused through his detention in custody during the judicial examination. Herr Eccius has been fined 1,500 marks (Let. 60).

Herr Brandt and Herr Eccius, the two accused, were allowed no address to the Court the last words in their defence.

Herr Eccius said that when he went to Essen he read on the Krupp monument, "Let your aim be the common weal." His work was inspired to this end.

He begged the judges to set as an argument against his complicity the fact that this had been the guiding motive of his action.

In delivering the sentence the Court declared that the Krupp firm had formerly won a special position in the matter of artillery armaments, which it had, however, lost later on account of its high prices. A search had consequently been made for a suitable person to acquire requisite information through intercourse with other firms. Such a person had been found in Brandt, to whom the possibility was suggested of obtaining information from former comrades. Brandt had obtained such communications and had used them for his "Kenntnisse" (confidential reports). He had even gone so far as not only to steal drafts, but also to make

A Dummy Edition of Northcliffe's Projected "Berlin Daily Mail." Note the Offer in the Box at the Left Under the Heading "M. 5000"

USUAL

By DAVID GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HE WAS loafing in front of the store when I drove up. I nudged the driver. "Who is that fellow—the big one with the red hair?"

The driver spat thoughtfully, shifted the reins as his horses stopped, and replaced the whip.

"They call him Usual," he said.

It was a mystifying sobriquet for a young sun god. A sculptor would have raved over him In that first glimpse I thought I had never seen a youth so vivid, so virile, so beautiful. My imagination invested him with all the romance of the West. He was another Virginian.

Old Giddings appeared and greeted me. Everything was all right, my outfit was ready, elk plentiful. The hotel had burned down the previous week, but he had a room for me. He turned to the sun god.

"Here you," he said briskly, "get them traps out!"

"Yes, sir," the god answered, and somewhat languidly set to. Already the splendor of that first glimpse of him had dimmed. I was perplexed.

That evening after supper I made cautious inquiry about him. He seemed to arouse no interest. Someone thought he had drifted in from Texas, but was not sure. Why was he called Usual? There was a brief story in that. As a newcomer he had mounted an outlaw, unaware. As he picked himself up someone asked him how he was, and he replied "'Bout as usual." I gathered it was a word often in his mouth, indicative of a state of mind, a philosophy perhaps.

He seemed to have something to do about the store, just what I never knew definitely. I think he was rated as a freighter, but he helped wait on me when I was buying stores. At a moment when I was wondering what I had forgotten he recommended five pounds of peppermint drops. Grateful for the entertainment, they went on the list.

By this time my first impression of him had vanished beyond recall. I was intrigued, as the novelists say. He was the same six feet two of bone and muscle, with the same large, regular features, the same blue eyes, the same close-cropped red hair; but the ensemble now was commonplace. The man I had imagined inside was not there.

"Some Day Something Will Happen. Perhaps He Will Kill Me. It Would be the Best Way"

I began to recall analogous experiences with women in undergraduate days. Attending balls in strange cities, I would ask to be introduced to women of ineffable beauty and would be surprised to find that among those who knew them they excited no wonder. I would be surprised, too, when the evening was over to find that they had changed, somehow. Their first radiance had gone. The phenomenon had gone long unexplained. Now the answer was clear—the personality for whom the body was designed was not the occupant. There was a lesser tenant. It seemed like dishonest advertising calculated to deceive the public, and yet the public in the cases under observation had remained undeceived. I remarked with Emerson, "How can a man be concealed?"

Thus I lost interest in this young man except as a psychological phenomenon, but fate thrust him upon me. As my outfit was setting forth a pack-horse man developed mumps. Giddings offered me Usual and I took him. He proved moderately efficient and inoffensive, except that he played the mouth organ.

During the month that followed I learned little of his character, talents or aspirations. Doubtless there was little to learn. He consumed the peppermint drops unaided, and once I saw him shoot the neck off a sirup bottle at twenty yards. It was high-class shooting if it was not accidental. I asked him if he liked pistol shooting and he answered "Not usually," and the matter ended.

When we got back I paid him off by check and discovered that his parents had christened him James Verplanck Sinclair. He received the slip of paper and regarded the check book with interest.

Then he said, "Want to buy three thousand acres of land in Texas?"

I said, "No."

"Well," he said mildly, "I thought you might of wanted to buy it."

"Do you own it?"

"Yes; I can't sell it to anybody in Texas."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Dry. Once I had two hundred head of stock, but they went dead."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but it wouldn't be any use to me."

"No," he said. He stood there awkwardly, not knowing how to depart.

"What do you intend to do?" I observed to make conversation.

"Oh, I dunno—usual thing."

"Freighting?"

He nodded vaguely.

"Some day I'm goin' back to Texas."

"Got a girl there?"

"No; I don't aim to marry."

"Nothing in it?"

"No; women skeer me."

I gazed thoughtfully at his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle. It must have been assembled for some purpose. In those days everybody was looking for a white hope to beat Jack Johnson.

"Do you like fighting—fist fighting?"

"I don't like no kind of fightin'," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I've got to be packing up. Good luck to you. Hope we meet again."

"Usually do," he said. He shook my hand and went out.

I remember thinking of him on the train to Chicago when the newsboy tried to sell me peppermint lozenges.

I remember I thought it strange that the Lord should make a two-hundred-pound package to hold peppermint drops. All this was in 1910.

In 1917 practically everyone in the American Expeditionary Forces had his turn at the flu or pneumonia, or both. I got mine in October. It hit me on the train coming up to Paris. I reported in to the provost marshal; they put me in an ambulance and sent me out to Neuilly. It was a light case. The second morning I was lying in bed waiting for the nurse to come with the thermometer. Conversation began in the hall outside.

"That room is something fierce," said the nurse. "Don't you ever sweep under the beds?"

"Yes, ma'am, usually," a mild voice answered. And then entered James Verplanck Sinclair in the uniform of a hospital orderly, bearing a broom and a dust pan.

I watched him go to work. It was a conscientious effort, but not notably efficient. The nurse came in, took my temperature and gave me breakfast.

"I know that fellow," I said as he went out.

"You don't know much," she answered.

He came in later in the morning with a window-cleaning outfit and I disclosed myself to him. He regarded me without surprise, but with pathetic gratification. We reviewed the intervening years. He still owned his portion of Texas. From Wyoming he had gone to Idaho; from Idaho to Arizona. Life had been going on as usual.

"How did you get into the service?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "everybody was going to the war. I didn't have no special job."

"Just did the usual thing?"

"Yeah."

"How do you like France?"

"I don't know. 'Tain't much like Texas."

"No."

"But you get used to it."

"Oh, yes."

"How did you get into the medical corps?"

"Well, it was this way: There was a guy named Heimer. He said it was a good place to be if you was goin' to war."

"And you like it?"

He looked apprehensively toward the door.

"It's all right, only these nurses make you nervous."

I said I could understand, and he went to his window washing.

About half past two, when we were taking our naps, he slipped furtively into the room. What might have been an exterior abdominal tumor showed under his blouse, which, though the largest size issued, was tight for him. He smiled gravely, slipped his hand under and extracted an orange.

"I stand in with the storekeeper," he said, and presented it.

The one thing that hospital was mean about was its oranges. They were reserved for dietic cases, of which I seemed not to be one; yet I had been craving oranges for three days. I was weak. My feelings tingled emotionally.

I thanked him, and something like a human relationship began between us.

I began to wonder again, and this time with a certain solicitude, whether anything could be done for a case like his. I discarded my old theory that the wrong soul was inhabiting him. It had been only a figure of speech at best. As far as we know anything about such things, a soul, or informing personality, seems to assemble its body from various hereditary sources and to develop it according to its own ideas. Some start badly and finish grandly We know ugly girls who become beautiful at sixty. The contrary is notorious.

Those women who started with so much perfection of form and feature laid down on the job and went back. This is what Jim must have done; but the thing that made him physically must still be there; must have the capacity to live up to its work if it only wanted to. The trouble was how to make it want to. Here I could see no hope He had been exposed to both war and women. He was content to be afraid of the latter. His reaction to war was orderly duty in a hospital There was not much left but lightning and earthquakes. Any way I could see it, he seemed to be headed simply for dissolution into two hundred pounds of water, lime, nitrogen and whatever else we resolve into, and I was disturbed about it. In spite of his passive, vegetable personality I had grown fond of him. The conviction grew upon me that he really was superfine raw material inexorably doomed to go to waste.

Two days later I was sitting up. My sister, who had been over for a year as a Red Cross worker, descended upon me and we had a family reunion. As she got ready to go she said, "There's a girl I want to bring in to see you. She visits here three times a week. It would be nice for you to know her."

I said I'd be out in a day or two.

"But I want you to see her. She's a type"

"I don't feel strong enough for types."

"But this is the Comtesse Yvonne de Chaillevois. She's one of the big society vamps."

"Is she good-looking?"

My sister laughed.

"Haven't you ever seen her picture in the society papers?"

I said no.

"She was engaged to the Duc de Caze-Fernay, but she chucked him because he got a job in the diplomatic service instead of going into the infantry."

'Sounds like a nice girl."

My sister laughed again

"What's the matter'"

"Nothing; only 'nice' is a funny word for her."

"'Rough'?"

"'Emancipated' is more polite You've met some of these smart English beauties. Well, she's played about with that kind of a crowd."

"Is she an intimate friend of yours?"

"Heavens, no! I only meet her in war work, but she's been civil. I'll bring her in for a minute."

A moment after she went out Jim came in with his broom and dust shovel. He had overlooked the under-the-bed areas again and had been reported.

I thought of telling him that I was expecting visitors; but in the first place he probably would be finished before the De Chaillevois was captured and dragged in; and in the second he would be about as much in the way as the door mat.

Sister must have found the woman in the passage, for Jim had no more than raked out a windrow of fuzzy stuff when they appeared. I saw him stiffen to attention, broom in one hand, dust receptacle in the other. His color deepened till his face was as red as his hair. Knowing his views about women, my first glimpse of Mademoiselle de Chaillevois made his confusion understandable. She was a vivid personality.

They came on and I was introduced.

Was I badly wounded?

I had the flu. I was too old to be wounded.

There was a pause and she looked about her.

"It's rotten," she said explosively, "the way you keep glorious young men around your hospitals instead of sending them to fight." She gazed at Jim's superb back as he retreated through the doorway. He spun around and looked at her with dumb wonder in his eyes. I shot a bull elk once that spun around and looked at me in the same way. The next moment Jim was gone, as likewise had gone the elk.

Mademoiselle de Chaillevois looked at me intensely and asked me if I cared for the Vie Parisienne, of which she proffered me a recent issue. I thanked her and presently she left.

'A breezy little thing," I said to my sister. "She is five feet ten!"

"Don't you think she's wonderful-looking?"

I said truthfully that I thought she was one of the few beautiful women I had ever seen.

"But I'm afraid of her," I added. "I don't think she's a very good woman."

My sister laughed and told me that I was in no danger.

The next day they let me out, and I left the hospital without seeing Jim. He had been detailed to another ward, I think. I left messages for him with the nurse.

The winter wore away. Our First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second divisions finished their training and went into line, and the spring of '18 found me in the personnel division of G-1 at general headquarters. Among the things that crossed my desk on the way to those in authority were lists of missing. One day about the middle of June I was perusing one of these documents and my eye caught the name James V. Sinclair, tag number 63,480 It could hardly be Jim, I thought, because the report came from an infantry unit reporting losses on withdrawing from action

A moment later a man at the desk beside me said: "What do you know about this? Here's a bird the French have given the Medaille Militaire without getting the recommendation approved by these headquarters"

"How did his division commander let it get by?"

"Looks as if he got mixed up with a French outfit. Keep an eye out if he's reported as missing. J. V. Sinclair, tag number 63,480."

"Let me look at those papers," I said.

I read the citation. It was pretty swell. Leaving out the tropical verbiage, it appeared that Number 63,480 had stalked a machine-gun nest, pistoled six gunners and taken two heavy mitrailleuses, "though wounded."

"The bird is wounded," I said. "He'll turn up in some French hospital report. I know a James V. Sinclair," I added, "but he's a hospital orderly."

My fellow soldier made no comment and went on winning the war.

A month later a division general whom I knew at home asked for me as his aid and I went to the Front. I had two

"Is This True?" She Demanded. He Made No Reply. He Began to Cry Noiselessly

days in Paris before reporting. The second afternoon I was sitting at a table in front of the Café de la Paix when I saw a big Australian coming along, and by his side an even bigger doughboy. The doughboy was Jim. Ye gods, what a change had come over him! He carried himself with a buck-private swagger as if the division insigne on his shoulder were a chip that he was looking for somebody to knock off. His overseas cap was cocked at an angle and there was that look in his eyes that you see in men who have been in battle. I called to him, and as he turned I saw a wound stripe on his sleeve, the ribbon of the Medaille Militaire on his breast and the Croix de Guerre beside it. Few Americans were wearing decorations at that time.

He shook my hand warmly and I mumbled something about being glad to see him. I was experiencing a strange confusion. Our mutual attitude had suddenly changed. Unconsciously but naturally enough I had always talked down to him. I had been the condescending superior. Now I knew that I was looking into the eyes of a better man than myself. Strangest of all, that first impression of him came back. He was the sun god again; not so young, not so vivid perhaps, but with an added suggestion of Olympian calm and an inner wisdom.

"Jim," I blurted out. "What happened to you? How did you get out of that hospital stuff?"

He smiled.

"It was about time, wasn't it?" That was all.

"And you've been hit?"

"Yes; one of them light flesh wounds."

"You were in a French hospital?"

"Yes."

"Was it lonely?"

"No; I picked up the language pretty quick. I knew Spanish. I'm sorry, but I ought to be going," he added, with a look at the Australian.

"I want to hear from you," I said.

I got out a card and wrote an address that would always reach me. He thanked me, stowed the card and was off with the Anzac.

I watched him disappear with the presentiment that I should never see him again. God knows, with that division his chances were small! Like many a desk soldier, I felt shame and envy and worship.

The summer passed and I heard nothing from him; but often he was in my thoughts and always I was wondering what had been the stimulus that stirred that dormant soul of his into activity. He had overheard that brusque comment of the Comtesse Yvonne de Chaillevois upon able-bodied men doing hospital duty. Could that have stung him awake? Somehow I doubted it. She was not the type of woman that Jim would have been influenced by. The gulf between her sophisticated, overcivilized personality and his was too wide. More likely it was a series of small things. Very possibly it had been nothing but a natural development that had been going on below the surface, unsuspected.

In November came the armistice. The following May I got home and was discharged. In August I wrote the War Department asking for information concerning James V. Sinclair, identification number 63,480. In the course of time I was notified that he had been discharged July twenty first and that his address was Dry Creek Post Office, Texas. I wrote him there and in the matter of six weeks the letter came back indorsed "Undelivered."

I wondered what had become of him, what would become of him. Would he go on? Would the awakening impulse of the war last, or would he sink back, as so many others were destined to sink, into his old circumscribed life and personality? In all probability it depended on some woman, but it appeared unlikely that I should ever know.

In August, 1921, I was in Paris. One day, passing the department store in the Place du Louvre, James Verplanck Sinclair came out with his arms full of bundles. He crossed the sidewalk to a little town car, one of those luxurious toys with cane-seated finish over blue, with bright canary wheels, the kind of thing illustrious demimondaines roll about in. He heaved the bundles inside and was climbing in when I hailed him. He saw me and got out again.

"For heaven's sake," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"Usual thing"—there was a twinkle in his blue eyes—"freightin' groceries."

"But I thought you were out West!"

"I was, but I came back."

"What are you doing?"

"Farming, up Chemin des Dames way."

"Don't tell me you've married a French girl!"

He nodded. I regarded him appraisingly and was perplexed. He had not slipped back. He had gone on—gone on into still a new phase. His simplicity had somehow become the simplicity of the great gentleman. But how had he come to tie himself to a French peasant girl, to settle into farming on that desolate, war-swept plateau above the Aisne?

"How about lunch?" I said.

He shook his head.

"I've got to get back. Can't go A. W. O. L. when you're married." He looked at me thoughtfully. "I wish you'd come up and see us."

"Of course," I said.

"Fine! Anybody in Soissons will tell you how to get to the Ferme Bellegarde. It's on the old war maps."

"I'll find it."

"Come tomorrow?"

"I'm off for Switzerland tomorrow. I'm going to motor back along the old Front. When I get to Soissons I'll drop in. Can I wire you?"

"Just come. It'll be all right. Only don't forget."

We shook hands and he got into the driving seat.

"If it isn't rude," I said, "where did you get that car?"

"Belongs to my wife," he answered. He stepped on the starter and drove off

So the immoral car belonged to his wife! That opened new and disquieting fields for speculation. What manner of woman had Jim married? During the next six weeks I thought a good deal about that.

I came back through Verdun and Rheims, driving myself in an American roadster. I got to Soissons the second of November. The next day, after lunch, I started for Ferme Bellegarde. As Jim had said, the place was on the one-to-ten-thousand map. It lay on one of the minor roads southwesterly of Laffaux.

I crossed the river and went up the Noyon road. On the plateau the fields were pretty well cleared up, but the torn poplars along the road were just as I had seen them last. Across the plain, on the left, Juvigny was still a mass of ruins, as it was when our Thirty-second Division took it in September, '18. Where the road forked to the right for Leuilly I turned down the hill. The clay was wet and I went into low. Of course I should have stopped and put chains on. I kept the road for a hundred yards and then slid peacefully into the ditch. There lay the car till four in the afternoon, when a far-sought Percheron stallion pulled it out. The autumn twilight had begun to set in; also rain. The sensible thing would have been to go back to Soissons. Instead I went on down, threaded through the little mist-wrapped valley, around by the ruins of Vauxaillon, crossed the Ailette and climbed the plateau again. After another twenty minutes' plowing through sticky clay and around a patch of woods, I came upon a gloomy mass of buildings looming through the dusk.

It stood back from the road perhaps a hundred yards. According to the map, it was the Ferme Bellegarde. There was no light visible, but even if the place were tenanted the house windows would give on the court inside the farm inclosure. I got out and searched on foot for an entrance.

What seemed to be a garden wall ran along the road. Presently I came to a lane walled on both sides. Halfway down, on the left, a gate stood open. Inside was a man digging. Even through the rain and dusk I could see it was not Jim. He finished a row and started back again, feverishly spading the great clods. It was a queer thing to watch, an uncanny thing, for almost instantly I realized that the man was a lunatic. Some insane idea was driving him. No normal man could or would work like that for pay. Still, he was at large and presumably harmless. I was on the point of hailing him when a woman's voice called out of the darkness.

"Jacques! Oh, Jacques!" it called. "*La soupe! Viens toi!*"

It was a voice with a deep vibrant tone, and there was the note of authority in it. The man stopped.

"Excuse me!" I called.

"Who is that?" she demanded.

"Can you tell me if a Monsieur Sinclair, an American, lives here?"

"He lives here," she answered.

She came forward, and I could make out that she was tall. I gave my name.

"Oh, yes," she said in English. "He has been expecting you all summer. Have you got a car?"

"It is in the road."

"Bring it in. I will open the gate."

As I came down the lane the headlights flashed on the old gateway of the Ferme Bellegarde, a pair of grim Romanesque towers buttressing the round arch that gave scant headroom for a load of hay. Iron-studded gates swung open and the lights shot through into a vast cobbled courtyard. A moment later the woman stepped into the light. It was Yvonne de Chaillevois.

"Turn to the right," she directed, "under the shed."

I parked, switched off the lights and joined her in the darkness.

"I have the honor of addressing Mademoiselle la Comtesse Yvonne de Chaillevois?" I said.

"I saw you at the hospital at Neuilly?"

"Yes."

"I was Yvonne de Chaillevois. You knew I had married Sinclair?"

The darkness hid my face. Jim Sinclair married to Yvonne de Chaillevois!

"No," I answered. "I never heard anything about his marriage. I went home in the spring after the armistice. I've been there till this summer."

"He will be glad to see you," she said.

We walked in silence toward the lighted windows that picked out the long farmhouse on the north side of the court. She opened a door and I stood on the threshold of a low-ceiled room. A white-haired woman, still young in figure, was sitting by a table crocheting in the lamplight. She started as the door opened, peered at me eagerly over shell spectacles, then sat back incurious. A young man at the other side of the table was playing solitaire with his left hand. His right sleeve hung empty. He rose with difficulty and came forward.

"My aunt, Madame la Marquise de Chaillevois," said Jim's wife, introducing me. "My cousin, the Comte Jean de Chaillevois. Jean," she added to the latter, "this is Jim's friend whom he saw in Paris last summer."

The young man gravely gave me his hand. At that moment Jim appeared.

"For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, and the next moment I was wincing with my hand in his gorilla-like grip.

I was telling of my reasons for not coming before, of my misadventures of the day; but always I was trying

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"He Might Get Me," He Said Shortly. "It Would Be a Fair Fight"

DYING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

STRANGERS passing through this town late at night have been noting a big house on the hill brightly illuminated; possibly a citizen with only girls in his family celebrating the arrival of a son. It wasn't that; it was old Oliver Steele dying like a gentleman.

The big house was built years ago, after the local carpenters, stone masons, bricklayers and plasterers had long been grumbling that our houses were so much like dry-goods boxes they could be thrown together with eyes shut, and that they had no practice in doing their best.

For a year we heard of plans being considered. The following summer we walked by the house, and through it, as it began to take form, and criticized and marveled. There was oak finish not only downstairs, but up; a company room with private bath; a butler's pantry, cedar closets, a laundry with stationary tubs, instantaneous hot water; conveniences and magnificences we had heard of but never seen.

Old Oliver went to the city with his wife and laid in stocks of china, silver and linen; enough for a hotel, the women said. He also looked a little into art and found some very good pictures for his walls; he studied everything connected with houses as he had studied land, money, crops, farm implements, hardware, groceries, clothing, dry goods. Specialists went to see him about rugs, chandeliers, plumbing, roofs, foundations, heating, ventilation; and all of them marveled at his knowledge of everything they had to offer.

For a thoroughgoing man was Oliver Steele. What he didn't know about a subject he soon found out. He had been almost everywhere, from corn row to legislature; from clerk to proprietor. As a merchant he handled a dozen different lines, and had learned much about them. Across the three stores comprising his brick block on the best corner of the main street, was a great sign reading "O. K. Steele, Dealer in Everything," and usually he had it. The upper floors were not used for offices; they were devoted to reserve stock, as was the basement; and the yard in the rear and the sidewalk in front were crowded with plows, cultivators, wagons; anything that could not be found in the three stores was pretty apt to turn up somewhere about the premises. And at the railway station he had a mill and elevator, and coal, livestock and lumber yards. No one in his own community ever tried to fool him, and strangers from the city quit it once they were in his presence. Soon after he was forty, people began calling him Old O. K.

"And that's what he is," they often added.

Young men heard of his ways and emulated them when they were good, as they usually were. Town and county policies were colored by judgments coming out of the brick store, where the owner was the attendant easiest seen and on duty longest hours. If on a holiday the other stores closed at noon the brick store closed an hour or two later, the owner locking the front doors and the rear and putting the keys in his pocket for convenience in opening up in the morning, a duty he always performed.

But six months after the big house was completed, and opened with a reception to which the invitation was as general as to a Fourth of July celebration, people began thinking that at last Oliver Steele had made a mistake. He himself had a vague suspicion that the new house was too big. Occasionally he caught himself longing for the house he had moved out of, and which, he often said, was just about his size. The women began saying the house was too large for Mrs. Steele, who was becoming elderly. So the old couple got into the habit of using only a part of it. After the children married and moved away the parents would have gone back to the old house had they not given it to their daughter Helen and her husband.

Through the Long Days and Nights He Looked Forward to the Hours Just Before Dawn

Oliver Steele, in his forceful way, argued that the heating system he had deserted in the old house was the best known or that could be devised, considering comfort, efficiency and convenience.

The system consisted of three base-burner stoves, two downstairs and one up, using hard coal.

"Perfect, uniform heat night and day," he said in his argument. "If you can't find a servant—and usually you can't—you may easily attend to it yourself. A poor man can afford it; a rich man can't afford to do without it, if he considers comfort. The heating system in the big house is one most engineers recommend, and a failure compared with three hard-coal stoves. The real difference between a rich man and a poor man is the difference in the number of base burners owned. It isn't expense I'm talking about, but keeping a house comfortable in winter with least bother."

During their last three winters in the new house Mr. and Mrs. Steele put up hard-coal stoves to assist the modern heating plant, and were a little more content; but they were never so well satisfied with the new house as they had been with the old. We all good-naturedly discussed the failure of the big house and were a little more content with our own homes.

But with Mrs. Steele dead, and her husband dying like a gentleman, the big house was again all in use, as on the night of the opening. Day in and day out the lonely man sat in a chair in the drawing-room; large enough for three parlors, it was commonly said. At nightfall the huge chandeliers were lighted, and burned until morning. He had three nurses to wait on him, in eight-hour shifts, besides two women in the kitchen, a man of all work, and a chauffeur. The old slave had turned master at last.

Six months before he got down, as he expressed it, Oliver sent for Dr. Sam Morton, a noted man from a neighboring town, who had built a hospital and reputation. The two men knew each other as citizens of neighboring towns may, in half a century; they met once or twice a year, but heard intimate and true details of each other almost every day.

"Sam," Old O. K. said when the doctor came early in the summer, "what's the matter with me? I haven't been feeling right lately, and this foot bothers me a little more every day. What's the trouble?"

Doctor Sam pretended to make an examination, but none was necessary. Everyone in town knew the busy man who had built the big house was all in, as they said, and probably the news had traveled far.

"Do you really want me to tell you what your trouble is?" the doctor asked with the gruffness old men acquire without realizing it. Doctor Sam was a man something like Oliver himself; he went to the heart of a subject with few words.

"Sure," old Oliver replied; "that's why I sent for you. You know me: I'm not a man to pay out money for compliments. I want the truth in everything, and they say you know it about men as I know it about plows. Out with it."

"Well, the trouble is," said Doctor Sam, "you have cirrhosis of the liver. You won't live a year."

Old Oliver never flinched at the announcement, but considered it awhile.

"No hope?" he finally asked as coolly as he might have asked how the doctor found the roads in coming over.

"Not a particle."

"It's a hard death, isn't it?"

"It's the hardest, I think."

The sick man looked off into vacancy for a time, and then said, "I have been thinking the same thing. My father died with it. But I am seventy-seven, and it's all right. It's the rule. What's your bill?"

"I came over to see for myself what your trouble is," Doctor Sam said. "I've been hearing of your bad condition. I wanted to help you. I can't. There is no bill."

And so Doctor Sam prepared to depart. Like Oliver Steele, he was a busy man.

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THE YANKEE KILLER

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

This Time He Rocked a Fraction of an Inch Too Far, and He Fell Sprawling

THERE was something drowsily restful about Paignton's one long street, with its double line of persimmon trees, its dusty yellow roadbed, the scatter of sagging horse vehicles drawn up anywhere and everywhere at the curb, the ill-painted two-story shops and the worse-painted old colonial homes strewn among them. Northern eyes, geared to the rush and bustle of newer streets and to the slush and ice of winter, rested gratefully on the slumbrous highway.

Yes, there was something drowsily restful about Paignton's one long street. Also, there was something menacingly restless about Paignton's one long street.

The menacingly restless something was Marcus Farquhar, grandson of the immortal Civil War governor of that name, and great-great-grandson of the Gen. Marcus Farquhar who held the mountain passes of his native Southern state so pluckily against Cornwallis and Tarleton in the early 1780's.

Marcus was almost the sole survivor, in Paignton County, of the storybook ante-bellum professional Southerner. From the original Marcus Farquhar, gentleman, who had come to the Carolinas in 1643, it had been the boast of the mighty clan that no Farquhar had ever been in trade. This boast's solid front had caved in, here and there, of late years, as Farquhar after Farquhar followed the trend of the times and of the new South in going after fame and competence by dint of hard work. But Marcus had not sunk to this.

The fact that Farquhar & Farquhar & Sons, dry-goods merchants of Charleston, had twice lifted smothering mortgages from Marcus' plantation and home, and that Farquhar & Ginter, of Savannah, had once rescued him from a cotton slump, did not lessen the shamed odium wherein the traders were held by him. It was the least the renegades could do to help their more conservative cousin. Marcus Farquhar said so, and Marcus Farquhar meant it.

Early in the twentieth century a flood tide of winter visitors began to set strongly southward. Asheville, Aiken, Camden, and a score of like places ceased to be mere towns and became resorts. Because of altitude and sunshine and scenery and gorgeous quail shooting, Paignton joined the ranks of tourist-boom cities.

Marcus Farquhar and the one or two of his relatives who still held to his views resented the invasion almost as much as they profited by it. Socially, they held aloof from the tourist mob. But they sold them land and they sold them horses and they sold them bird dogs, and leased hunting and fishing rights to them at exorbitant sums. Humbler members of the clan reaped fair harvests as guides or as gillies. Their towhead sons deigned to caddie for the newcomers on the links which had been bought at a ruinous price from the least fertile corner of a Farquhar plantation.

Marcus Farquhar, noisiest hanger-on of the mighty clan, scorned the invaders. He was a Southern gentleman. He refused to recognize the Yankee Government as anything but an impersonal tyrant whose taxes he must pay because of certain tactical errors of Robert E. Lee, committed between 1861 and 1865. Lee had ceased to be a Marcus Farquhar hero when the good gray general consented to shake hands with one Grant at Appomattox, and when he had advised his gallant fellow soldiers to take up the burden of life and of labor, once more, as befitted brave men and good citizens.

The fact that the rest of the South—including Paignton—had followed Lee's advice right manfully, and that men of Carolina and men of Massachusetts had fought shoulder to shoulder in the short Spanish War, did nothing whatever to convert Marcus Farquhar, though nearly all his kin were now loyally progressive. Marcus could not understand the new feeling of staunch brotherhood between North and South, and what Marcus Farquhar could not understand was not worth understanding.

He, himself, had clashed but once or twice with the existent Yankee Government. Once was when his distant cousin, Lysander Beaslee, had accepted a seat in the Yankee Congress in 1902. Marcus declared his cousin had proved traitor to the family's best traditions and had challenged him to a duel. Beaslee, with degrading common sense, had had Marcus bound over to keep the peace. This had rankled. So had Marcus' arrest for winging Hannibal Dabney—of the Branch Creek Dabneys—in a wholly open affair of honor a year later. The fact that his town and his county and most of his own family were modern and American embittered him the more.

Then came the event which taught Marcus the thrill of Yankee batting. Doctor Hilyer, a wealthy little Philadelphian, had just bought and rejuvenated a pre-Revolution house in the river suburbs of Paignton. It was his whim to furnish it as far as possible with genuine antique furniture, bought in Paignton County; furniture which would be in keeping with the mellow colonial brick and the mellowed colonial lines of his new-bought home.

It was fascinating—this scouring of the countryside for salable heirlooms; and when the tidings spread that the Philadelphian was ready to pay high prices for such articles as suited him doors flew wide at his approach. The fact that he proved himself at once a connoisseur and not a spendthrift was scant deterrent in that bourn of real antiques.

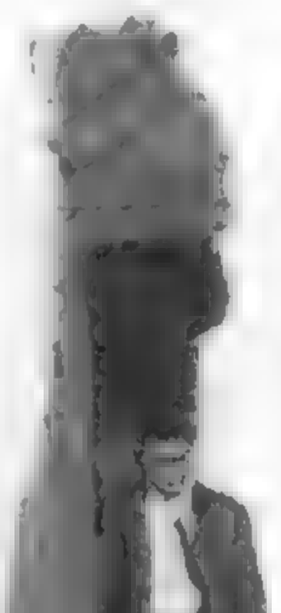
Marcus Farquhar heard. Marcus Farquhar, as usual, needed ready cash. Marcus Farquhar went into action. Marcus Farquhar unbent to the degree of stopping Doctor and Mrs. Hilyer outside the post office one morning and coldly introducing himself.

The little doctor looked up in courteous wonder at the strapping giant with the red face and the frock coat and broad-leaf hat. His wonder turned to real interest when the other said:

"I am Marcus Farquhar. I reckon that name is introduction aplenty—south of Mason and Dixon's Line. I hear you and this lady are interested in old furniture. It chances just now that I am about to refurnish my town house, and I am willing to dispose of certain duplicate pieces, and so forth. The furniture which I am consenting to part with is furniture which antedates the American Revolution by not less than one hundred and thirty years. It has been in my family, unbrokenly, since the seventeenth century. Do you care to see it?"

"Of course—why, of course!" exclaimed the little doctor. "And I appreciate your giving me the opportunity. When would it be convenient to you for Mrs. Hilyer and myself to look at it? Our time is your time, of course. If you are busy or ——"

"A Farquhar," icily interrupted Marcus, "is never busy, not in the sense you-all, in the No'th, misapply the word. I am on my way home. I live only a furlong from here. You can come along right now if you like."



Walking a half pace in front of the placid little couple, and somehow managing to convey an impression of a half hemisphere's aloofness, he led the way down the sleepily dusty old street, with its fretwork of shade and its frieze of curb-edge buggies. Turning in at the creaky gate of a disreputable front yard, he advanced toward the portico of a house whose architect had been inspired.

Doctor Hilyer nudged his wife to call her notice to the neglected beauty of the façade. From his eye's corner Marcus caught the gesture, and he misinterpreted it. Scowling at the dead weeds and bits of smudged paper and occasional tin can and wood sliver which graced the deep yard, he said truculently:

"A heap of hypocrites hereabouts keep their front yards all shiny clean and leave their back yards dirty. I'm no hypocrite, thank the Lord! My front yard's as dirty as my back yard."

He passed on into the house, standing aside with

He Had Been Thrashed Ignominiously

elaborate chivalry to allow Mrs. Hilyer to precede him, then shouldering in ahead of the little doctor.

All Doctor Hilyer's other emotions at once gave way to keen interest as the old couple stood surveying the higgledy-piggledy array of furniture which blocked foyer and living room. From piece to piece their expert eyes darted. Here was a treasure house. But Marcus Farquhar swept them up and bore them onward to a smaller room, farther down the gracious hall which bisected the mansion from front to back. In this room were grouped the several pieces of furniture he had bought on speculation the day before from Powhatan Boden, a mile out on the Aquilla Turnpike. He would as soon have sold his hamlike right hand as to sell any of the real Farquhar relics.

"Now here," he began, coming to a ponderous halt in front of a tall clock—"now here is a gran'ther's clock, brought over from Shropshire by the first Marcus Farquhar in 1643. It has been in the family ever since. I am sorry I can't tell you-all how long it was in Farquhar Hall, in Shropshire, before he imported it. Our absolute record of it runs back no farther than 1643. I refused an offer of twenty-one hundred dollars for this antique from a Yankee dealer last year. I do not sell to dealers. But I understand you plan to keep all your boughten furniture here in Paignton, in your own home. Therefore, if you care for it at that price, I am willing to sacrifice it. It is painful, madam, for a gentleman and a Farquhar to stoop to money details like this. But I ——"

"You say it dates back to 1643?" broke in Doctor Hilyer, disregarding his wife's toe signal and swept away by his collector sense. "You are certain?"

"I have just given you my word, sir," stiffly replied Marcus, with a rebuking glare copied at much pains from that in Gilbert Stuart's portrait of General Farquhar "Surely, that will suffice. The word of a Farquhar has never yet been ——"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Doctor Hilyer, again numb to his wife's more pressing signal, and forgetting he was anything but a collector whose opinion had been courted by a score of museum curators. "There's a bad blunder somewhere This is Sheraton, with all the earmarks of being the work of one of Tom Sheraton's post-Georgian disciples. It —— "

"Quite so," approved Marcus. "It is a genuine Sheraton. Anyone who has studied Sheraton furniture can readily ——"

'Sheraton," repeated Doctor Hilyer; "and imperfect at that. Slipshod. Post-Georgian. Early Victorian. Why, man, Tom Sheraton was not born until 1751! And you say this clock dates back beyond 1643. Clocks of that era had none of these severely gracile lines. They were of oak too – not walnut—and they were wasp-waisted. Besides—look! The moon inset has a ship painted on it; a ship with a jib and spanker boom. Jibs were not invented until about 1720, and spankers in about 1750. That picture alone would prove the thing a fraud. Then ——"

He opened the paneled clock door and thrust an expert hand upward.

"Just as I thought," he announced. "Metal works Clocks of that period—and for a century later—had wooden works. Then you'll notice "

But through no volition of his own the excited little doctor spun backward from the clock. He came to a jarring halt against the dusty wall. His wife cried out in alarm. Marcus Farquhar, purple of face and blazing of eye, was wiping ostentatiously with a soiled handkerchief the fingers wherewith he had propelled the desecrating collector from the clock

"Keep your miserable hands off my furniture!" thundered Marcus. "And take yourself from my house, you Yankee mudsill! The presence of this lady saves you from castigation. But it shall not save you later on. My seconds shall wait on you at your hotel in one hour. I ——"

"Hold on there!" sputtered the dumfounded Hilyer. "Hold on! My dear sir, are you crazy? What ——"

"You have called me a liar, sir!" flamed Marcus. "A liar and a cheat and a common trickster! Me—a Farquhar! Only the blood of one of us can wipe out that foul affront! My seconds ——"

"You're insane!" declared Doctor Hilyer, more amused than angry. "I called you none of those melodramatic things, and I'll thank you not to grab me again by the collar as you did. It joggled me. I didn't say you were a liar or a cheat. I said this clock is modern, and not an antique. I didn't accuse you of trying to fool me. No doubt you yourself were fooled on it. Many people are. Why, there was a case like that in "

"I told you," said Marcus with rattlesnake deadliness "I told you I guaranteed this clock to date back to 1643. You said it did not. You thereby said I was a liar. You thereby implied I was a cheat. I ——"

"Oh, come along, dear, please!" begged Mrs. Hilyer, pulling at her aghast husband's arm.

They got out of the house, somehow. For the next hour they talked of nothing else but the maniac giant who had menaced them. They were still talking when Hancey Farquhar and Josephus Carter called solemnly on the doctor. In due and ancient form they presented the incredulous old gentleman with a challenge to meet Marcus Farquhar at daylight next morning on the edge of Oritana Grove in mortal combat. As challenged party, the doctor was kindly permitted to name his own weapons and the conditions of the duel

Mrs. Hilyer fainted. Doctor Hilyer laughed. But the laughter endured little longer than the swoon. The solemn-faced seconds showed they did not regard the affair in any light save that of utter gravity. Hilyer ended the absurd interview by ordering them both out of his suite. They departed with the air of stage conspirators.

Doctor Hilyer rang up his golf crony, Hiram A. Dandridge, president of the Paignton bank. To his astonishment Dandridge did not see the funny side of it. Indeed, he listened worriedly to the doctor's recital; then promised to have a personal talk with Marcus. He finished the phone chat with a bit of advice which Hilyer could not believe was intended in earnest.

"Stay indoors till you see me," he decreed.

Later in the afternoon Dandridge called at the Hilyer suite.

"I'm sorry," said he, "but it's no use. I've been laboring with him. I even sank to reminding him of his three notes in the bank. But he swears he'll either shoot you in fair duello or else that he'll shoot you on sight, and I can't budge him. He says you have cast a slur on his honor by ——"

"How about the slur he cast on my intelligence by that fake furniture he tried to palm off on me?" demanded the doctor, rumpling his shock of snowy hair and still trying to smile reassurance at his panic-stricken wife. "The clock wasn't the only imposture, either. Why, I saw a ——"

"I'm afraid that's like a kited check—neither here nor there," returned Dandridge. "Farquhar is a Southerner of a bygone day. He and those seconds of his are about the last of their breed. They're discredited hangers-on of a splendid old family. Yes, they're a type by themselves;

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"Keep Your Miserable Hands Off My Furniture!" Thundered Marcus. "And Take Yourself From My House"

Pike's Peak, Lizzie, or Bust

By WILL IRWIN

WE STARTED, the passenger and I, from Auburn, New York, to Denver, Colorado, and points higher, with a sense of impending glorious adventure. Of course, we felt, there is nothing new any more in crossing the continent by automobile. Five years ago the man or woman who made this break into the unknown became a fireside hero. Today everyone is doing it. The bookstores have blossomed with guides to the main transcontinental routes. Half of the literature in the motor magazines dispenses hints to tourists. Anywhere, after you cross into the Middle West, you park or garage beside New York cars, Virginia cars, New Jersey cars, Ohio cars, Oklahoma cars, even Canadian cars. Still, we were going to do it not in the high-powered machine the job seemed to call for, but in the short and simple flivver of the poor. Besides, we were not to follow the Lincoln Highway, so old and used by now that it appealed to us as sandpapered, standardized, regulated like a city boulevard. We were to venture on a new trail, only last year drawn as a straight red-and-white streak across the map. From these two slender facts we romanced ourselves into the belief that we were pioneering—blood brother and sister to the crew of the covered wagon on the trackless plains.

Twelve days and forty-six minutes later we drew up at the door of our hotel in Denver. We dispatched a taunting post card to George, who, thinking scornfully of authors as mechanics, had bet that we wouldn't make it in two weeks; we brushed or washed away the alkali dust; and we took stock. I was tired, but pleasantly, healthily tired, with holding Tin Lizzie on the road. As we sat down to dinner the car was still rattling and swaying under us. Otherwise it had been a perfect twelve days. Then and there we renewed a vow, made fifty times in the course of the trip, to do it again every summer. But as for adventures——

The machine first. The machine is always first. She gets to be an entity, a member of the family with whom you quarrel, against whom you hold your grudges, but for whom you cherish a guarding affection.

PHOTO BY MILLER HOW PHOTO COMPANY

Looking From the Top of Big Thompson Canon Past the Pillars of Hercules Into the Deep Shadows Where the Automobile Highway Climbs to Colorado's National Park

The Outfit We Didn't Need

CRIMINOLOGISTS say that there are more neighborhood rows, assaults and murders over dogs than over children. One grows to feel in the same way about his car. As witness our one and only minor collision. We came round a corner into a wide fine stretch of dirt road, temporarily under repair. The surface had been plowed up and far down the line was coming a huge steam roller. As it approached I saw that to one rear corner was hitched a harrow and to the other—the one nearest us—a small runabout. The stalwart and husky crew of three sat on the roller, smoking, and leaving the runabout to bob about as it pleased. I pulled into the loose edge of the road as far as I dared; for there was danger of skidding into a very deep ditch. It seemed a safe distance; but, as the roller passed, the runabout took a wide swing in our direction, slammed into our fender and broke the luggage carrier.

The passenger leaped through our single front door, and I after her. She poured out sarcasm, I invective. The husky crew of the roller, unable to answer in kind this flow of conversation, stolidly disentangled their runabout. We pulled away with a final expression of opinion. One of the crew ran after us and delivered his repartee. "Hey!" he said, "next time, you git further over." That started up again the outraged maternity of the passenger. "We ought to go back," she said, "and do something to their flivver. Take a stone and smash it somewhere. Only," she added reflectively, "there are three of them and only two of us!"

That, as we summed everything up, was the only touch of adventure. Before starting on the great enterprise I had read all the available literature on the subject, had tried to take the advice of all my experienced friends. I carried a full set of spark plugs and an extra timer. Everyone said I would need them. True, though I am good on spark plugs, I haven't the slightest idea how to put on a timer. But there was something reassuring and dependable about the name of the thing; it was a comfort to have it there under the back seat. The spark plugs and the timer still repose under the seat, in their original packages. I mustn't fail, said all the authorities, to have a good shovel. I bought a patent camping shovel with a detachable handle and a sharp edge on which I once cut my fingers while fumbling for tools. I used it once. In Western Illinois we picked up a piece of barbed wire and a tire went flat. After I had jacked up the axle I found that I had the hole—I do not know what the thing is called technically—the one the nipple goes through, at the very bottom of the rim. With the wheel in that position it was mechanically impossible to insert the nipple and force on the tire. It would be necessary to let her down, run the machine two or three feet, and jack her up again. Here the passenger had a brilliant idea. We got out the shovel, rejoicing that we had found at last a use for the thing, and dug a hole deep enough to permit insertion of the nipple. That let out the shovel.

Also, following unanimous advice, we took along an ax. It was not an ordinary ax. It was one of those boy-scout contraptions with a patent guard to keep the edge bright and sharp when needed. The guard was never removed.

Everyone said, "Take a towline. Western people are very nice about towing you when you are stuck, but you can't expect them always to have a rope aboard. It may save you a night in the open sometime." In a matter so important, always get the best. I provided myself with a steel line. It had curiously formed hooks at each end, and two loops of tarred rope; all inclosed in a waterproof canvas bag. The salesman showed me how you twined the loops round the axle, inserted the hooks and pulled away. The arrangement was very neat and ingenious; I surprised myself longing for a breakdown so that I could use it. And I did eventually. Somewhere in Eastern Colorado we passed what appeared originally to have been a flivver delivery wagon. The hood had long ago disappeared, indecently exposing the workings. The back had broken off from the seat. Part of the frame was tied together with wires. What had been enamel was now mostly rust. It was stopped beside the road, and from the entrails of the thing rose, as we approached, the grizzled head of a long, lean Western man. Beside him stood a tiny, bright-eyed, wrinkle-faced woman in a sunbonnet, looking as perplexed as he, but also somewhat amused—as though the joke were on them. I stopped and offered my services.

First Aid

"IT COMES to this," said he; "the darn thing won't go. That's all. See if you can make her go."

Thus appealed to, I assumed the air of an expert. Really, for the moment I believed in myself. Mr. Drake's chauffeur at Scituate had once shown me the insides of a carburetor. So I investigated that first. It looked rusty, but normal. Of course the next thing to do was to inspect those wires that carry the electricity from whatever generates it to whatever it is that makes the sparks. Plainly, if a wire is broken it won't carry electricity. That stands to reason. But no wire was broken. Then I remembered a conversation overheard two days before in a garage. The mechanic was talking to a tourist in difficulties. "It may be the gas line. It will take some time to look into that," he had said.

"Probably," I proclaimed with authority, "it is a gas line."

"Do you think you could fix it?" asked the owner.

"It would take some time to look into that," said I. "Suppose I give you a tow."

"I haven't got a rope," said he.

"I have a towline," said I; my air, I know, was that of the expert who provides everything. To myself, for the moment, I was a flivver service car.

He hesitated.

"Guess if I go anywhere I'd better go back to Woodville," he said, "and see the fellow who wished this wreck on me."

The smile that had been playing over the woman's face broke into a chuckle.

"Traded for it today," she said. "Traded our old flivver touring car for this boat because it would carry ladders.

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Ventures and Adventures in Dress Reform—By Nina Wilcox Putnam

I DON'T like to drag up a person's past and throw it in his face any better than most women do; but whenever I hear a man crabbing about women's clothes I cannot resist reminding him that men once wore dresses; not baby dresses, but regular gowns. So there is no use coming back at me with a statement to the effect that men immediately outgrew them. Why, some of the costumes to which I have reference—sound historical reference, at that—were outgrown when the men first put them on, the same as an old-style ballet skirt!

I am thinking at the moment of the snappy little conquest costume worn by Julius Cæsar as an excellent example. I don't mean "conquest" in the sense you do, though; I am speaking of his regular business suit; and, of course, conquering was his meat. You may remember that he was one of the first boys to pull a Hohenzollern. In other words, he was one of our earliest direct-action real-estate men whose simple method of adding to their holdings was foreclosing without the formality of first having a mortgage on the property.

Well, anyway, conquest was J. Cæsar's regular line, and the everyday suit he wore to it consisted of a knife-plaited skirt so short that no modern flapper would have dared go him one better. With this he wore a straight-front blouse of handmade steel with his monogram embossed on the chest. The accompanying hat was one of those amusing little imported coal-scuttle helmets with three lovely ostrich plumes, which, my dear, simply could not have cost a cent less than seventy-five dollars, floating from the top of it. Not pinned down to the brim the way a cheap milliner does it, you understand, but merely tacked on just right. And everyone knows how hard it is to get an ostrich feather on well.

Personally, I consider those ostrich feathers to have clearly shown Jule as a man of marked individuality and exceptional courage. Just imagine his having the nerve to wear ostrich in a year when practically everybody was wearing inverted sink brushes on the top of their helmets! Honestly, I don't know of but one thing in the sartorial history of mankind more original and daring, and that was several centuries later when the French dragoons adopted horses' tails for wear in the same region. See the contemporaneous drawings of George du Maurier

Anyway, Cæsar must certainly have looked just too sweet in that get-up, which included a brief cape and sandals very much like those of the modern deb. Only, of course, he wore his sandals simply ages before they became so common on Broadway.

Of Clothes and of Men I Sing

BUT Julius' short and snappy whatteryoucallum was not the only gown known to ancient man. Nor were hand-embroidered petticoats and tin brassières the only line carried by the leading gents' furnishing shops of that great masculine era of the world's history, when men were men and woman's place was in the home and a man kept her there by the simple process of snapping up the drawbridge when he left. For several hundreds of years men went around in skirts, quite without self-consciousness. I refer to the long period between those simple early stages of human development when a feller merely grabbed the bearskin rug off the parlor floor and threw it around him when he just wanted to run over for a minute and crack old Uncle Charlie on the beazer, and modern times when modern man just throws the bull around himself before he starts downtown to the office.

During the somewhat lengthy interval above indicated men wore models that varied all the way from those good-looking sleeveless chemise gowns of Euclid's that were so heavenly comfortable down to the stunning Russian effect that dear old Henry VII wore one winter—I mean that belted model with the long full skirt which had fur on the bottom and the big fur-trimmed, bell-shaped sleeves trailing on the floor. The waist buttoned right up to the throat in the smartest way. I don't know how many of these masculine costumes originated with Paris, but likely some of them did, although probably not the first-mentioned garment, because Euclid was an early Greek; and though of course there was a Paris in his day, too, why, I believe this original Paris didn't wear anything except an apple, and some woman took even that away from him.

Mrs. Putnam as an Exponent of Dress Reform in May, 1914. "Maybe This is What Started the War"

Mrs. Putnam in 1921, After Signing an Armistice With the Present Styles

But of all these dear little models, whether they came from the exclusive specialty shops of the Via Duck or the cheap ready-made places down around the circus, which drew the flashy sporting crowd and ran a special line of sports skirts for gladiators, and so forth, not a single garment has survived in the masculine wardrobes of today, excepting only with the members of our Congress and certain governmental departments.

Upon these men indeed may it be said that the mantle of the old Roman Senate has descended. I do just love appropriate, symbolic costumes, and it simply thrills me to think of those dear old Roman senators in their togas—those graceful garments which so easily tripped the too hasty or careless footstep and so readily got in the way of progress. Of course the frock coat is, I admit, but a poor degenerate descendant of those eloquent costumes which the late senators of Rome—or rather senators of late Rome—dragged magnificently through the mire. And still and all, it's surprising how the skirts of a frock coat do sometimes seem to fuddle a man when worn on the old home-capitol floor.

When Man Discarded Skirts

BUT before you, more or less gentle reader, pass any remark about yes, but men soon took to pants, kindly allow me to beat you to the post and exclaim not much, they did no such thing! Not at first, anyway. Pants in the true sense, meaning cloth cylinders extending the entire length of both legs, are the product of that period which some of our parents can still recall, but which our generation wouldn't recall for anything, it being our habit to scorn the Victorian era with its horsehair furniture, horse-sense sermons, hard living and hard liquor. In those days pants did indeed flourish, and were not worn by men alone, but, I am given to understand, commonly concealed the pedal appendages of little girls and the nether limbs of pianos. Prior to this time pants were commonly shorter than those of a tired dog. For believe me, when our hero, Man—get that, girls!—when he first decided skirts were the bunk, he, like the modern deb, came to the conclusion that skirts had come to a conclusion. He didn't even attempt to taper off, but jumped right into a style which must have been a perfect godsend to the early fifteenth-century hosiery industry. You can call them pants if you like, but I call them stockings; and yet they may have been Annette Kellermanns, I don't know, after they disappeared into those slashed cream-puffs which they wore around the hips. But broadly speaking, the effect as a whole was one of which Frankie Bailey at her best might have been proud, and which, although Mr. Ziegfeld might have considered it a trifle too heavyweight for the Follies, would most certainly have met with the hearty approval of Weber & Fields. In short, the burlesque queens of the Latter Middle Ages were just their plain business men, if you get me.

As for the days of Louis Quinze with its powdered wigs and satin knickerbockers, well, you can't say those were exactly sensible clothes, although for a hundred years after their abandonment it was common enough to hear men with good legs sighing for the return of shorts. Now, of course, in these days of Louis Katz, men are again wearing them, even though they call 'em golf trousers. Sometimes, however, I seriously question whether golf is really why some men wear knickerbockers—especially after a few of the drives I have seen go ahead of me right on our own links Saturdays and Sundays! Golf, my eye!

All of which ought by now to have laid the average male reader out flat and got him into the helpless, speechless condition so necessary when a woman is about to speak of her own clothes.

One of the epidemics which in my youth I went through along with socialism, the chicken pox, measles and other juvenile diseases was a bad attack of dress reform. In one of those blinding revelations which are so well named because they certainly blind you to everything except the discovery of the moment—well, anyway, in one of those I discovered that women's clothes were ridiculous. And in those days they certainly were. No kidding, the current styles were homely as anything, and I can't imagine how we girls ever thought them attractive, especially when I look over the epoch as recorded in my book of snapshots.

To begin with, the outstanding feature of fashion that year of my revolt was a garment that had hitherto been associated exclusively with horses or mules, and stylish chiefly for night wear on the wild free plains of the West. I refer to the hobble. Dressmakers and designers having

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THE CHRISTENING OF TWIN

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

NO, I AIN'T no regular twin. I got that moniker hissed onto me about fifteen years ago down in Oklahoma when I was in the fight game. After I recovers from the shock that was thrown in with the christening I kinda falls for the handle. Twin hitched to Higgins sounds a lot more natural to me than Vergil, which the old lady drug outa the Bible for my special benefit.

I was handling Slat Finnegan in them days; and when I says handling, what I means is handling. I didn't sit around in no swell office turning down five-hundred-thousand-dollar offers for fifteen-round waltzes and buying newspaper ads at so much bull per inch. I was Slat's manager, trainer, sparring partner, rubber and general packtotum, and this baby was about as easy to look after as a hungry hyena with hydrophobia throwing an apoplectic fit.

A sweet and pretty scrapper, though. He weighs in around 145, sober; but he don't think no more of giving away twenty or thirty pounds than a Bullshevik does of forking up a couple of hundred thousand rubbles for a bean sandwich. We does a niftick little business for a while. Them was the days in Oklahoma when a cuckoo would climb into the hay wondering where he'd cadge breakfast and wake up in the morning with oil raining on the roof and John D. on the doorstep begging him to take a million fish for the first month's royalties.

For two or three months everything's lovely. Slat's too good for the home-grown plugs and we're sitting on top of the world. On Decoration Day we're billed for a scrap in a little burg called Towata, where they is about two hundred people, one hundred and ninety-eight of 'em millionaires. They put up a big arena expecting five thousand birds to drift in from the country around. Me and Finnegan's to cut three thousand dollars for our bit. It's a set-up as far as Slat is concerned, and I've already got the jack counted and half spent when the nut goes out and gets scratched up by a blind tiger; argues religion with a bootlegger, takes a swipe at him, misses and smacks his right money fin against a stone wall, breaking his wrist and a finger or two.

I tell the gang at Towata the works is off, but they don't even argue. They got a fight billed and they is going to be one and it's up to me to get a pinch hitter. I work the wires, but they ain't nothing doing. Every ham in the state is booked for the holiday date and I'm just getting all ready to hop a rattler when a young feller on the street stops me.

"I hear," says he, "you're looking for a fighter."

I admits it and asks him if he knows one that ain't working.

"How about me?"

I gives him the up and the down. He's about Finnegan's build and looks like he might pack a wallop. He tells me his name's Wallace—Ed Wallace—and that he's just drifted into town from Colorado, where he done a little fighting.

"Come on!" I says. "Show me!"

I takes him to the barn where me and Slat's been doing our training. In about five minutes the boy convinces me that he is pretty fair; not in Finnegan's class, but shifty on his feet and with a mighty mean right jab. Anyhow, he looks good enough to stand up with this bloke Hogan that the Towata crowd has picked for the milly.

Well, I tells the promoters I've landed the welterweight champion of Colorado for the scrap and they fall for it, but not three thousand smackers' worth. They're willing to give us one thousand dollars for the mix-up and I lets it go at that.

I ain't arguing much in a neck of the woods where guys seems always to be

Oh, Boy, When We Get 'Em in Fight Togs! Alike as Two Pitchers!

reaching for their hip pockets and you don't know whether it's for a bottle of hooch or a gat.

My man makes a good showing. He lasts through fifteen rounds with Hogan and gets a draw at the end of the debate. The kid from Colorado has the makings of a scrapper right enough. All he needs is a little training, and before the fight's over I make up my mind to give it to him. Slat's about through, I figure; and, besides, me and him has an argument that afternoon and Finnegan packs up his other shirt and beats it into Muskogee.

"Look here, Ed," I says to my new boy, after handing him his two hundred dollars, "how would you like for me to handle you? I can clean up a bunch of kale for you."

"It's all right with me," comes back Wallace, "if you'll take my brother along."

"What's the idea?" I asks.

"Me and Ray always travels together."

"Where's he now?"

"Coming here tomorrow," Ed tells me.

"He a fighter?"

"Sure!" says Wallace; "and he's better than I am."

I tell him I'll take 'em both on. I figure I can use the two of 'em, maybe working one in as a prelim fighter and the other for the main go. Besides I'm getting kinda tired being a sparring partner and taking wallops in the jaw from pork-and-beaners. Me and Ed fix it up right there. We're to wait for Ray and the three of us'll go to Tulsa together.

"Listen here!" says Wallace. "I'm in the game for the jack that's in it. Get me?"

"You and me both," says I. "They ain't no argument about that."

"Maybe not," he comes back, "but you got a thousand berries for the fuss tonight and I want three hundred more. That's fifty-fifty."

"What?" I yells.

Ed takes off his coat.

"Do I get it?" says he.

Well, you don't see me getting in no row over a measly three hundred dollars, and I kinda figure maybe he's earned it, so I slips him the jack. I'm sorta sore the way this baby goes after me, but by morning I can see where this lad and his brother can deliver for me, and decide to stick. I gets down to the dining room early and there's Wallace surrounding a flock of ham and eggs.

"Hello, kid," I greets him jovial to show they ain't no hard feelings, and slap him on the back. He nearly chokes and jumps to his feet.

"Where do you get that stuff?" he yelps. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"Now don't get sore," I says. "You know me, boy."

"On your way!" says he. "I never seen that bum map before in my life."

I look at this bird. Has he gone cuckoo, or is he just giving me the cold razz?

"What's the idea, Ed?" I spills.

Just about that time somebody behind me butts in.

"Meet my brother Ray, Higgins."

I do a quick turn-around and then a quick turn-around again. I do it so much I get dizzy.

"Which is which?" says I, turning to Ed.

"I'm Ray," grins this boy. "Ed's the guy in back of you."

II

I SEEN lots of twins in my time, but them two babies take the platinum knucks. They ain't no difference between them a-tall. They even got the same bum teeth.

"For business reasons," says I, "I got to know which of you lads is which."

"Look!" says one of 'em, pointing to a mole by his nose about as big as a pinhead. "When you pipes this it's me."

"Who's me?"

"I'm Ray," says the lad with the mole.

"Mole is Ray, no mole is Ed," I repeats so I won't make no boners.

That being all fixed up, we beat it to Tulsa. The day after we gets there I take the boys down to a gymnasium I been using. I want to see what this baby Ray's got besides a mole and a mean disposition. They ain't no one there besides Bud Mehaffy. Bud's an old prize fighter who shot his bolt about the time rents was reasonable. In his day he was a curly wolf; the best body puncher and right-hand walloper in the business. Somebody musta hit him an awful blow in the dome, though, because besides being a

I Can See He's Headed for the Railroad Yards and I Follows

scrapper he's got more nut ideas and schemes than the Ozarks got chiggers. He's always bulling me with some pipe about running a shoe string into a tannery.

Well, me and Bud watches these Wallace boys work out. They was dressed in different colored trunks, so it was easy to tell 'em apart when I got the mole placed.

"How do you like 'em?" I asks Mehaffy.

"I never saw two guys look so much alike," says Bud, "and fight so different. The kid in red over there's got a pretty jab and a good left, but he might as well give his right to the Salvation Army for all the use he gets out of it. The other bird's left is on a strike, but he's got the makings of a classy infighter. What you going to do with 'em?"

"Make 'em fight," I says. "What do you think I'm going to do—teach 'em checkers?"

"Yeh," he comes back; "but how?"

I don't make him.

"You always was a flat tire," says Bud. "What's the use of having a couple of twins in your stable without cashing in on the resemblance?"

"Say your little piece," I invites. I can see he's brewing another of them woozy schemes of his.

"Listen!" says he. "If I spills my idea and helps you train these lads, do I get my bit out of the take-down?"

I figure I need a little help whipping the boys into shape and I'm willing to talk business with Bud.

"It's a cinch," says he. "We'll hide these two birds out. I know a place outside of town we can fix up for training quarters. They will only be one Wallace fighting. Get me?"

I say I do, but I ain't.

"That boy Ray," goes on Mehaffy, "fights about like I used to. I can take him in hand and develop him into a tough infighter with a mean right jolt. You work on Ed with his long-distance jab and left swings. He's got your bum style, anyhow. In a little while they'll be about as different as you can make 'em."

I begin to see what he's driving at, but it don't look so perfect to me. I asks Bud if he don't think that everybody'll be wise they is twins, seeing 'em hanging around the hotel and at the training quarters.

"What if they do know they is twins?" says Bud. "As long as they don't know that both of them is fighters we're all right. By the time they get onto the game we'll have a bale of lettuce and be traveling special to some other place. We work it this way: When we match Wallace against a bird that's a sucker for body punches we'll work Ray. For a baby that's a mark for long-distance jabs—fellers with a short reach—Ed'll be our man: but whoever fights, it will always be Ed as far as the come-ons is concerned. Out here they know he's a fighter on account of that row at Towata. Ray don't mean no more in the life of the folks here than you do with the King of Siam's mother-in-laws. If one of our boys should get licked in a row we'll send the other back in a return go. Get the idea?"

"Where Do You Get That Stuff?" He Yelps. "Who are You, Anyhow?"

The scheme begins to sound good to me. Crooked, maybe, but what of it? Fifteen years ago the boys was getting away with murder, and a guy that didn't have petit larceny for a pet had no more chance in the game than I would of beating Morvich with a three-legged goat. Bud fits right in too. He's a nut on dope, and knows more about scrappers and their style and weak points than Marshal Fox knows about war. Right off the bat he can tell you what's what with every ham-and-egger in the country. The cuckoo remembers everything. Ask him what Joe Choynski was doing with his left when Sharkey belted him in the jaw with his right in the third round of a fight back in '92 and he'll shoot back with the info.

He's got this new scheme all figured out.

"When we got one of these babies training for a fight," says he, "and the goofs come down to look 'em over, we'll use the guy we ain't gonna use. See? If it's Ed we're priming for the argument we'll train him when no one ain't looking and trot out Ray with his body punches and right cross for the cuckoos to look at. The boy we're pointing for will be all set for Ray's stuff and we'll slip him the knock-out drops with Ed."

"Listens all right," I admits, "but they're sure to get wise in time."

"Maybe," says Ed; "but when they do we'll be sitting pretty. We ain't gonna stick here forever, anyhow. As soon as we figures somebody's getting hep we'll beat it. I don't see nothing to worry about. After the first few fights they'll just dope that Ed's got everything—a change of pace, a wallop in both mitts, a long-arm jab and a stiff body punch. What about the boys? Will they sit in?"

"I don't think we'll have any trouble with them," says I.

And we don't. I spills the scheme to Ed and he listens till I get through. Then all he says is, "I'm in the game for the jack." Then he turns to his brother and says, "How about you, Ray?"

"What else is there?" comes back this baby.

III

WE STAYS under cover for a month. Nearly every day me and Bud goes out to this dump we got fixed up outside of town and take on the boys. Mehaffy ain't lost none of his trick stuff and in no time a-tall he's got Ray working great with them body punches and short right jolts. I'm developing Ed. The boys is both quick in the head and snappy on their pins and it ain't no trouble teaching 'em nothing.

"We're ready now," says Bud to me one night. "Get out and grab a set-up for Ed. Don't make no fuss about the jack this time. All we want is to get Wallace talked about in the papers. Get a guy that he can lick sure. This fight's gonna be on the square."

So I goes out and sees what's what. I don't have no trouble. The whole burg is fight crazy and the showing my boy made against Hogan at Towata ain't been forgotten. I frame up a match with a bird called the Ten-Minute Egg. He ain't so hard-boiled when Ed gets through jabbing his teeth down his throat and hanging a couple of curtains over his eyes. Wallace makes a monkey out of this baby in twelve rounds and the papers are full of nice stuff about the kid.

"Now," says Bud, "get a scrap for Ray."

I'm kinda sore the way Mehaffy is ordering me around.

"Say," I yelps, "who's managing these babies?"

"Shut up," snaps Bud, "or I'll break your umbrella and pray for rain! You do the work and let me supply the brains. You can't afford to use up the little you got. You may need it for a quick get-away. We gotta get a fight with Ray for our own benefit. We wanna see if the crowd falls for the scheme."

They ain't no use arguing with a nut; and besides I'm handling the jack, so I should worry who's doing the bossing. I can see where Bud's right, so I frame a milly for Ray, a real soft spot. Wallace just body-punched this baby to death in three rounds.

There wasn't no peep outta the crowd. One of the papers the next day talked about Ed's wonderful change in style and touted him as the coming welter champ. That's the oil for us.

Bud reads the piece and then he turns to me and says, "We're ready for the important money. Think you can work up a fifteen-round go with Red Larkin?"

Red's about the best in the state.

"These boys of ourn ain't ready yet for no tough meat like Larkin," says I. "Let's keep 'em on milk for a while. Besides, he won't look at us."

"The devil he won't!" comes back Mehaffy. "He'll jump at the chance. He's looking for a set-up. He don't want to take no chances with the real biffers before his milly with Taylor on Labor Day. Go on, he'll fall on your neck!"

"Suppose I land him," says I. "Who do you figure on shooting at him?"

"Ray," he tells me. "He was at the fight that Ed had with the Ten-Minute Egg."

I'm still worried and try to talk Bud outta the scheme.

"On your way!" says Bud. "You land the scrap and let me and my brains do the rest."

(Continued on Page 48)

"Muss Your Hair, Kid!" I Hiss. "Muss Your Hair!"

BURNED FINGERS

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

BENDA MAYHEW was privileged, by grace of her youth, her charm and her outstanding social position, to do pretty much as she pleased, wherefore she did it. Stephen Kane, who would have canceled a ship's charter instantly if her owners delayed him, and to whom time was certainly the essence of all contracts, recognized the exemptions tacitly granted the reigning beauty. When the maid told him that Miss Benda had only just come in from the country club and would not be down for some minutes, he discarded hat and coat with a good-humored shrug and resigned himself to patient waiting. But a husky voice from the library broke in:

"Is that you, Kane? Come in here!"

A florid, fat, irritable-looking gentleman stood in the door. His coat was off, revealing a protuberant expanse of loudly cheerful silk shirt and straining violet suspenders. His bald-domed head was adorned with a slight wisp of blond hair on either side above his large ears; if he had squatted, which he never did, he would have resembled exactly a billiken. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

"You're Too Old to Make Such a Scene and Too Fat to Get So Angry"

"Want you to meet a man," he said abruptly. "Benda told me you were due any minute. What's the fracas tonight?"

He always referred to the social excursions of his wife and lovely daughter either as fights, rows, rumpuses, roughhouses, or the like, and affected to look on all the amenities with an amused tolerance. But those who knew him best—or disliked him most—insisted that he was prouder of the achievements of his womenfolk in the realm of society than he was of his own success. That the latter had come to him through the medium of a chain of cheap restaurants in the earlier days of San Francisco explained, perhaps, why the former gave him so much satisfaction and the world at large so much to talk about. Mayhew had once been known familiarly as "Ham-and" Matt. The name was taboo now, but his wife had issued the ukase, not Matt Mayhew. He pointed with pride!

Stephen Kane, who was fond of the old gentleman, answered genially:

"We're billed to leave cards at a reception, nod to a masquerade, and wind up at a dance, Mr. Mayhew. I'd much rather strip to the waist and beat you a few games of rummy."

"Beat me? Huh! Look here, make the acquaintance of Mr. Atcheson, Mr. Kane."

Kane put out a hand and received one. It belonged to a pale tall stranger of uncertain age, who affected a mustache and whose eyes seemed to be indulging, every little while, in a disagreement between themselves as to which way they would look, and to compromise by looking both. Mr. Atcheson had a wide smile, but it gave you the feeling that it was only a snarl or a sneer patiently trained and broken to harness. Kane instantly disliked its owner and wondered what the deuce old Matt Mayhew was doing with such a crony. Mayhew, bustling about for decanter, ice and glasses, immediately supplied a clew.

"Wanted you to know Atcheson," he said briskly. "He's in your line. He is giving me a private course in the shipping business."

"Oh, that's it? Well, shipping is a great life if you can get any fun out of weakening occasionally."

"Never weaken, though," Atcheson said, bobbing upright in his chair. "The secret is to keep your nerve. Most of you San Francisco exporters lose out because you lack confidence."

Kane frowned. Being, as he was, the active partner in the old-established and well-known shipping firm of Mardewell & Kane, and having gone through a world war, an armistice, a succeeding boom and the crashing explosion with which that boom had burst, he thought he knew something about the importing and exporting business. And these glib words of higher criticism brought him up sharply.

"I've realized for about twelve years that there was something the matter with the Street," he said, giving Mr. Atcheson another quick survey. "But I have never been able to put my finger on it. No, thanks, Mr. Mayhew—I'm on the wagon for tonight. Have you been a shipping man long, Atcheson?"

"Long enough to find my way around," the youth replied carelessly. "Boston, New York, a flier into England and then Calcutta."

"I see. You don't think much of our methods here."

"Oh, you do your best, I dare say. Of course, being as far from the center of things as you are ——"

"The what?"

"Center of the world markets—London, New York, even Calcutta. Why, you hardly know the war is over!"

"I suppose you are right," Kane said shortly. He had Mr. Atcheson's hat size already and was tired of him. "I'm always glad to get authoritative opinions. How is the new hotel going, Mr. Mayhew?"

Mayhew had seated himself with a grunt in a deep chair and was lighting a cigar.

"Oh, doing fine. But I'm not interested in hotels just now. Atcheson and I are going into California Street together."

"To buy a chronometer or to take the air?"

"Shipping."

"Good Lord Alfred! Shipping? May I ask what you are going to ship, and where, and what in?"

"Ship anything there is, any place in the world, in our own fleet."

"Fleet?" Kane asked the question weakly.

"Certainly, fleet. I guess six schooners is a fleet, aren't they?"

"They is. Do you want to tell me any more? Remember that I'm a competitor."

Mayhew roared with laughter and Atcheson snickered.

"Come on; the more competition the better. We're going to show you fellows something. Tell him, Nestor."

Atcheson spoke volubly:

"No reason now why we shouldn't. Mr. Mayhew and I have three steel schooners, around three thousand tons each. We are negotiating for three more. We get our first delivery on the fifteenth—the Nautilus, she's called. But she will sail from here as the Matthew M. Mayhew, under our own house flag." With a flourish he took out a pocket case and from it drew a gayly painted design. It was a blue flag, barred with gold, and bore in the center a large red M.

"Tasty, what?" Atcheson demanded. "The flag of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company. The second ship Mr. Mayhew wants to call the Nestor Atcheson, for myself; but we both agree on the name for the third."

"The Red Ink, perhaps?" Stephen inquired in a caustic tone.

"You show your jealousy plainly, Kane," the young zealot retorted. "Our third schooner will be christened in honor of the most beautiful and queenly woman in her native city—the Benda Mayhew!"

Stephen Kane flushed, but kept his temper. For relief he turned on his host.

"See here, Mr. Mayhew, is that straight? Why didn't you look some of us up before you got tangled in our game? My blind aunt, this is awful!"

Mayhew snorted.

"Awful? What's awful about it? That's the way you all talk. I did go to Newhouse and I went to Willing, and both of them insulted me. Willing is a dodo! His face got red and he called me names. And Newhouse prophesied that I'd go broke in a year. Me broke!"

"Which you will do!" Kane exclaimed.

"Oh, go to seed! You fellows think the rest of us are all blind! I've been reading for months about fortunes made in shipping. You've all cleaned up dripping gobs of money. The Shipping Board was left with a slew of boats they're practically giving away, and Congress is talking about a subsidy, and the transpacific markets are all picking up. Why, let me show you something!"

He reached for a pad of paper and took out a stub of pencil. Leaning close and breathing hard in his excitement, he began figuring rapidly.

"Figures don't lie!" he said as he worked. "We'll start say, with three A1 schooners, practically new, at fifty-two thousand and odd apiece. Office rent and bookkeeping and all that—call it four thousand a year. Suppose we only get a cargo every three months—or make it three a year, to be conservative. At four dollars a ton; capacity three thousand tons; four threes is twelve—operating, say, eight hundred or a thousand a month — "

"Wait a minute, Mayhew," Stephen pleaded. "Throw away your pencil and paper for a shake. Get down to brass tacks. Suppose that shipping men did make money during the war, and some of them afterwards. What of that? The whole shipping business has gone to pot since then—everywhere, all over the world. It's true that the Shipping Board is giving away bottoms, because it can't sell them! And this subsidy talk! Why? On the wholly mistaken theory that you can create freight by putting a lot of freight-carrying vessels on the berth."

"A subsidy would encourage capital ——"

"Of course it would! To do just what you are talking of doing—start a fleet. But can't you see the point? A subsidy is useful for one purpose only—to make up the difference to the operator of ships under the American flag between his costs and expenses and those of foreign competitors. The reason we haven't a great American merchant marine is that we haven't been able to compete with the Norwegians and Swedes and English, and on this coast with the Japs. Will a subsidy make freight? Not in a thousand years of fourteen months each! And I tell you that there isn't enough freight moving anywhere today to give all the ships that are afloat a ton of cargo apiece! If you aren't into this too deep, Mr. Mayhew, for the love of charity, go slow!"

Atcheson, caressing his fancy picture of the Mayhew Company's house flag, did his best to put his recalcitrant eye on the face of Matt Mayhew. He need have given himself no worry. Mayhew was a hard man to hook, but when he was sold he was a harder man to pry loose from his bargain.

The old man chucked Steve Kane in the ribs with a stubby thumb.

"Rave on, McDuffy!" he said gloatingly. "I'm not only in too deep to get out but I'm going in deeper. The life on the ro-holling deep, yo-ho! Blood in the scuppers and the rail hard a-lee, or whatever it is! I've been a landlubber all my life; now I'm answering the call of the sea!"

"You'll be answering the call of the bailiff in a bankruptcy court before you're many months older," Kane retorted warningly. "There ought to be a law prohibiting men with money from signing their own checks. But don't forget that I've cautioned you!"

A girl stood in the doorway. She was tall, slender, erect, with dark eyes in a milk-white face under a crown of yellow hair. Kane jumped up, his anxiety over the old man's case momentarily forgotten. As the two said good night Kane noticed the eagerness with which Nestor Atcheson came forward to pay his respects to the girl, and once in his own car he turned to her with a grave face:

"Who is this Atcheson animal?"

Benda Mayhew raised her chin.

"He's a nice boy, don't you think? Dad's new partner."

"Dad's new blood leech! I wouldn't trust him with a hat check. And I'm worried about your father. He could go in for oil or mining or wave-motor patents and do no more, at the worst, than drop a few thousands. But in the shipping game ——"

"Was that what you were cautioning him about as I came in?"

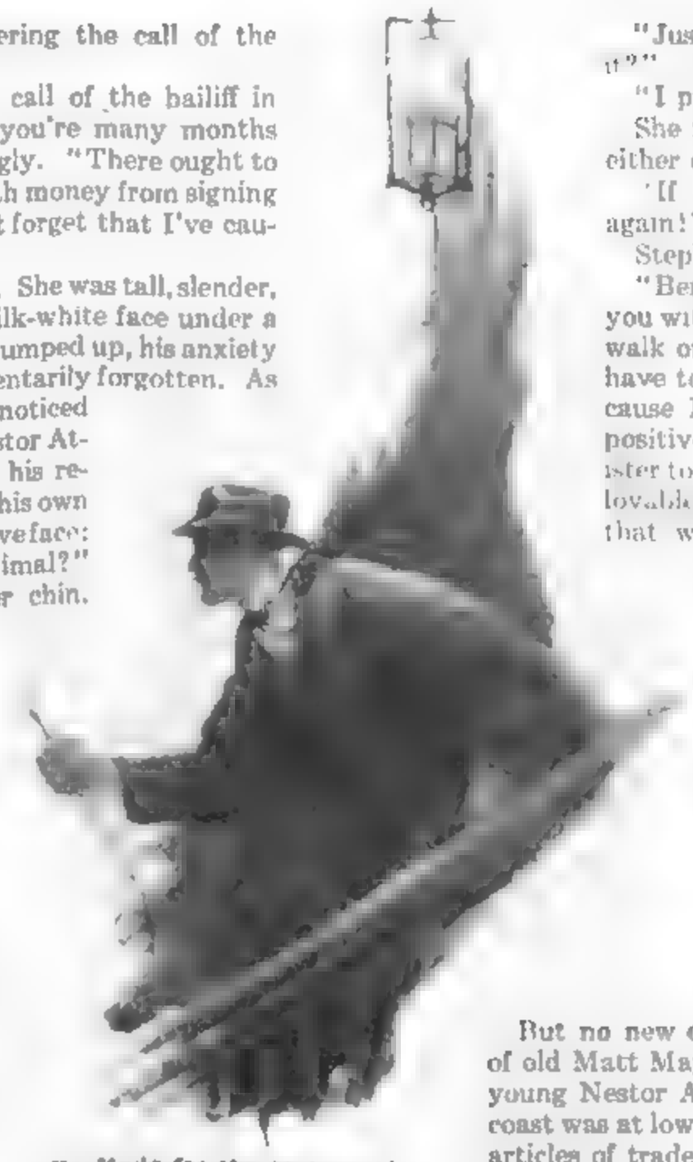
"Yes. And if he persists I may have to do something more than warn him."

"At his request?"

"Well, hardly. He's hooked beautifully, and nothing but an earthquake will shake him loose."

"Doesn't it seem possible that that is his own affair?"

"Theoretically, yes. But you're mistaken if you think I'm going to let this bounder, Atcheson, tangle your dad up in the shipping game and help him lose all he's got."



He Made for the Stairs and Disappeared

"Just what do you propose to do about it?"

"I propose to interfere."

She faced him, a bright spot of color in either cheek.

"If you do I will never speak to you again!"

Stephen Kane returned her look.

"Benda, girl," he said soberly, "I love you with all my heart, and if you wanted to walk on me you know that you would only have to say the word. But it's mostly because I love you that I am certainly and positively and absolutely going to administer to your fine, stubborn, bull-headed and lovable paternal ancestor a jolt in business that will break the enamel on his back teeth! Now please don't quarrel with me, because you are extraordinarily beautiful tonight, and I'm more in love than ever! Let's talk about something else."

II

IT IS generally recognized that there is more than one way to skin a cat. When that operation was to be carried out, figuratively, on California Street, Stephen Kane knew all the ways there were and was entirely capable in a pinch of discovering or inventing new ones. But no new ones were required for the scotching of old Matt Mayhew and his unruly-eyed associate, young Nestor Atcheson. Shipping on the Western coast was at low ebb; the markets sagged; the usual articles of trade and commerce lay heavily upon it; and such freights as moved at all were bought at the buyer's own price, carried for a pittance, and sold again on a margin of profit so small that stepping a new mast or scraping a hull would eat it up and put the whole transaction finally into red ink. Kane had not been exaggerating when he had told Matt Mayhew that he was venturing into a line as unpromising as the manufacture of carriage harness.

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Half an Hour Later She Sat in the Stern Seat of a Powerful Launch as It Rounded the Southern Point of Angel Island

HANDLING HOME SEEKERS

By A REAL-ESTATE MAN

THE meal ticket of the real-estate business is the marriage license. I am an agent operating in a suburban town, selling homes to families who can't stand the high city rents and want a place to live in. My remark has no reference to the dealers in the big cities where property is shunted about like stocks and bonds.

Some time ago I got out a little pamphlet which I called "A Harvest of Homes," and I called myself a harvester, not a real-estate dealer. I offered no schemes for getting rich quick or for taking advantage of a sure rise in lots that were now dirt cheap. But I offered to get any family a home of their own provided they wanted one, and I tried to make it clear that anyone who paid one hundred dollars a month rent could buy a ten-thousand-dollar home without having to pay out one cent more a month. Those who paid a smaller rental could buy cheaper homes at the same rate.

I explained as simply and sincerely as possible that I took no mortgages and made none; that I simply made suggestions; that purchasers could arrange the business details to suit themselves. In other words, I was an expert helper, and my pay for helping was the commission I got from the seller. My services cost the purchaser nothing.

There was nothing in my pamphlet that would deceive or mislead the most ignorant of purchasers. I pointed out quite clearly that it was always necessary to make a cash payment of approximately one-fourth—often only one-fifth—of the total amount. I explained that I would be able to make suggestions as to how the cash payment could be raised in case the purchaser didn't have quite enough money to make the start. This latter statement was put in the pamphlet after considerable observation of the surprising lack of ordinary business knowledge shown by some people.

I was laughed at by some of my associates for this unusual method of advertising. It struck them as being ridiculous. For years they had been sending out fancy literature, as they call it, giving colored pictures of homes. They didn't think it could be done any other way. There are a lot of business men who get so accustomed to stock forms of advertising that they sincerely think it couldn't be done otherwise. In the real-estate business, for instance, if a man calls himself a home builder and starts a campaign of "Own your own home" in his advertising it is taken for granted in the trade that he is going to start a development scheme of some kind.

There are hotels—big ones, too—that wouldn't think of putting out an advertisement without saying "Excellent cuisine." It's a sort of stock form, which, of course, really means nothing.

"You Know We Rarely Ever Go in Town to See Any of Our Old Friends Nowadays"

Women the Chief Buyers

THOUGH I am in the real-estate business to make money, I was really very enthusiastic about this pamphlet. I figured that I would be able to do a lot of people good. I felt sure that I could really do good, because I had seen so many home seekers at a complete loss to understand the most simple business arrangements. I had sense enough to know that if I did anybody any good in some way the time would come when they could do me good. My scheme, naturally, was not altogether altruistic.

Now this brings me back to my opening statement. Nine of the first ten responses I got to my pamphlet were from women—wives. The tenth was from a husband. He dropped in to see me, liked my idea and said he would bring his wife out. Men, you see, do not buy homes. They simply pay for them, and they do that because they are married and their wives have felt the urge of a home of their own. In my whole experience I have never known of but one unmarried man buying a home, and that was for his mother and sisters. It is the marriage license that keeps us fellows alive. For that reason I always get mad and start writing a letter to some editor when a paper starts one of those things like "Should a young man get married?"

At present I am located in a suburban town not far from New York City. I timed my pamphlet for issue just when prohibitive rentals were driving tenants from their apartments and there was a great rush to the country. There were much suppressed laughter and many amused glances out of the corners of eyes in my office when my first customer showed up. She was the wife of an expert accountant. Now you would think the wife of an accountant would have some idea of business methods, wouldn't you? But she didn't. The accountant himself was just as ignorant as his wife, when he showed up later.

"Just what do you mean in this pamphlet about helping people to buy homes?" the wife asked. "Have you any particular plan? I don't exactly understand it."

"No particular plan, madam," I said to her. "I have several nice homes listed here. I'll take you around and let you look at them. If you want to buy I shall probably be able to make some suggestions that will help; that's all."

"Well, it sounds very easy," she said. "I'd like to look." By tactful inquiry I learned that her husband made in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars a week. So I showed her a ten-thousand-dollar home. It was really a nice place and easily worth the price, considering the way everything had advanced. I showed her other places, but she seemed to like that first one

"Now about the financial side of it?" she asked. "Explain that to me."

"We can get this place," I explained, always emphasizing the 'we' as if I were a member of her party, "for a cash payment of two thousand dollars, assumption of a first mortgage of five thousand dollars and a second mortgage of three thousand. We are lucky in this case that the cash payment is not more."

How to Pay

"AND," she asked, getting interested, "how will we pay for that? You said you could buy the home just as if we were paying rent. We are now paying one hundred dollars."

"That is quite simple, madam. The interest on the first mortgage will be three hundred dollars a year, which is twenty-five dollars a month. Put that down. On the second mortgage, of course, they will require a monthly payment of cash as well as interest. I am sure they will not ask for more than thirty dollars in addition to the interest, the latter being one hundred and eighty dollars a year, or fifteen dollars a month. That would make forty-five dollars a month to carry the second mortgage, and you would have the privilege of paying off more if you desired. The first mortgage will remain as it is."

Quickly she added up these figures and found that her required payments would amount to seventy dollars a month, taking care of both first and second mortgages.

"That is simple," she admitted. "Why, that would leave a balance of thirty dollars a month! We could pay more off on that second mortgage."

"No, I wouldn't advise you to do that. Don't go too deep or it will come hard at times. You see, you will have to pay taxes and insurance, and then you might allow something for the interest on the cash payment in case you had to borrow it."

This was getting a little complicated for her, but I could see she was a sure prospect. The germ had begun to grow.

"I'll bring my husband," she said.

The very next day she brought her accountant husband. He also liked the place, mainly because his wife did, and because the grounds would be great for their two children.

"Now about this cash payment," said the husband. "I'd be lucky to raise a thousand dollars in cash. That's just where I thought there would be a catch in your scheme. Where is your plan any different from that of any other real-estate agent?"

"It isn't any different," I told him. "There is no trick in it, even though you think you have found one. Do you carry any life insurance?"

"Five thousand dollars," he said.

He gave me the date of his policy and I called a young man who handled the insurance part of our business.

(Continued on Page 169)

Europe's Brass El Dorado

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

EUROPE needs a new William H. Prescott who will gild with historical imagination and relate with proper picturesqueness the epic tale of its search for the Russian El Dorado. The Hague Conference, born sick, died in July; the Genoa Conference is already wormeaten, and the epitaph on both is an overwhelming zero. Though disappointment is the motive of really up-to-date literature, nobody has yet told the story. Nobody yet knows more than that Russia is still Russia, that her restorers themselves need restoration, that no concessions but only some concessionaires have been exploited, and that for one man who has sold goods to Russia ten sellers have been sold. Being brand-new, the story is commonplace. Twenty years hence, when the new Prescott comes along with his notebooks, the tale of the unrehabilitable rehabilitation, transfigured by time, will loom out with the magic of Cortés' raid on the Aztec empire. For Europe believes in Russia as faithfully as the simplest *conquistador* believed in El Dorado. And Europe declines to outlive its illusions; even after two wrestles with sophisticated Reds, who have not only outlived their illusions about Europe's sharpness but boast of triumphantly outliving their disillusions as well.

Not having officially shared in the search for the new El Dorado, Americans will laugh. The laugh will be unkind. Europe is really in earnest about Russia. Russia, all disappointments discounted, is Europe's high interest and object of sacred passion. Reparations are also a prepossession; but beside the Russian Mount Everest reparations seem a molehill. Russia is not only the key to Russia; it is the key to all questions of practical economics, reparations included. Cynical Europeans like David Lloyd George say so daily; and as for the uncynical—most are still in the '60's of the nineteenth century, when the novelist Turgenieff made a German say: "Russia is a land where the serfs are docile, where Empress Catherine's ice palace still stands on the frozen Neva."

Foreign Get-Rich-Quick Logic

RUSSIA is the insidious fusion of magic and cash, which lures, unresisted, a continent void of home-grown magic and of home-grown, even of borrowed cash. That all Russians eat candles is a revelation; but consider, says Europe, the prospects of a Russian tallow trust. The Europe that thrills at the thought of black-eyed princesses walking the Nevskii Prospeckt in clouds of cigarette smoke and bomb smoke remembers that tobacco and trinitrotoluol monopolies may be got under law of April seventh. Europeans with unsolvable problems solve them via Russia. In a land of illimitable impossibilities, sprawling over half of two continents, nearly anything conceivable and absolutely everything inconceivable can happen; and in the confusion of aims, the hopeless failure of guiding lines, which torture postwar Europe, the man who wants to gain a name for wisdom points eastward to the Urals, and says the key is there.

Europe's present temper is to seek easy solutions, particularly for getting rich. Lately there was a craze for buying German apartment houses. It was a less crazy craze than pigeon farms in Archangel, but it was crazy enough. After the revolution Germany in her wisdom resolved that houses should be cheap. She decreed that paper-mark house rents should be about the same as prewar gold-mark house rents. House values fell accordingly. Five-story apartment buildings, with fifty rooms apiece, kitchens, bathrooms, central heating, elevators—*mit allem Komfort der modernen Zeit*—sold for a mere $10,000. They were worth $100,000. With straight get-rich-quick logic Europe reasoned that a house is always a house, and that when Germany's Reichsmark is again gold, houses will realize their full gold value. It followed that any petty saver who bought German houses would die a millionaire. So foreigners bought. Danes bought, Swedes bought, Switzers and Hollanders bought, Englishmen bought, some Americans bought. No man due to provide six daughters with marriage portions sometime in the 1930's neglected to buy; at cost of $60,000 in all, he could let them have $100,000 apiece. But Germans are not famed for giving foreigners something valuable for nothing.

The republic lately put through a law prolonging for years to come the rule that paper-mark rents shall not be bigger than former gold-mark rents. As under this law the gross rents of a Berlin five-story building would hardly finance an illicit cocktail in Broadway, naturally capital values tumbled. And some wise Germans who sold their houses in 1920 for 500,000 marks worth $10,000, bought them back for 500,000 marks worth $1000; and brought the great house-buying bubble incontinently to an end.

Europe's house-buying craze was a petty unpromising El Dorado beside the big get-rich-quick image now glittering across the plains between the Dwina and Vladivostok. But the beginning and the end are the same. The Russian recovery boom is liquidating. The past months have seen not only failure at Genoa and The Hague but also the quiet withdrawal of some really able speculators on Russia's recovery. Booms continue after the first wise boomsters clear out; and unwise boomsters are still deep in plans for restoration and private enrichment. But no man competent in Russian affairs believes any longer that big business will be done. Germany's last investigators brought back advice to withdraw entirely from Russia; and though they kept their views a secret from the public the result escaped to London and was officially communicated to the British Parliament.

Some Exploded Russian Booms

IN JULY back came Hugo Stinnes' agents, who had rejected, after nearly accepting, an offer to run the Soviets' new locomotive trust. German plans to advance two billion marks in exchange for a monopoly of the Mariinsky-Volga water-transport system are also off. For Königsberg, in East Prussia, Germany organized a great *Russen-Messe*—fair—to which Russia was to send 10,000,000 gold rubles' worth of products, as proof that she can export. The Moscow Trade Commissariat reports with regret that it has nothing exportable to send. Dantzic Free State has canceled its plans to flourish as a great free port and depot center for Russian trade, and reasons that bigger and surer revenue will come from the roulette tables of its local Monte Carlo, Zoppot. The Baltic Province countries, which two years ago were ready to spend their last penny on preparations for the restoration boom, have

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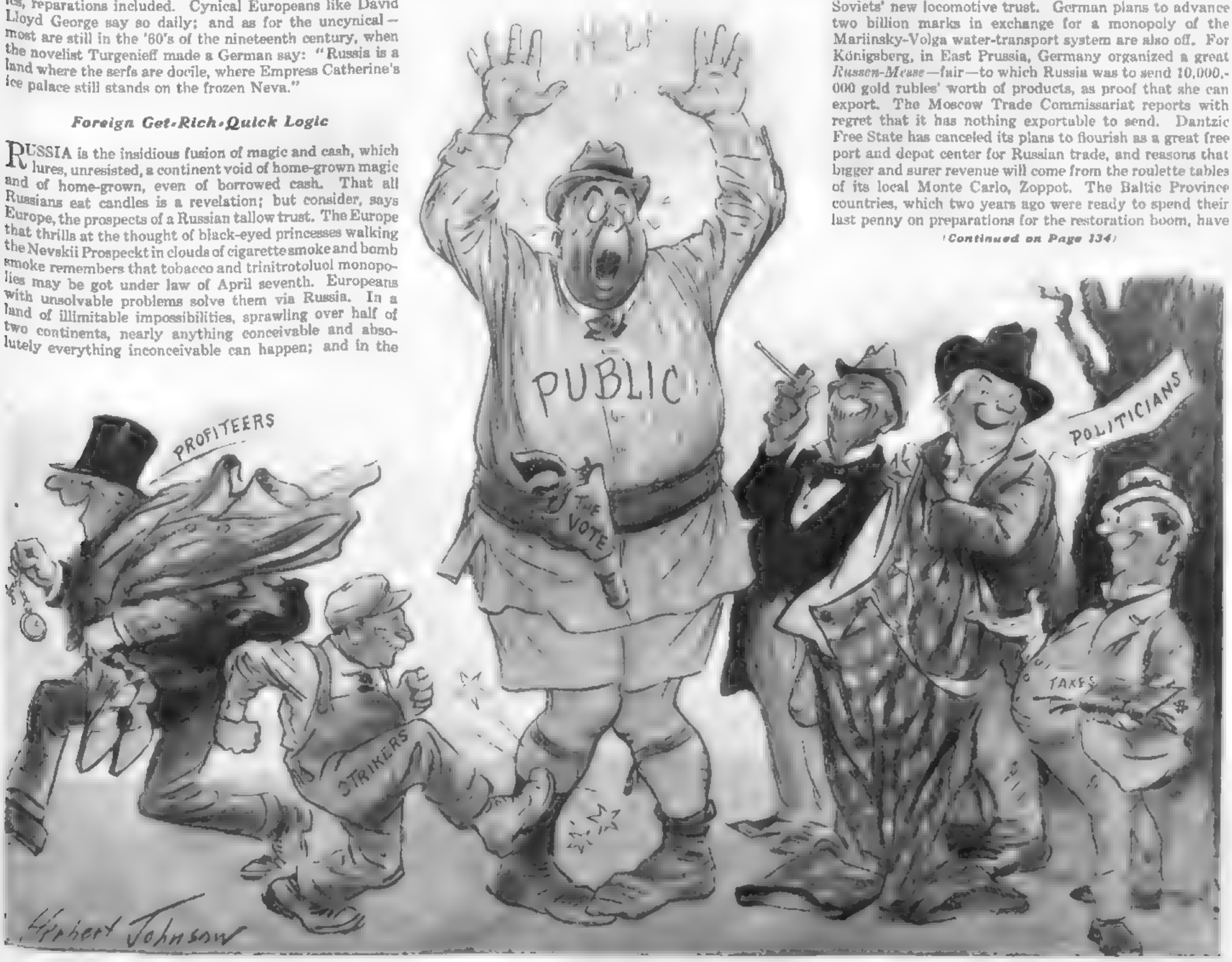

THE BIG BOOB!

HELEN OF TROY, N. Y.

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Step Over Yonder, Helen. Lemme Give You the Once-Over"

THE first summer blast of a Southern springtime failed to inspire Jim Hanvey to hallelujahs. The mammoth detective lounged uncomfortably in his tiny apartment, cursing the unkind fates which had first been too liberal in their apportionment of avoirdupois and then caused him to be temporarily located in that section of the country where the intense heat makes for healthy cotton and lethargic humanity.

Southern spring is a season of constant doubt and surprise. One goes to bed innocent of sheets and arises shiveringly at three in the morning to resurrect blankets from a moth-ball depository. Overcoats are one day in order, and on the next palm-beach suits are inspected longingly. On Wednesday the fresh young leaves will struggle against the near-frost of the previous night, and on Thursday wilt before the ravages of unseasonable heat. Winter does not merge gently into summer. The thermometer fluctuates uncertainly like a woman torn between the competitive allure of two bargain counters.

Today it was hot, genuinely and unreservedly hot, and Jim's physique had never been intended to withstand heat. He slumped miserably in a wicker chair, puffing disconsolately upon a cigar and staring with fixed distaste at the weather forecast: "Clear. Continued warm."

A profound sigh escaped from the recesses of Jim Hanvey. "O death, where is thy heat?"

Jim was capable of intense feeling, and this day that capability was working overtime. He was utterly and supremely unhappy both as to the present and in contemplation of the future. If this was April, what, then, would July be?

He scarcely heard the clangor of his telephone, and only when that instrument had sent its raucous summons dinning into his ears for the third time did he conscript sufficient energy to hoist himself from the wicker chair. His voice was not at all friendly.

"'Lo!"

"Hello!" A queer, interested expression flitted over Jim's features. Woman's voice. Hmph! "Is that Mr. Hanvey?"

"Almost."

"This is a friend of yours, Jim."

"Ain't got any friends today. Too hot."

"I'm coming up."

"That's fine. Apartment 4-B. Door's unlocked. Walk right in."

"Good!"

"And, say?"

"Yes?"

"Don't expect me to get up. When the mercury climbs this high I stay put."

He recrossed the room and slumped down into his chair again; but no longer did his face reflect the misery of the flesh.

His florid countenance was wrinkled speculatively. The voice of the woman had been vaguely familiar; memory probed inquisitively into the past. Jim shook his tremendous head from side to side.

"She called me Jim an' said she was a friend of mine."

Pudgy fingers toyed idly with the hawserlike watch chain connecting his timepiece and himself.

The front door opened. Footsteps sounded from the hallway. All outward indication of interest fled from Jim's face, leaving it as expressionful as the visage of a cow at milking time. Then the woman appeared in the doorway, and instantly Jim recognized her. The heartiness of his greeting was thoroughly sincere.

"Helen of Troy." He smiled and added, "New York."

The woman swept across the room and pressed a light kiss on the forehead of the detective.

"Dear old Jim! It's good to see you again."

"Yeh, ain't it? Lord! I'm hot." Jim's eyelids drooped with exasperating slowness over his fishy orbs, held shut for a moment, then opened again. "Step over yonder, Helen. Lemme give you the once-over."

The woman obeyed, and Jim nodded approvingly.

"Million dollars—plus, Helen. That's you."

She was far from unattractive as she stood by the window. True, she was not of the general type which inspires the plaudits of a connoisseur; but for all practical purposes she was there seven ways from the ace. In the first place she was blond—magnificently and unyieldingly blond from the shrieking crown of gold upon her head to the tips of her long, slender, dead-white fingers. She was amply supplied with a figure which had been apportioned liberally and with an eye to ensemble rather than lissomeness. The effect was not to be denied: Floppy white panama with orchid trimmings; an elaborate street dress of white and orchid crêpe de chine; orchid stockings of chiffon, and white shoes. She pridefully submitted to his inspection and thrilled to his comment.

Said he, "Once seen, never forgotten."

"You think I'm looking well, Jim?"

"Terrible good. Terrible." He mopped his forehead. "How do you stand this heat?"

She laughed.

"We've lived South ever since we were married. That's six years."

"And three months," he amplified. "Ever since Johnny finished that last stretch. Me, I'd just as lief be in stir. Sit down. How's Johnny?"

The woman's face clouded slightly.

"It's about him I came to see you, Jim."

"Much obliged to Johnny." He relighted his cigar. "What's he doin' now? Con?"

She shook her head.

"We've been straight ever since we hitched up. You ought to know that, Jim."

"Ought to. Just thought maybe he was keepin' away from my line. I'm with the Bankers' Protective now, you know."

"I know it; that's why I came to you."

He stretched out.

"Spill it, Helen. I'm all ears—all ears and perspiration, I mean."

"You've always been a friend of ours, Jim. You play square. You sent Johnny up once, but he didn't hold that against you; it was all his fault for gettin' caught. And he made a regular killin' that time, Jim—you remember they never did get the stuff. Well, when he got out we decided to get married and go straight. Of course we didn't know how we'd like it, but we did think it was worth trying—understand?"

"Sure! Novelty. Any time you didn't like it you could turn crooked again."

"That's it. Well, I've liked it, an' so has Johnny. No dicks worryin' us, everything running smooth. It's been a real nice experience, Jim. I never would have believed there was so much fun in bein' honest. And after a while—well, it sort of gets to be a habit. Now I've come to the point where I wouldn't change for anything."

She paused. He blinked with disconcerting slowness.

"Well?"

She leaned forward tensely.

"Johnny's planning to pull a job!"

"Huh?"

"Johnny's planning to pull another job. He's got a chance for a neat killing, and he's going to try it."

Jim's head rolled sorrowfully upon his fat shoulders.

"That's too dog-goned bad! After runnin' straight this long!"

"It is too bad, Jim. That's why I've come to you."

"What's why?"

"I want you to keep him straight. I know I can trust you, so I'm going to slip you the whole works, and I want you to steer him off. There ain't a bit of sense to his going crooked again. We've got all the money we need; but the thing looks so easy—you know how it is."

"Uh-huh. I know. What you expect me to do?"

"The job he's planning, Jim, is a bank job. That would bring you into it."

Jim's lips drew into a protuberant circle and a low whistle escaped.

"Bank job, eh? His old line. That's plumb silly."

"I've told him so; told him a dozen times. But he says it's a cinch. Sure thing. Bah!"—bitterly. "It's a sure thing he wouldn't get away with it."

"But he thinks he can."

"That's it. I know just how he feels, Jim. I've felt that way myself a dozen times when I've seen some dame out at the race track wearing a million dollars' worth of sparklers. I'd remember how good I used to be at that sort of thing and my fingers would just naturally itch. It seemed a shame to pass it up. But"—righteously—"I've given temptation the go-by, Jim. I haven't pulled a job since I got hitched up to Johnny, though I've had chances enough. You always have when you're running straight. Sometimes I've felt like I'd give everything I had just for the sport of reducing the weight of some fat dame to the extent of a couple carats. Well, the bug's got Johnny now. Things have played into his hands and he's rarin' to go. I told him you was down in this part of the country, but he only laughed. 'Reckon I can get away with this in

spite of Jim Hanvey,' he said. The poor fish! You know good and well, Jim, there ain't any crook can buck you and get away with it, is there?"

Jim grinned.

"What you tryin' to do—vamp me?"

"Lord forbid! It would be too much trouble for the result."

"That sounds more like my frank friend. Now please continue to go on."

"I'm going to give you a straight steer on this job of Johnny's. I want to leave it all in your hands. You ought to be able to head him off. I know I'm foolish to be so dead set on honesty and all that sort of romantic stuff, but I can't help it. Reckon I've been seeing too many movies or something." She leaned forward tensely, giving off an aroma of heavy and expensive perfumes, her fingers glittering with an imposing array of rings. "I want to stay straight, Jim—I sure do! And I want Johnny to do likewise."

Jim reached for a fresh cigar and settled back comfortably in his chair.

"You don't mind these, do you, Helen?"

"We-e-l, I haven't any right to kick when I'm asking you a favor."

"Thanks."

He snipped off the end of the cigar and lighted up with gusto.

"Since Johnny turned straight he's been gambling," she explained. "No rough stuff, nor nothing like that. Of course I'm not claiming that he hasn't rung in the works once in a while when he's hooked a particularly easy mark or that maybe he hasn't managed to read the backs of a few cards; but that's all part of the profession. The point is he hasn't been crooked—understand?"

"Sure! I get you."

"Last two seasons he's been oralizing down in New Orleans—both tracks there: Fair Grounds and Jefferson Parish. Business has been pretty good, but nothing extra. New Orleans is a wise town on horses. They're the very devil on backing the favorites and that's awful tough on the bookies. Anyway racing has kinder got into Johnny's blood. He started off last year by buying a few cheap starters—called himself owning a stable. And finally he come into a two-year-old that is a colt. Lightning Bolt is the name. Y'oughter see that angel run!

"Major Torrance clocked that baby one time in a workout and wanted him; wanted him bad. Johnny didn't hanker to let him go. They talked price, but nothing come of it. Everybody knew the old gent was nuts on Lightning Bolt and was gonna get him sooner or later—everybody except him. And just recently Johnny found out that the major had booked passage for Europe on the Homeric, sailing out of New York day after tomorrow—Thursday. Also that Torrance's stable was bein' shipped North for the New York season. And that's where Johnny fell."

She paused, one white-shod foot tapping the floor. Jim sat in supine silence, apparently oblivious of her presence.

"Yes," she continued tensely, "that's where Johnny took his tumble. He told the major he'd sell Lightning Bolt, provided the old geezer would buy all the rest of his stable—four other horses. The price for the bunch was eight thousand dollars. The deal went through. Those horses went North with the Torrance stable the other day when the season ended in New Orleans. Old man Torrance sails from New York in a couple of days. Of course you can prove up on all of this; the real point being that Johnny holds the major's check for eight thousand dollars."

Her voice died away. Out of the silence which followed came Jim's drawling voice:

"An' one little teeny letter added onto an eight makes an eighty."

The luxurious blonde glanced sharply at the big man in the wicker chair, her eyes narrowing slightly.

"What made you think ——"

"Two an' two always did make four, sister."

Her fingers interlaced nervously.

"That's the layout, Jim. He's planning to raise that check and make a get away ——" Her voice trailed off. "And that isn't all."

"No?"

Jim's query was a mere indication of interest rather than an effort to extract further information.

"Not all, Jim. It's this way ——" She hitched her chair closer and laid one ringed hand on Jim's knee. The ponderous man seemed unmindful of it—for a moment. Then he moved away. "Just before Johnny turned straight and married me he pulled one last big job. It was regular and all that. The poor sucker they caught was hog-tied; he didn't dare let out a yap. Johnny made a clean-up on it and with that amount added to what he had he retired with about a quarter of a million bucks." There was conscious pride in her final declaration: "Johnny never was a piker."

"He sure wasn't, Helen. Great chap, Johnny."

"That quarter of a million has been salted away in Liberty Bonds. Johnny bought 'em at about 84 and they're pretty near par now. He's dead stuck on 'em; says when they jumped in value it was the first honest money he ever made. He never would touch 'em. Kind of superstitious. But, Jim, he's planning to dig into 'em now."

"Yeh?"

"He's got a chance of opening a big gambling place down near Juarez. Things like that take cash—a wad of it. So Johnny is fixing to borrow on his Liberties."

"Borrow?"

"Yes. He's superstitious about them, like I told you, and he don't want to sell. He figures he can borrow two hundred thousand on the things. Then he's going to raise that Torrance check from eight thousand to eighty. That'll give him $280,000 in cash—more than enough for what he wants. He'll sink a heap of that into the business, and at the first opportunity he plans to come back, redeem his Liberties and salt 'em away again. Understand?"

Hanvey was apparently not listening. He stared moodily through the window, lower jaw drooping, the ash on his cigar perilously lengthy. Finally he turned his glassy eyes upon her.

"How c'n you look so cool when it's so durned hot?"

She bit her lip.

"Do you understand, Jim?"

"Eh?" He blinked with interminable slowness. "Oh, about Johnny an' his gamblin' house an' the Liberty Bonds an' all that? Sure, that's easy. Johnny's just naturally plannin' to get wicked again, ain't he?"

"And I don't want him to. There ain't anything in the world like being honest, Jim; I've found that out. It's the grandest feeling I've ever had. I wouldn't turn crooked again for anything in the world—unless we really needed the money. I don't want Johnny to. He's been out of the game so long he's liable to pull a boner and lose what he's got."

You sure spoke a mouthful then, sister. That's a downright crude stunt Johnny is figgering on pullin'. Of course, him plannin' to beat it into Mexico, anyway ——"

"I'd hate to live there. Never did like Mexican cooking—chili an' hot tamales and all that sort of thing. And the climate ——"

"Hotter'n this, ain't it?"

She didn't answer. For a few moments silence held between them, tense silence punctured only by the ticking of the cheap alarm clock on the mantel and the bellowing of a group of boys playing in the street below.

"You've got to help me, Jim—got to help me keep Johnny straight. He'll listen to you where he laughs at me."

"Awful glad to do a little job like that, Helen. I'm real anxious Johnny shouldn't turn crooked again. He's got brains enough to make an honest livin'. Lemme see—when's he plannin' to pass this bum check?"

"Two or three days. You see, Jim, he'll borrow the two hundred thousand on his bonds—borrow it from a local banking house—Starnes & Company. When he deposits their check for that amount he'll deposit along with it Major Torrance's check for eighty thousand; and the eighty-thousand one being so much smaller than the other they won't pay a whole lot of attention to it. Then he'll check against the total sum. Ain't that clever?"

"Awful!" He inhaled deeply. "Awful clever! A good check for two hundred thousand and a bum one for eighty, passed right through the bank. Then he checks against 'em. Johnny sure uses his head for somethin' more than a mattrack."

She rose and threw a light scarf across her plump shoulders.

"You promise to keep him straight, Jim? You promise?"

"Sure! Sure I promise, Helen! Dog-gone this weather!"

She made her adieus and swung down the street toward the city's largest hotel. One or two traveling men ogled her and she expanded to the pleased consciousness of the effect she was creating. It had always been thus, ever since her girlhood in Troy, New York. Blessed with voluptuous blondness, men had always flocked about her. Adulation had been all in all to her until the advent of Johnny Norton, and to him she capitulated utterly.

Johnny had been an honest and efficient wooer. They teamed up and knocked about the country until he made his final big killing. Then they married and turned straight; but the strain of the past five years had been terrific.

Helen rapped on the door of her room and Johnny opened it in person. He was a small man, slender and wiry and very much of a dandy in his lavender silk shirt, his white sport shoes and his aggressively checkered suit. He kissed her dutifully, then stepped back, twisting his near-mustache.

Three other men lounged about the room. There was Slim Bolton, a card sharper, whose practice had been

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Jim's Face Told Them No More Than They Could Have Learned by Watching the Lee Side of a Cantaloupe

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefevre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AN OLD Wall Street friend, who had guessed right two out of seven times that week, insisted on my dining with him in the grill room of an uptown hotel much frequented by expert guessers. By dwelling on the two and not on the five he had begun to encourage in himself delusions of financial genius and I had to listen. A man walked past our table, nodded at me and stopped.

I said, "How-d'ye-do?"

He answered, "Tiptop!"

I suspected that I had known him in my Wall Street life, but I could not recall his name.

My loquacious host who had that week landed twice out of seven times, but remembered only the two, saw the stranger and cried, "Hello, Charlie! Dining alone?"

"Yes."

"Sit down."

Charlie sat down.

I knew I was safe in remarking, "I haven't seen you in years."

"No," acquiesced Charlie. "What are you doing these days?"

"Trying to keep awake while listening to this man here," I answered.

I could see that he remembered my face as I remembered his, and no more. The waiter brought him the bill of fare and while he studied it I turned to my friend and soundlessly made my lips ask, "Who is he?"

"Charlie Wade!" whispered my friend, and made a motion with his hands that meant "wiped!"

I had known Wade. He was a broker in my time—one of hundreds. And now he was broke—one of thousands.

Sitting in With the Insiders

MY HOST, who had been speaking of a certain Mexican oil stock, went on:

"It wasn't luck at all. It was a cinch—because I used my bean. That profit didn't walk into my pocket of its own accord. The moment I saw that stock cross 160 I knew it wasn't on covering by pikers, but some big fish about to be harpooned. I preferred sitting in the boat with the impaling insiders to being in the sea doing my little turn as target. That's all."

He looked at me, a modest man compelled to listen to the applause of the intelligent audience.

"Was that your first bull's-eye this year?" I asked.

"The second killing this week," he retorted with dignity.

But I said pleasantly: "Two hits out of two times at the bat. One hundred per cent sagacious. John W. Gates remarked once in my hearing that all he asked was to be right three out of five times, or 60 per cent."

"And all I ask," said my friend, "is to be right once out of five times. One in five. Because why? Because when I am wrong I run quick, and when I'm right I push my luck. Each time I'm wrong costs me five thousand at the most. That is, a maximum of twenty thousand for the four wrong times. But when I'm right I do not call it a day's work this side of a hundred thousand. That's the reason."

"A very good reason," I said.

But I should not have smiled, because he said tartly, "That's what your friend Larry Livingston does."

Charlie Wade had finished giving his order to the waiter. He asked me, "Have you read those articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST about him?"

"He's the bird that wrote them," broke in my friend, vindictively pointing at me.

"Oh, did you?" said Charlie. "You know, he had an account in our office."

"When?" I asked.

"Oh, that's more than fifteen years ago. But I'll never forget how he came to us."

"I'd like to hear the story," I said, and meant it.

Charlie looked grateful and spoke.

"My father had been talking of retiring for some time, and while I didn't want him to think I'd be glad to get rid of him, at the same time I was anxious for a chance to show him what I could do if I was boss. If you remember my father at all you'll remember that he was a mighty good broker, if I say so myself. It was all he knew how to do, but there weren't many much better than he. He did a lot of two-dollar business on the floor but he was no man to turn loose on a lot of customers in an office. So I asked nothing better than a chance to run our shop the way it ought to be run, without any grumbling from him. I was doing fairly well, but I had too many handicaps. Think of it! The old gentleman wouldn't allow me to put in a quotation board in the office! He thought it was too common, too much like a bucket shop!

"I had for an office manager a chap named Giddings. One day I was talking to him about the desirability of having a few really active trading accounts, to enable us to smile gratefully on the hundred-shares-a-month birds we had. I knew that he was a friend of Larry Livingston, the Boy Plunger in Harding's office. So I said to Giddings, 'Why don't you try to get Livingston's account?'

"'I have,' said Giddings.

"'What did he say?'

"'Nothing!'

"'You mean that he didn't say either yes or no?'

"'I mean that I haven't got his business.'

"'Did you ask him for a part of it?' I asked.

"'Not in so many words,' said Giddings.

"'Well, then,' I said, 'in how many words did you ask him?'

"'I didn't ask him in any words. But he knows I'm with this firm and he knows we are members of the New York Stock Exchange and do a stock-commission business. If he wanted to trade through us he'd do it. He doesn't need to be asked.'

"'But if you would ask him you'd know if there was any chance of our ever getting any of his business,' I said.

"'Charlie, I couldn't and I wouldn't,' said Giddings. 'He and I are very friendly. But the only way he'll ever come into this office will be of his own free will and accord. I have never talked stock market with him, nor he with me. I have always felt it would be unwise.'

"I wasn't convinced, but I couldn't very well insist. As I told you, my father wouldn't let us put in a quotation board. He thought that two tickers in the room were enough to keep gentlemen posted on the market, and the other kind he didn't want hanging around. Well, I was standing beside one of the tickers a few days after my talk with Giddings, when a chap walked in. He was tall and straight, smooth-shaven and very fair-haired.

"He nodded to Giddings, said 'Hello!' shortly, and walked over to the other ticker. There wasn't anybody else in the room at the time. Giddings said 'Good morning, Larry. How are you?' very cordially; but Livingston paid no attention whatever to him. He was looking at the tape.

"Pretty soon he looked up and asked abruptly, 'What sort of execution do you give here?'

"'As good as you can get from anybody,' answered Giddings.

"Instantly Livingston put his left hand into his trousers pocket and took out some bills. He counted out five and handed them to Giddings. They were for one thousand dollars each. He began to study the tape again. Pretty soon he put his right hand in his fob pocket, took out a stop watch and said, 'Buy me five hundred Amalgamated!'

"Giddings shot the order over to the board room. He must have told the old gentleman to get a hustle on, for in a jiffy we got his report. Giddings rushed in and told Livingston what we had got the five hundred Amalgamated for.

"Livingston stopped the watch, looked at it, put it back in his pocket without a word and resumed his reading of the tape. Pretty soon he put his hand into his trousers pocket, fished up some more bills and held them out towards Giddings without taking his eyes off the tape. Then he took out his stop watch again and said, 'Buy another five hundred!'"

The Boy Plunger at Work

"WHEN we got his report he looked at the stop watch, saw exactly how long it had taken us to get his stock, and doubtless compared prices. Apparently he was satisfied, for he took off his hat and tossed it to Giddings, who hung it on the rack.

"Livingston didn't speak. He just looked at the tape and smoked one cigar after another without intermission. Before the market closed that day he bought and sold between three and four thousand shares, and was ahead, as I remember, a couple of thousand dollars net on the day's trading. As soon as the market closed he walked to the hatrack near the door, took his derby and put it on with extreme care, almost as if he had a headache and didn't wish to make it worse. From the door he spoke to Giddings:

"'Got a private office you can give me?'

"'Yes,' answered Giddings promptly.

"Livingston nodded. 'Good night,' he said, and walked out.

"I arranged to have another ticker put in my father's private office, which we seized for Larry. We had it cleaned up and straightened out, and when Livingston came to trade the next day he found everything ready for him.

"He came in at 9:50. Giddings took him into the private office. Livingston sat down and read all the news slips and bulletins, but made no comments whatever. The moment the ticker began to whir he got up to stand beside it and said, 'You ought to put in a quotation board.'

"'We'll do it,' said Giddings, who explained to me that Livingston simply had to have both a quotation board and the tape to look at when he traded.

"Well, sir, Livingston bought and sold seventy thousand shares the first week he was in our office. I don't remember exactly how long he stayed with us, but it was a matter

of months. He seemed satisfied with the execution. Then one afternoon without any warning or preamble he said, 'I'm going away!' and asked for a check for his balance. He closed his account and never again came into our office. Giddings never knew why he quit us and I never asked Giddings to ask him for an explanation. I saw enough of Livingston to know that he was the kind of man who never did anything without a good reason or mixed business with sentiment. I felt it was useless to ask him to come back to us, so I never even tried. While it lasted it was a mighty profitable business. One day we took in over five thousand dollars in commissions. He sure was the Boy Plunger. We liked him. I never saw him display either anger or impatience—or, for that matter, pleasure. But Giddings used to tell me that he was full of fun and good-natured—outside of Wall Street. It was doubtless his habit of intense concentration that made him so silent in our office."

"Your soup's getting cold," said my friend, and Charlie Wade ceased his reminiscences.

It was not until the next afternoon after the close of the market that I saw Larry Livingston. I told him I wanted more reminiscences, and without appreciable effort he resumed his narrative:

"It has always rankled in my mind that after I left Williamson & Brown's office the cream was off the market. We ran smack into a long moneyless period; four mighty lean years. There was not a penny to be made. As Billy Henriquez once said, 'It was the kind of market in which not even a skunk could make a scent.'"

In Dutch With Destiny

"IT LOOKED to me as though I was in Dutch with destiny. It might have been the plan of Providence to chasten me, but really I had not been filled with such pride as called for a fall. I had not committed any of those speculative sins which a trader must expiate on the debtor side of the account. I was not guilty of a typical sucker play. What I had done, or, rather, what I had left undone, was something for which I would have received praise and not blame—north of Forty-second Street. In Wall Street it was absurd and costly. But by far the worst thing about it was the tendency it had to make a man a little less inclined to permit himself human feelings in the ticker district.

"I left Williamson's and tried other brokers' offices. In every one of them I lost money. It served me right, because I was trying to force the market into giving me what it didn't have to give—to wit, opportunities for making money. I did not find any trouble in getting credit, because those who knew me had faith in me. You can get an idea of how strong their confidence was when I tell you that when I finally stopped trading on credit I owed well over one million dollars.

"The trouble was not that I had lost my grip, but that during those four wretched years the opportunities for making money simply didn't exist. Still I plugged along, trying to make a stake and succeeding only in increasing my indebtedness. After I ceased trading on my own hook because I wouldn't owe my friends any more money I made a living handling accounts for people who believed I knew the game well enough to beat it even in a dull market. For my services I received a percentage of the profits—when there were any. That is how I lived. Well, say that is how I sustained life.

"All this that I have told you took time. I didn't always lose, but I never made enough to allow me materially to reduce what I owed. Finally, as things got worse, I felt the beginnings of discouragement for the first time in my life.

"Everything seemed to have gone wrong with me. I did not go about bewailing the descent from millions and yachts to debts and the simple life. I didn't enjoy the situation, but I did not fill up with self-pity. I did not propose to wait patiently for time and Providence to bring about the cessation of my discomforts. I therefore studied my problem. It was plain that the only way out of my troubles was to make money. To make money I needed merely to trade successfully. I had so traded before and I must do so once more. More than once in the past I had run up a shoe string into hundreds of thousands. Sooner or later the market would offer me an opportunity.

"I convinced myself that whatever was wrong was wrong with me and not with the market. Now, what could be the trouble with me? I asked myself that question in the same spirit in which I always study the various phases of my trading problems. I thought about it calmly and came to the conclusion that my main trouble came from worrying over the money I owed. I was never free from the mental discomfort of it. I must explain to you that it was not the mere consciousness of my indebtedness. Any business man contracts debts in the course of his regular business. Most of my debts were really nothing but business debts, due to what were unfavorable business conditions for me, and no worse than a merchant suffers from, for instance, when there is an unusually prolonged spell of unseasonable weather.

"Of course as time went on and I could not pay I began to feel less philosophical about my debts. I'll explain: I owed over a million dollars—all of it stock-market losses, remember. Most of my creditors were very nice and didn't bother me; but there were two who did bedevil me. They used to follow me around. Every time I made a winning each of them was Johnny-on-the-spot, wanting to know all about it and insisting on getting theirs right off. One of them, to whom I owed eight hundred dollars, threatened to sue me, seize my furniture, and so forth. I can't conceive why he thought I was concealing assets, unless it was that I didn't quite look like a stage hobo about to die of destitution.

"As I studied the problem I saw that it wasn't a case that called for reading the tape, but for reading my own self. I quite cold-bloodedly reached the conclusion that I would never be able to accomplish anything useful so long as I was worried, and it was equally plain that I should be worried so long as I owed money. I mean, as long as any creditor had the power to vex me or to interfere with my coming back by insisting upon being paid before I could get a decent stake together. This was all so obviously true that I said to myself, 'I must go through bankruptcy.' What else could relieve my mind?

"It sounds both easy and sensible, doesn't it? But it was more than unpleasant, I can tell you. I hated to do it. I hated to put myself in a position to be misunderstood or misjudged. I myself never cared much for money. I never thought enough of it to consider it worth while lying for. But I knew that everybody didn't feel that way. Of course I also knew that if I got on my feet again I'd pay everybody off, for the obligation would remain. But unless I was able to trade in the old way I'd never be able to pay back that million."

A Million-Dollar Debt

"I NERVED myself and went to see my creditors. It was a mighty difficult thing for me to do, for all that most of them were personal friends or old acquaintances.

"I explained the situation quite frankly to them. I said: 'I am not going to take this step because I don't wish to pay you, but because, in justice to both myself and you, I must put myself in a position to make money. I have been thinking of this solution off and on for over two years, but I simply didn't have the nerve to come out and say so frankly to you. It would have been infinitely better for all of us if I had. It all simmers down to this: I positively cannot be my old self while I am harassed or upset by these debts. I have decided to do now what I should have done a year ago. I have no other reason than the one I have just given you.'

"What the first man said was to all intents and purposes what all of them said. He spoke for his firm.

"'Livingston,' he said, 'we understand. We realize your position perfectly. I'll tell you what we'll do: We'll just give you a release. Have your lawyer prepare any kind of paper you wish, and we'll sign it.'

"That was in substance what all my big creditors said. That is one side of Wall Street for you. It wasn't merely careless good nature or sportsmanship. It was also a mighty intelligent decision, for it was clearly good business. I appreciated both the good will and the business ability.

"These creditors gave me a release on debts amounting to over a million dollars. But there were the two minor creditors who wouldn't sign off. One of them was the eight-hundred-dollar man I told you about. I also owed sixty thousand dollars to a brokerage firm which had gone into bankruptcy, and the receivers, who didn't know me from Adam, were on my neck early and late. Even if they had been disposed to follow the example set by my largest creditors I don't suppose the court would have let them sign off. At all events my schedule of bankruptcy amounted to only about one hundred thousand dollars, though, as I said, I owed well over a million."

A Fresh Start

"IT WAS extremely disagreeable to see the story in the newspapers. I had always paid my debts in full and this new experience was most mortifying to me. I knew I'd pay off everybody some day if I lived, but everybody who read the article wouldn't know it. I was ashamed to go out after I saw the report in the newspapers. But it all wore off presently and I cannot tell you how intense was my feeling of relief to know that I wasn't going to be harried any more by people who didn't understand how a man must give his entire mind to his business—if he wishes to succeed in stock speculation.

"My mind now being free to take up trading with some prospect of success, unvexed by debts, the next step was to get another stake. The Stock Exchange had been closed from July thirty-first to the middle of December, 1914, and Wall Street was in the dumps. There hadn't been any business whatever in a long time. I owed all my friends. I couldn't very well ask them to help me again just because they had been so friendly to me, when I knew that nobody was in a position to do much for anybody.

"It was a mighty difficult task, getting a decent stake, for with the closing of the Stock Exchange there was nothing that I could ask any broker to do for me. I tried in a couple of places. No use.

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OCEAN MAGIC

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

VIII

TWICE within three weeks the Combermere sighted the loom of the Horn; twice she fled to the southward to the very edge of the ice before stubborn northwesterly gales. Four times—twice on one tack, twice on the other—she passed close to a stout Glasgow fourmaster hove-to in the same spot. A lower maintopsail she carried, that bark, and under it her decks leaned like a roof.

The Combermere staggered under three lower topsails and a foretopmast staysail, racking the iron nerves of her, making no way.

One by one men developed fiendish sea boils; cuts and broken skin refused to heal in the bitterness of cold and wet; shivering wretches cursed and wailed in the same hopeless drone at braces and sheets. Towhead went about his work half clad in spite of the skipper's friendliness and the resources of the slop chest, for Spud still languished in the freezing lazaret, and all his own clothes and many of Towhead's barely kept life in him.

"He'll die o' cold, Mr. Adams, if he's kept down there," Towhead warned the mate one bitter afternoon as the ship neared the Horn again.

"I can't do anything, my son," was the mate's reply. "See the Old Man. He's a good pal o' yours, isn't he?"

The Ship Was Well to the Southwestward of the Horn, Plunging Along Close-Jammed in a Turmoil of Vicious Seas

"Only as long as I'll talk pigs an' ducks to him," growled Towhead. "And Murphy's no more a murderer than he is neither."

"I believe that too," said Mr. Adams kindly. "Besides, he's a man I can't spare. We're two men short for'ard now, and the crowd that's left is ——" He checked himself. He was becoming too free in speech with a fo'mast hand. "See the captain, Towhead. Ask him to let Murphy come up for a stretch. Perhaps he will."

Towhead asked.

"Mr. Adams has the keys o' the irons," the skipper said. "If he lets ye I'll have no objection. But ye're responsible, mind. Ye'd better wait a while though. Yonder's the Horn again, and I doubt if we'll weather it. Get ye a hand or two and clear a space in the potato locker. Then ye can bring up yer crony after we tack ship."

Captain Wandless showed remarkable gentleness at such a time of responsibility. Towhead was amazed. So was the mate.

With the frowning Horn over the bow, the terrific seas battering at the ship's salt-crusted plates, the certainty of having to thrash wearily south on yet another tack unless the staggering ship could hold up a full point nearer the wind—all combined to make a situation where a shipmaster might be excused any vagaries of temper. Yet Captain Wandless paced the poop, whistling cheerily, snapping his fat fingers, and positively beaming until his flabby unwholesome face shone with some mysterious inner light that made him almost good looking.

Towhead turned away with open mouth, meeting the gaping wonder of Mr. Adams across the deck. The skipper caught him by the arm and swung him around easily.

"D'ye know, I think I'll stock my farm wi' sheep instead o' cows, my son. Ye can keep sheep on the top o' cliffs, I'm told, near the sea. They'll not be so likely to break their silly necks tumbling over as will cows, hey?"

"No, sir," Towhead stammered, and started away again.

"No more trouble to breed, are they?"

"Wind seems to be freeing, sir," shouted the mate, and the farmer gave place to the master mariner in Wandless. He lifted his face towards the windward sky, sniffed, then glanced at the cross-running seas. He nodded relievedly.

"You're right," he said. "We'll weather the land wi' some to spare if she'll stand the reefed foresail and mainsail, with the three lower topgallantsails. Try her, Mr. Adams."

"Go call all hands," the mate ordered Towhead; and for that time at least, Spud Murphy was forgotten.

At the end of a week the ship was well to the southwestward of the Horn, plunging along close-jammed in a turmoil of vicious seas; long-rolling Cape Stiff graybacks that fell aboard her with the thudding impact of disintegrated cliffs; and the spray froze as it fell, the sails crackled with ice, a rope to be rendered through a sheave had first to be scalded free with hot water. The decks were slippery with menace, and five men lay in the forecastles incapable. Two were genuinely battered beyond work; three seized upon the chance to malinger, hoping that certain hideous sores would carry them past the keen examination of captain and mate.

"We'll have to turn Murphy loose and make him work," the skipper said. "Put Towhead to watching him. The lad's honest. He's Murphy's crony, but he's too good a farmer not to be straight."

Spud was released on promise of good behavior. Towhead was sent down to get that promise.

"Shure, me son," grinned Spud, stretching luxuriously as the irons fell from him. "I'll behave loike th' blue-eyed boy, onless thot bleedin' or'nary seaman falls foul o' me. Where have they brought the ship to all this time? 'Tis too bloody cowld f'r where we ought to be. B rr-rrn!"

The stinging sleet and blinding spray, bitter gale and frozen decks went with a ghastly chill to the bones of the man who had smelled no fresh air for weeks. Spud peered around that part of the horizon visible from the lazaret hatch, his heavy brows drawn protectively down over his dazzled eyes. White sea crests, white sleet, spray that froze as it flew, icy-white decks all combined to blind the sight so long accustomed to dungeon darkness.

"Where th' divil are we?" he repeated his question peevishly. "Ain't thot th' Ramirez yander?"

"What's Ramireez?" grunted Towhead shortly.

He was trying to urge Spud up to face the Old Man, and the wise old seaman smelled for his position like a veritable Cape Horner, refusing to leave the spot until he had satisfied himself that captain and officers had not carried the ship to destruction while he was locked up. That sort of able seaman is all but extinct now; but he flourished when white-winged, fleet-heeled clippers flourished, and Spud Murphy represented the best of the type.

"Come on to the skipper," Towhead said uneasily. "I only got down to loose you because I promised to bring you straight up and look after you that you didn't get cutting up no didos."

"All right, old socks," grinned Spud, following aft. "All the same, I bet a 'bacca stick this yer fine ship's too nigh Cape Stiff f'r her good yit. If thot ain't Ramirez, thin Oi killed th' mate!"

Mr. Adams heard that last remark. So did Captain Wandless. They exchanged glances full of meaning as Murphy approached them.

"Murphy," the skipper said, "you'll turn to and do your work until we get to Valparaiso, if you'll give your word to make no more trouble. It's cold to be in irons."

"Aye, sir, and it's cowld runnin' a big ship wi' a lot o' sojerin' cowsons in yer fo'castle. Howsomever, 'tis no trouble at all I ever made, nor will. Maybe ye'd loike to set Towhead to watchin' me thot Oi don't stick me knife into somebody's back," returned Murphy.

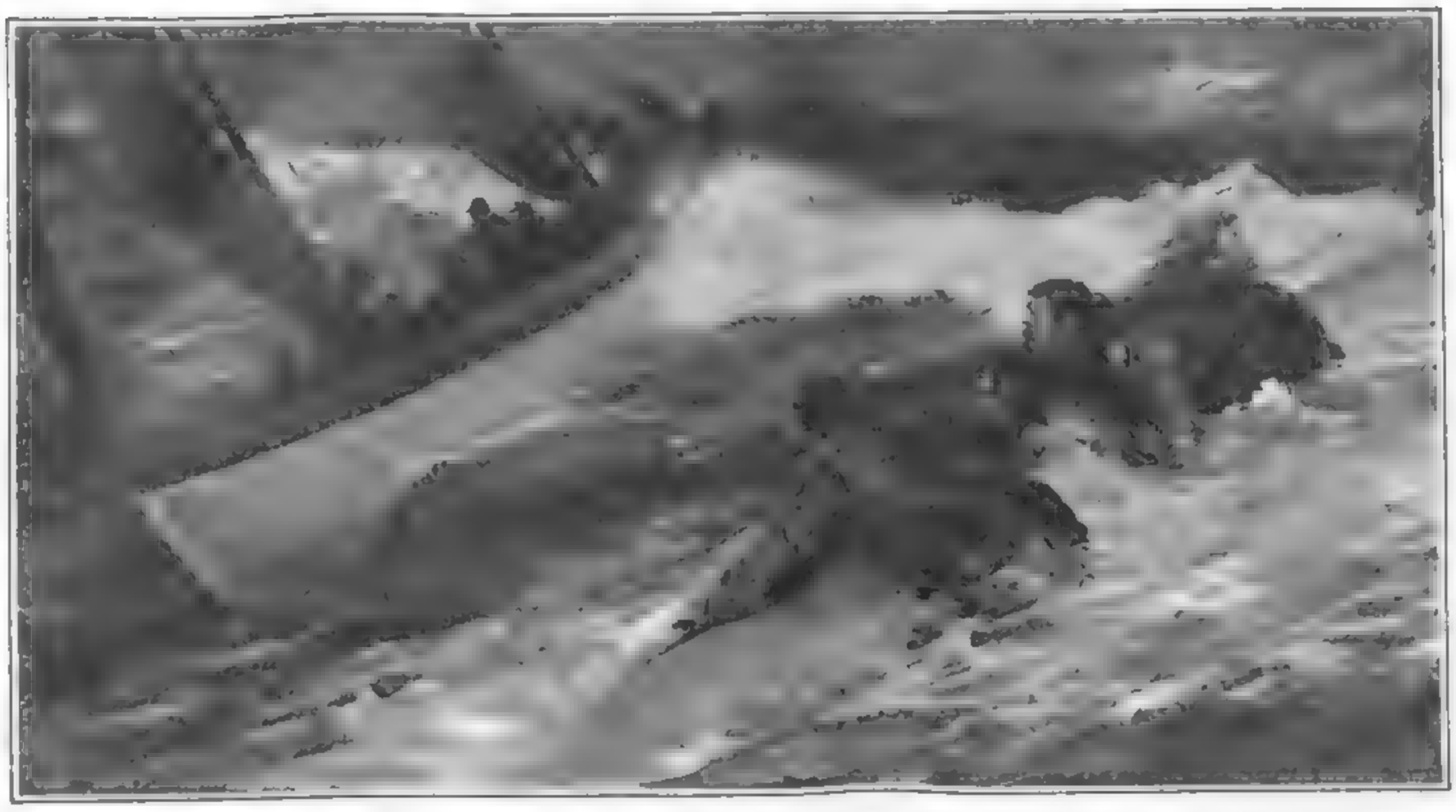
"You won't help your case by talking that way, my man. You'll muster with your old watch at eight bells, and if you're wise you'll not let your foolish tongue carry you away."

"Shure, me foolish tongue is not so foolish as the yapper thot accused me of stickin' Mr. Jones, sir!"

"That's what I told you, sir," put in Towhead eagerly. "You knows I ——"

"That'll do, my lad," the skipper cut him off. "Go for'ard, Murphy, and let us have no trouble."

Murphy made no trouble; but two ordinary seamen, a greasy cook and a half-crazy carpenter, gave him a wide



The Longboat Soared on a Crest, Rushed Down Before the Wind, and Fell Hopelessly to Leeward of Her Objective

berth for half a watch until assured that he meant no immediate harm by the ferocity of his expression.

Feeling secure in their supposed superiority over a paroled prisoner, the forecastle hands decided that Murphy's trick at the wheel came first. He took the trick without protest, although his thinly clad body shivered violently in the first fifteen minutes of standing at the exposed wheel. When he went aft and mounted the poop ladder he peered intently towards the direction where he had thought he saw the frowning rocks of Diego Ramirez. There was nothing there except a blacker cloud than the rest, leaning full, pregnant with more bitter snow. But he found on taking the helm that the ship was making a bare northerly course, as close-hauled as she would lie on the port tack, and all the sea to windward was cloaked under an advancing pall of smoky fog.

It was only the seaman's sixth sense that warned him of too close a proximity to land. He knew little about even the mariner's compass, except how to hold a ship's head steadily upon a point of it, and navigation was to him black magic entirely, as it was and is to many a hundred forecastle hands. Give Spud Murphy, or another of his kind, a marlinespike, a serving mallet or a palm and needle, and he would turn out work that looked almost a miracle from his gnarled hands; but ask him why a ship sailed on a great-circle track, when anybody could see by a glance at a Mercator chart that such a track was a deep curve while the rhumb-line course was straight, and he would vaguely tell the inquisitive inquirer it was done to shorten the degrees. Yet he believed that his instinct was as trustworthy as the captain's carefully calculated reckoning, and he watched the captain and Mr. Adams deep in argument as he found a moment to take his attention from the card.

"Mr. Adams," Wandless was saying emphatically, "making full allowance for current and leeway, the ship cannot be less than fifty miles to windward o' the Ramirez, if I know my sums."

"The ship's very foul, sir," the mate argued. "The leeway she makes when the squalls let up is terrible."

"Even so, she cannot be so close as you want to make out unless the log is frozen and hasn't registered for a watch or two."

Spud Murphy blurted out: "'Twas the Ramirez I seen, sir, widout a doubt! I seen that hump o' disolation too offen to ——"

"Mind your steering, my man, and keep your opinions behind your teeth!" snapped the skipper, and Murphy shut up, contenting himself or solacing himself by slowly winking at the mate over the skipper's averted shoulder.

Captain Wandless entered the chart room, pored a while over the chart, then called to the mate to have the log hauled in and examined. When the rotator had been inspected and found freely working, the register opened and scrutinized for congealed lubricant, and the reckoning worked up again and carefully checked, the skipper told Mr. Adams to stream the log again and to keep the ship away half a point to free her wind.

"She'll sail faster and make less leeway," he remarked.

"If I was master I'd tack ship, sir," retorted the mate.

"Since ye're not, I'll request that you carry out my orders, Mr. Adams. Send Towhead to my cabin, please."

Captain Wandless went below with the strut of a fat turkey cock. When Towhead went to him he found the autocrat of the ship deeply immersed in a well-thumbed volume dealing with the effect of smut upon wheat—the autocrat of a big, deep-laden, hard-pressed square-rigged ship in a position of doubt off the most malignant coast in the world. "Sit down, son, and explain this to me," the skipper said. Towhead sat, not at all averse to finishing his watch on deck in such snug warmth and comfort. For an hour he answered questions. He explained minutely the process of sheep rearing. He went exhaustively into the problem of crop rotation; and the anguish of soul suffered by a hen who has been fooled into hatching ducklings.

"That's fine, Towhead, splendid!" the skipper exclaimed at the end.

He reached down a black bottle and poured a stiff second mate's nip of rum for his queer guest. Surely no guest could be queerer than a greenhorn farmer making an unprojected voyage to sea in a square-rigger, partaking of his captain's hospitality, liquid hospitality, in the captain's own sacred retreat.

"Drink, my son. Listen to me now. You don't like the sea, I can tell that ——"

"I like it a heap ——" Towhead began to cut in.

Wandless cut him off.

"You're a fine farmer. I never talked to any man who had a finer grasp of that fine profession. I'm about tired of the sea. I mean to put my savings into a farm after

(Continued on Page 70)

Twice Within Three Weeks the Combermere Sighted the Loom of the Horn

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A New National Anthem

AFTER many years of faithful service we are told the poor old Star-Spangled Banner won't do. Along with horses, dinosauria, harpsichords, ukuleles and monarchies, it has outlived its usefulness. Dulce et Decorum, Pro Patria Mori, and other correspondents have been clamoring in the newspapers for another anthem with somewhat more than the virtues of the present one and none of its defects. These defects, it now appears, are many. For one thing, say the critics, it contains words which cannot but offend one of our European neighbors. For another, it is set to the music of an old drinking song, which presumably violates the Eighteenth Amendment. Third, its range is so great that no one can sing it. Fourth, it contains no exalted sentiments peculiarly American. The new anthem must recount the achievements of America in the cause of peace, humanitarianism and other desirable objects. The critics are united on that.

But in spite of the deluge of letters, no one has as yet come forward with a substitute. It seems perfectly easy to rake the poets over the coals for not writing one, but when the poets reply with Augustus Thomas' historic "Such as, for instance ——" silence ensues.

With the feeling that some sort of start should be made, the following anthem is tentatively submitted. None of the music, so far as the author knows, has been adapted from any tune having even remotely to do with conviviality. The author hopes he has been successful in not offending any friendly foreign power, while upholding the glories of his native land. Here are the words of the suggested new anthem:

U. S. A., The Land of My Dreams

THOUGH other places on this earth
Deserve great admiration,
I give the country of my birth
My heartiest approbation.
The thesis I do not advance
That England, Iceland, Spain or France
In worth is less,
But I confess
This is my favorite nation.

Chorus

From Portland to Oconomowoc,
From Frisco to Manila Bay,
I give, through happy tears, three rousing, ringing cheers
For my own beloved U. S. A.
I love its rocks and rivers;
I love its woods and streams;
And till death do us part it will remain in my heart
U. S. A., the land of my dreams.

I love its high-class business men;
I love their cheery Hello's,
I'm wild about the Independ-
Ent Order of Odd Fellows;
Although of course I never would
Imply that there are not as good
Fraternal bands
In other lands—
I blow no braggart's bellows.

Chorus

When our Allies appeared afraid
That they might lose the Great War
We sent a million men to aid
And it became the late war.
Our brave associates did not shirk;
No, no! They all did real good work!
The fact I state
To demonstrate
What we've done to abate war.

Chorus

O land of Poe and Washington
And William Allen White, too,
Unfavorable comparison
You stand superior quite to.
To say I love you best may seem
In taste perhaps a bit extreme,
Yet I must vent
The sentiment—
I feel it's only right to!

Chorus

Surely nobody's feelings will be hurt if we adopt that.

—*Baron Ireland.*

Seven Days

THE colored steward on one of the army transports plying between San Francisco and Manila is noted from coast to coast for his immaculate cleanliness, his particular ship being known as the cleanest on the Pacific. Owing to the scarcity of bathrooms on board compared with the number of army officers and their wives that are carried, there is a set schedule for bathing. Each person, on being assigned a stateroom, is given a specified hour when he may have the use of a bath.

On one of the recent voyages from Manila the bath schedule, as it is known among the passengers, extended until late in the afternoon. It was the duty of our colored steward, whom we will call Sam because it is not his name, to notify each person as the time arrived for his or her bath.

Chemical Warfare Experimenter: "The Public Does Not Seem to Appreciate the Value of Our Invention Which Will Wipe Out a Whole Population"
Professors "One Must Expect Opposition From the Reactionary Element, Major"

A very heated bridge game was in progress between four of the officers' wives. The stakes were high and there was a considerable gathering of interested spectators about the table.

Sam approached the gathering with dignity. Politely elbowing his way through the crowd he spoke to one of the ladies.

"Mis' Smith it's fo'-fifteen, which is de time fo' your bath," he announced.

Mrs. Smith turned around slowly. "Really, Sam, I can't leave the game just now." She smiled patronizingly at him. "Suppose we pass it up today?"

"But Mis' Smith," Sam objected, frowning, "dis am de seventh day what you-all done passed it up."

Sonnet

SWEETER your laugh than trill of lark at dawn.
As marble richly gleams, so shines your throat.
The grace of you would shame the pale young fawn;
Rather than walk, like silken down you float.
Lighter your touch than fall of April rain;
Cooler your cheek than petal washed with dew
Whene'er you speak, all gladness and all pain
Speak also, in the throbbing voice of you
Like blossom on its stem is poised your head,
Wrapped closely round about with fragrant bands.
As roses' passionate hearts, your mouth is red;
Like lilies in the wind, your long white hands.
Brighter the glance of you than summer star;
But, lady fair, how awful thick you are!

—*D. Parker.*

Letters From a Self-Made Burglar

FROM John (Red) Hogan, No. 18742 Sing Sing, to his son John (Lefty) Hogan Jr., who is completing his education under private tutors in New York City.

April 4, 1922.

Dear Jack: Here I am again in stir doing my little three & a half flat which I wouldn't of been if that there dum Ike of a mouthpiece they give me had of been on the job & seen the cops first like I tell him to. Well Jack stick to your lessons so you can be a credit to the old man when he gets out & dont go and get a swell bean every time you stick up a cigar store or two. Them cigar stores is good for to begin on for practice but I'd just as rather see you working for a living almost than sticking up them there cigar stores which aint no game for a self respecting yegg.

The old place aint the same no more. It dont seem like home. They have tennis games & movies & baseball here and I feel like I got in the wrong place by mistake.

Don't take no marked money.

Yrs respefully DAD.

II

Mr. Hogan Sr. has received information that John Jr.'s studies are not progressing favorably.

April 19, 1922.

Dear Jack: When the old woman was here last week she tells me you plugged one of them bulls in your gettaway from that Wm st job. Well Jack youre a kid yet & you got to sow your wild oats I suppose but take a tip from the old man & go easy with the gat. A hunk of lead slipped in a handkerchief can do the job clean & quiet & they aint no comeback for concealed weapons if the bulls frisk you in the street.

They elected me treasurer of the Welfare League here which is a dam fool job because they aint no money in it except token money which you cant buy nothing with. Tell the old woman to send me them silk shirts she lifted for me in Munnymakers because they all wear them here. Yrs till Pearl St goes straight,

III DAD.

Mr. Hogan Sr. learns that John Jr. has temporarily discontinued his studies under private tuition and has matriculated at a large educational institution.

May 7, 1922.

Dear Jack: So they got you did they. Well them things has to happen like a babys getting the measles and youll learn more in the Tombs in a week than you could of learned outside in a year. Tell the gang never mind about getting you no mouthpiece tell them to get you bail & the hell with a mouthpiece. Six months out on bail is better than fourteen lawyers & if you can get bail & get out them bulls will forget their middle name in a month. Thats how I beat that National Bank Case. When we got in court a year after we pulled that job the cops & the witnesses & me was all perfect strangers.

Tell the old woman to try to pick up a couple pairs of white flannel pants for me as lots of the boys wear them here in the summer.

Dont do no talking. DAD.

From the Salome Sun

IF THE subscribers to the Sun, both of them, will overlook its being late this time I will try not to let it happen again. It happened this way. I grubstaked Chuckawalla Slim awhile ago to prospect for me over in the Eagle Tails and last week I went down to see how he was getting along. There was nothing in sight around camp except the two burros, so I went up to the tent, thinking maybe Slim had left a note there for me. I peeked in through the flaps and there was Slim on his back fast asleep, snoring away with

(Continued on Page 140.)

OPERA GUYED

By Newman Levy

Samson and Delilah

'TWAS in the land of Palestine, for so the stories state,
Young Samson met all comers and whipped any man his weight.
He never missed a chance to fight;
He swung a mean and wicked right,
Although at Gaza, one dark night,
They say he got the gate.

Delilah was the loveliest of all the local vamps,
And on young Samson's form she cast her large alluring lamps.
"I love a manly man," she'd say.
Her work was clever for her day,
Till Samson fell the same old way
As many other champs.

"Don't think that I'm inquisitive," she said. "You got me wrong.
But tell your own Delilah, Sam, what makes you big and strong"
He said, "My strength is in my hair.
I've never seen a barber's chair.
No man can lick me while I wear
My hair and whiskers long."

So late that night Delilah did a most artistic job.
"I really hate to trim this guy," she murmured with a sob.
She started with an oil shampoo.
She clipped his beard and mustache too,
His curly locks she gave a new
And fashionable bob.

Next morning Sam awoke and found he'd scarcely strength to rise.
"That jane has played a dirty trick!" he said in some surprise.
"I'm off these Oriental queens,
I must cut out these bedroom scenes ——"
Just then in dashed the Philistines
And burned out both his eyes.

They dragged him to their temple and they bound him fast in chains,
And all the local boys dropped in, and all the local janes.
"You ought to trim your hair a bit,"
They said, "and put a wave in it."
Those natives had a pretty wit,
Though somewhat shy on brains.

Then Samson grabbed the pillars of the temple on each side,
And with a mighty push he sent the columns flying wide.
The roof came tumbling on his head,
The Philistines were all knocked dead.
"Well, that brought down the house," he said
And turned around and died.

Lohengrin

IN THE first act Wagner tells about the sad affairs of Elsa.
Young, and fair too, she was heir to
All the Duchy of Brabant.
People said somehow or other she had murdered her young brother,
But she claimed her folks had framed her
And the whole thing was a plant.

Now of quite another sort—rude, mean and envious—was Ortrud.
She had wed a count named Fred, a
Man of most unpleasant traits.
And though nothing was absurder, yet they'd framed this charge of murder.
Elsa's land, too, they had planned to
Seize, and all her large estates.

On the morning of the trial, on a grassy plain near by, a
Lot of swells await poor Elsa,
The defendant, to appear.
Now, at last, she comes arrayed in spotless white, a lonely maiden,
Bows politely to the knightly
Crowd and murmurs, "Well, I'm here."

Loud the trumpets blow their fanfares, but no knight or other man fares
Forth in splendor to defend her,
And poor Elsa's doom seems sealed;
But behold there in the distance speeds a knight to her assistance,
Crying, "On, bo!" to his swan boat
As he hastens toward the field.

Out he leaps, his weapon flashing through the air, and Fred falls crashing.
Though unhurt he's bruised and dirty,
But the victor's calm and cool.
Says the knight to Fred, "Now beat it. On your way or I'll repeat it,
But the next time, if I'm vexed, I'm
Going to knock you for a gool."

"Kid, you're there," says Elsa sweetly, "and I'll say you done that neatly.
I can't pay you for the way you
Crowned that great big piece of cheese.
Let's get spliced tomorrow morning." "Done!" he says.
"But heed my warning:
Never seek to make me speak to
Tell you what my name is, please."

So in time their troth is plighted, and the happy pair, united,
Seek seclusion from intrusion
In the quiet of their room.
But in come the neighbors flocking to their bedroom without knocking,
Friends and cousins by the dozens
Serenade the bride and groom.

But when all the merry-hearted serenaders have departed,
Elsa queries, "Tell me, dearie,
Who you are and what's your name?
Seems to me it's rather shameless for a wife to go round nameless.
No gross widow am I, kiddo,
Nor a Lucy Stone League dame."

Says her husband, rather gloomy, "Well, you've broke your promise to me.
I'll bet no man's wedding romance
Ever busted up so soon.
Since you've asked my name of course you realize I must divorce you.
Kid, I'm through, so pack your trousseau,
This concludes our honeymoon."

At these words a noise is heard. A roughneck band intent on murder
Quickly dash in, bandit fashion,
And attack the unknown knight.
"Curse you, Fred!" he cries. "No pup shall safely interrupt my nuptials!"
Then he grabs him, calmly stabs him,
Kills Count Fred and ends the fight.

To the plain comes Elsa grieving for her knight who now is leaving.
Clad in mail he glitters gayly
As he nears the fateful spot.
"Well," he says, "my name is Lohengrin; not Murphy, Smith nor Cohen.
And your brother is no other
Than the bird that pulls my yacht."

So the lad, restored by magic, ends this drama sad and tragic.
Elsa, crying, falls back dying,
But her knight just leaves her flat.
Any man who acts so formal toward his wife is not quite normal—
No sane guy'd forsake his bride for
Such a silly cause as that.

Pelleas and Melisande

COMPARED with this a grave or tomb
Would seem extremely jolly.
This opus takes the prize for gloom
And dismal melancholy.
A most unhappy man, I think,
Must be the author, Maeterlinck.

Beside a dark, depressing pond,
While hunting to beguile him,
Prince Golo came on Melisande,
Just out of an asylum.
At least when she began to speak
'Twas clear her intellect was weak.

The maiden started with a cry,
Exclaiming, "Pray don't harm me."
Said Golo, "Be my bride, for I
Am also slightly barmy.
I think you'll like my folks. In fact
My whole damned family is cracked."

I doubt if ever had a bride
A gloomier homecoming.
No sunlight reached the house. Beside,
There wasn't any plumbing.
Said she, "A morgue would be more cheerful."
He answered, "Mel, you said an earful."

Their honeymoon was brief, alas,
For as the season wore on
She fell in love with Pelleas,
A handsome low-grade moron,
Her husband's younger brother, who,
Though witless, had the wit to woo.

At night she'd loose her golden hair
From out her window casement
To Pelly, who was standing there
Downstairs, outside the basement.
And as he grabbed her silken tresses
He'd smother them with warm caresses.

They'd meet each other every day
In dank unpleasant places,
And in an imbecilic way
Indulge in chaste embraces.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 7, 1922

What the Public Stands For

IT IS far from simple to say how much the public is willing to endure, or should endure, in the way of inconvenience, loss and suffering in times of conflict between employers and employes. In the historical perspective of any specific strike certain rules or principles seem to stand out, but who knows whether they will apply on the next similar occasion? Yet no settlement of the industrial question can be of more value than the assurance of a righteous public attitude toward labor disputes.

Such portions of the population as are not directly involved in any particular strike rarely understand the points at issue. Many people on the outside express violent opinions one way or the other, but in most cases it will be found that these opinions are based on prejudices rather than on knowledge of the facts. But no matter how wide the area of conflict there are usually millions of decent citizens who are lacking even opinions and prejudices, who are merely troubled and perhaps annoyed by the evidence of bad feeling among the contestants and the possible discomfort to themselves.

It is no simple matter to balance right and wrong in a great strike. To what extent these disturbances are due to mere childish ignorance and groundless passions is a serious question. In most strikes there is an emotional element devoid of thought and calculation, quite divorced from wisdom and the best interests of labor. Many a workingman has given as the only reason for striking, the fact that he couldn't support a family on what he was getting, and has then been obliged to support them on nothing at all for many months, although any disinterested observer might have told him at the start that he couldn't win.

Nor is it easy to determine how much of the red element enters into numerous strikes. Naturally the union chiefs seek to minimize this idea in the public mind. There is no doubt that radical leaders seek to make capital out of every strike, and at times they sow enough discontent among portions of the rank and file to compel even the more conservative leaders to call strikes which seem to them unwise. Whatever its numerical strength the radical element is naturally the noisy, fighting group, and often succeeds in stirring up trouble despite the desire of larger numbers of quieter workers to be let alone.

Then, too, the public outside cannot be quite sure whether union leadership is always wise and disinterested, any more than it can be certain of the same qualities among employers. Leaders of great bodies of men, deferred to by statesmen and living daily in much the same light that beats about the throne, easily lose their sense of proportion, just as the heads of large business enterprises do at times. It would not be strange if such labor leaders became imbued with the idea that they are more important than anyone else in the country, and better fitted to run its industries. At any rate the public suspects that the desire to be great among their followers may drive labor leaders on to a constant stirring up of industrial dispute.

All this is but one side of the shield. Strikes may be the employers' fault. Not a few employers lack real qualities of industrial leadership, and the public has long suspected this to be true in a number of cases. There may be, there surely has been in the past, enough graft, waste and inefficiency in many trades to warrant labor leaders in challenging the power and wisdom of employers. The public knows there are employers who get along pretty much without strikes, even without unions, and often in close enough harmony with their men to satisfy the most critical. Why, then, are there not more such employers?

Or it may be in a few cases that employers welcome strikes as an opportunity to smash the unions; or even in certain disgusting instances as an opening for a corrupt collusion with the workers to exploit the public.

Only the superficial will fail to perceive how hard the public is put to it at times to separate right from wrong. There are labor leaders who would sneer at this contention on the ground that strikes must always be right, since they are in the interest of the people. This identification of organized-labor warfare with the people's interest may sound well in a platform speech, but it does not stand the cold daylight of facts

Mr. Gompers often points out that the public and labor are not separate, but that organized labor even when engaged in strikes is part of the public. This, of course, is true, but everyone knows that organized labor is a comparatively small part of the general public. But what is of more importance is the fact that great portions of the population have no natural sympathy with the methods so commonly employed by organized labor to win its ends or anything to gain by them.

To think of organized labor, or even of labor that from the unionist's viewpoint is theoretically capable of organization, on the one hand, and capital on the other, as alone constituting society, is at once a baseless and vicious fallacy. To think of the American people as made up solely of a few bloated plutocrats, and many organized laborers who get ahead in the world only by strikes, picketing and similar weapons, is the last word in falsity, and yet no picture is more commonly drawn.

It takes no account of the farmers, who are at once capitalists and laborers, and who constitute the largest single portion of the population. It takes no account of millions engaged in marketing and other forms of distribution, which in a highly organized modern society is almost if not quite as important a work as production. It takes no account of other millions who work hard at varied tasks and perform services of the utmost value, but who neither sympathize with nor gain from strike methods.

Thus it is clear that however much the public may be puzzled by the right or wrong involved in strikes it will never in the long run in this country tolerate the assumption that organized and fighting labor covers the whole map. Nor will it knowingly and consciously surrender the principle that the most effective discontent within the breasts of men is that with themselves rather than with their surroundings.

In this country it has always been true, and it is true now for the large majority, that the surest way to obtain a living wage is to improve the quality of one's work and to qualify for tasks of still greater value to society. There may be men and women so handicapped, so ignorant, that no change in the character of their employment from childhood to age is possible. But though they are entitled to fight if need be for their fair share of the national income, there can be nothing but abhorrence of the doctrine that most individuals can get ahead in the world only by means of strikes, sabotage, violence and the threat of revolution.

It is a false and cruel misrepresentation of the facts to hold that all who oppose group warfare in the form of strikes are necessarily capitalistic in their viewpoint. The public as a whole has no sympathy whatever for capitalistic abuses. Witness the outcry against profiteering in the last few years. The public fears and suspects greed and arrogant behavior upon the part of any group, whether employers or labor unions. It detests the profiteering of capital, but it detests no less the brutal disregard of others' rights so often shown by organized labor in its strikes.

Above all, the public feels, if it does not openly express, nothing but aversion to any doctrine that tends to destroy the characteristic quality of individual initiative which has made this nation great. It may believe in minimum wages, but it does not, it cannot believe in anything like standardized or uniform wages for vast numbers of workers. It knows that the decline of the republic surely dates from that day when men cease to be individuals, each seeking to improve his own lot, and become mere numbers and units in one big union.

Young men have always been told to work and save, to practice temperance, prudence and frugality. They have been urged to acquire training, knowledge and wisdom. No one has ever questioned such advice. Yet if young men take this course and reap the natural rewards thereof they find themselves responsible for their fellows who took the easier way, while these latter are not responsible for anybody, not even for themselves.

A countryman by the hardest kind of work from boyhood to late middle life finally acquired a reasonable competence, his chief business activity taking the form of general storekeeping. Yet he is expected to extend credit to worthless young men who, when they get a little money together as the result of feeble efforts at work, rush off on a fishing or hunting trip in a newly acquired automobile instead of paying their back grocery bills.

This petty illustration of what has been so common a relation between the competent and the incompetent in every age and every land may seem a far cry from the great industrial conflicts. But men are simply not going to do the work of the world, they will live to see the hard-won progress of centuries lost and civilization itself in decay, if they get the idea that through the force of sufficient numbers and bold enough leaders they can compel for themselves an ever-rising scale of living regardless of whether they earn and deserve such rewards.

Wages of millions of men cannot long be kept up by fiat, by pitiless coercion, by levying blackmail upon the community under threat of what amounts to civil war, except at the cost of industrial disintegration. The growth of national wealth has brought many increases in real wages for all workers, and it is to be hoped that the upward trend continues. Or the individual worker can raise his wages by fitting himself for more valuable work. But the very mainspring that has produced the growth of wealth will be broken if efforts ever succeed in this country to get all men into groups where they are assured of more or less equal and sufficient incomes regardless of their natural competence and achievements.

In its decision last June on shopmen's wages the Railroad Labor Board in speaking of living costs said that these could not be standardized any more than men can be standardized. "One man will consume his income and find himself continually in debt while another man with the same income and under identical conditions will live in equal comfort and accumulate savings."

The public certainly will not stand for any movement in this country that seriously proposes on a broad national scale to destroy the incentives to work and progress. We are doomed to the same universal filth and poverty as Russia if the doctrine of equal pay for unequal work takes a deep hold.

Any man is entitled to make the most of himself he can without hindrance from anybody. But if what the parlor radicals call the "aspiration" expressed in the great strikes is founded on the belief that any man is entitled to a government or other guaranty that he shall make as much of himself as somebody else makes of himself, then the American experiment in democracy and happiness is in very real danger.

BEVERIDGE—By Samuel G. Blythe

YOUTH was not exactly a misdemeanor in the United States Senate prior to the beginning of the twentieth century—not quite a crime; but it was sternly to be deprecated, as a social error is frowned upon; something that is not done.

So when Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, aged the preposterously few years of thirty-seven, burst into that dignified circle in 1899, with credentials of full and indisputable membership in his hand conferred by the imperial commonwealth of Indiana, he was looked at askance by the ablest group of askancers our history records. Grim graybeards sat in patriarchal rows about the place and gave the young man the senectitudinous and discountenancing once-over—Morgan, Pettus, J. P. Jones, Platt of Connecticut, Cullom, Allison, Hoar, Hale, Frye, Cockrell, Vest, Stewart, Chandler, Carter, Gallinger, Teller, Quay, Daniel, Aldrich—elder statesmen all—assayed the juvenile interloper from beneath bushy and silvered eyebrows, and disapproved.

Things, it would seem, had come to a lax and lamentable pass when a mere stripling of thirty-seven could gain entrance to this venerable tribunal, contrary to the tradition and practice of a hundred years. It was disturbing. It was impudent. It was dashed annoying, and not to be endured without protest. Adolescence had no place there. This was the seat of the seniors. This was the forum of the sages. Out upon this boy, who, taking a long running jump from Indianapolis, landed in their ancient midst and cried, "Well, grandsires, youth is here and must be served!"

Solomons of the Senate

THERE was a real Senate—Morgan, of prophetic vision, who saw that Hawaii must come under our flag long before his fellows, and fought unceasingly for an interoceanic canal when all others jeered at the project as chimerical; Pettus, a character out of the pioneer days, wise and witty; John P. Jones, of Nevada, an Argonaut of '49; Platt, of Connecticut, the wisest and ablest senator of his generation; Cullom, of Illinois, contributing a shrewd experience of service since 1883; Allison, of Iowa, the great expediter and composer of parliamentary, legislative and political difficulties and differences; Hoar, of Massachusetts, who incarnated the spirit of the New England fathers; the saturnine Hale and the politic Frye, of Maine; Cockrell and Vest, of Missouri, the one the calm and studious senator who was the encyclopedia of procedure and fountain of information on all measures that came up for action, and the other the showy and satiric debater and orator; Stewart, of Nevada, big, ruddy, whiskered like Santa Claus and fighting always for the West; Chandler, of New Hampshire, fragile, agile, able, fearless and waspish; and Gallinger, his colleague, the incomparable party wheel horse; the pyrotechnic and gifted Foraker, of Ohio; the silver-tongued Daniel, of Virginia; Teller, who came when Colorado was admitted as a state and who helped immeasurably in the development of the Rocky Mountain region; Carter, of Montana, potent in debate, brilliant in mind and beloved by all; Bate, Bacon, Clay and Pitchfork Tillman, of the South; Proctor, of Vermont; McMillan and Burrows, of Michigan; Spooner, of Wisconsin, the great lawyer and powerful advocate; and, in command, the most efficient leader the Senate ever has had, Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, then the boss of the United States.

They are all dead now, but they were alive then; and the depth of their deprecation over this Beveridgerian irruption into their sage deliberations was equaled only by the studied dignity of their demonstration of it. They made no protest that was audible. They were scrupulously formal in their greetings. They received the youthful Hoosier austerely. They gave him a desk, put him on a few committees, handed him a copy of the Senate rules, inserted his name in the roll call between the names of Berry, of Arkansas, and Burrows, of Michigan, told him to clap his hands together when he needed the services of a page and turned to the Solomonic consideration of other things.

Privately, no doubt, some friendly and neighborly soul like Carter, whose sense of humor was too strong to break under the massive dignity of the body, took the youth from Indiana aside and talked with him, saying that it was the immemorial custom of the Senate that new senators, one of which Beveridge was in two ways—both as to nativity and service—should be seen, not heard, and should vote always as the leaders of their party directed. In a couple of years, or such a matter, it would be all right for the newcomer to submit a few remarks on some innocuous topic, but not before. What was expected of a new senator was silence, respect for his elders, attention to their counsel, support of their measures and unfailing regularity in his votes. No more.

All senatorial and party affairs were in competent hands and being carried out according to precedent, tradition and the necessities of the situation, and no adolescent aid was needed or desired. The only vocal demonstration welcomed or wanted from the new member was a clear and ringing aye when any old gentleman of his party was seeking to put something across, and an equally vibrant nay when any of the opposition had similar designs, unless, as might happen now and then, there had been a deal between the elders of one side and the elders of the other, when he would get his orders from the leader, or the party whip.

It was at this period of our history when there was great political tumult over the Philippines. Shall we keep them? No! thundered many of the sages. Shall we keep them? Yes! thundered others. Shall the United States abandon her traditional position in the world and become recklessly imperialistic? Yes—or no! Tons of eloquence furnished by each side. Big guns shooting continuously. George Frisbie Hoar calling the roll of the Presidents and proving that not a durned one of them would have kept the islands. John Coit Spooner proving absolutely that no American worthy of the name, from G. Washington to any one of Nature's noblemen—that is, any citizen of the land of the free and the home of the brave—at the moment—or ever—possessing the inestimable privilege of American suffrage, would have let them go, or now would hearken to so monstrous a proposition. And so on. It all seems silly now, but it was hot stuff then, and the fate of the republic, its very life, hung trembling in the balance On the one hand we were due to go down to desolation and destruction like ancient Rome; on the other hand we were to fill our dazzling destiny; on both hands we were all nervous and excited and fearful and torn up about it. It was fierce.

A Tidal Wave of Oratory

LIKEWISE, there was vast clamor over Porto Rico, and Guam, and Cuba. The United States had a whole flock of insular entanglements, engagements, acquisitions and obligations; and the United States, not having been in the wholesale island business before, did not know exactly what to do with them or for them or to them, and the less so because these islands were Latin in temperament and quite casual in their new allegiances. So the Congress fussed and talked and planned and theorized and harked back to the fathers and harked forward to the new outposts and what they would mean as a polish for our already resplendent glory; and the Constitution followed the flag, or didn't, according to one's views on the subject; and the glass ceilings of the Senate Chamber rattled every afternoon under the impact of the perfervid language let loose beneath them concerning these various phases of our progress of the moment, or of our backsliding of the moment—that also depending on one's views.

Well, during this hullabaloo, this welter of declamation, this tidal wave of oratory, these brandings of miscreants who sought to default on our heaven-sent national obligations and tarnish the fair fame of our country by abandoning the little brown brother or the little Latin brother to his fate, and these excoriations of those imperialistically un-American Americans who would bring down our country to its ruin by not only straying but hop-skip-and-jumping away from the policies of the fathers which made us what we are—during all this

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Albert J. Beveridge in His Office the Year After He Was Elected to the Senate

BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

VI

CHOW CHEK KEN rapped on Yvonne's door to inform her that dinner was served. At first she was of a mind to decline to go down to the dining room, to quit the sanctuary of her own apartment. To sit across the table from Anthony Bracken for the duration of a meal was an ordeal she did not care to face. She disliked Bracken, as a child she had disliked him, and of that, in the imperious manner which had been hers from infancy, she had given him ample and convincing evidence. It was pride which compelled her now. She was in her own house, her grandfather's house. It was her table to which she was going, and she would not permit herself to be excluded from it by an underling—a species of poor relation. She had never regarded Bracken as important. That he occupied a place in her grandfather's business life she knew, but how important this position was she had never cared to inquire. Always she viewed him as a dependent, a sort of hanger-on, tolerated because of his relation to De Marsay's second wife. Now he had taken on added stature. He had become suddenly important in her considerations. This was, first, because he had assumed authority over her, and, secondly, because he possessed the secret and the confidence of her grandfather.

Bracken was admitted to her grandfather's presence while she was excluded. Whatever communication André de Marsay had with the world outside the room in which he lay so mysteriously ill was through the medium of Bracken. It was an intolerable condition, and it was in a spirit of proud rebellion that she descended the stairs to take her place at the head of the dinner table. She was motivated by a desire to put Bracken in his place.

The man stood waiting for her at the door of the dining room, his banker's face carefully arranged and set to exhibit no emotion. Yvonne disliked his face, though it was not unpleasant in its lines or expressions. It was a material face. There was nothing about it to arouse interest or to cause the casual beholder to wonder what was going on behind Bracken's gray eyes. One knew what was going on—some makeshift for accumulating or for saving money. Yvonne bowed to him coldly and took her place.

"I am told," said Bracken, "that you had a caller this afternoon."

"Indeed?" said Yvonne.

"I am not speaking for myself," said he, "but for your grandfather."

"I would prefer that grandfather spoke for himself."

"Nevertheless," said Bracken, and his tone was one of finality, "I am speaking for him."

"And I," said Yvonne, "decline to listen to any message coming to me through yourself. If my grandfather wishes to say anything to me let him do so."

"That is impossible. I foresaw, however, that you might take this difficult attitude, and therefore hand you this direct communication."

He arose, passed around the table and placed before her a folded sheet of note paper. Yvonne opened it and saw a few lines of straggling handwriting, evidently penned by a hand that trembled, but recognizable, nevertheless, as the work of her grandfather. She read it:

My dear granddaughter: Welcome home. I forbid you to speak of me or my illness to any person whatsoever.

Your grandfather,

ANDRÉ DE MARSAY.

She Turned Furiously to Face the Indian, Jean

She read it and reread it. It was a strange message to come to her from the old man upstairs, for always he had been proud of her, delighting in her loveliness, lavishing upon her in his proud old way the affection of his heart. But here was no affection. Here was only a formal welcome home after an absence of a year—and a curt command.

She crumpled the paper and pressed her lips together to prevent their trembling from becoming visible.

"He makes himself clear, I trust," said Bracken.

"Incomprehensibly clear," she said.

He looked puzzled a moment at her paradox, but such conversational gymnastics were beyond his scope.

"In that case," he said, "we will revert to your caller. Did he inquire after your grandfather?"

"Naturally."

"What did you tell him?"

Her eyes flashed. "I will not be questioned!" she said sharply. "What I say to a young man or what he says to me during a purely social conversation is nobody's business—not even my grandfather's."

"Why did he call on you?" Bracken persisted.

"Probably," said Yvonne, "because he wanted to."

"I'm sorry you can't be reasonable. This is more important than you imagine. Your grandfather will want to know exactly what passed between you and this man Thorne."

"When he makes any such outrageous demand to my face," she said, "I shall determine how to answer."

"Very well. I am directed to tell you to have no further communication with Thorne. Orders have already been given to Jean not to admit him to the house again."

"Do you mean I am forbidden to speak with Mr. Thorne again?"

"That was your grandfather's wish."

"In the first place, I don't believe it. I don't believe my grandfather would send such a word to me. But if he did, you may carry this message back to him: I shall see and speak to Mr. Thorne whenever I wish about anything I wish. Please be so good as not to refer to the matter again."

Bracken addressed himself to his food, grimly angry. His face flushed and his hand was unsteady as he lifted a glass of water to his lips, but he did not venture to reply. Yvonne's cheeks flamed, then paled. She was angry through and through, and as the seconds passed her anger increased.

"Anthony Bracken," she said, "I don't like you. I never did like you. We may as well reach a final understanding. I do not know why my grandfather refuses to see me, nor why he has selected you as his go-between. But this you may make clear to him: I will take no orders or directions from a parasite and a hanger-on. Whatever authority he may have delegated to you in his business, I shall tolerate nothing of the sort in this house. Here I am mistress. I have no right to ask you to leave this house in which he has permitted you to live as a member of his family. If I felt I had the right I should do so immediately. But this I have the right to do—to regulate the affairs of the house so that I do not have to meet you or speak to you. You will indicate the hours at which you wish your meals, and they will be served to you. I shall not insist upon their being served in the kitchen."

He pushed back his chair and stood up, face red, lips trembling.

"You—you ——"

"If you speak one word to me which gives me sufficient reason," she said, "I will have your belongings moved out of the house, and you after them."

Bracken clenched his hands and thrust them into his pockets. By an effort he mastered his voice.

"You are not mistress here," he said. "Your grandfather's condition makes it necessary that this house should be under my control. The servants must take their orders from me. I have selected and hired them. They will look to me for instructions."

Yvonne was imperious, impetuous, but she had been reared in an atmosphere which had bestowed upon her a natural unconscious dignity. Even in her most exuberant moments the dignity was visible. It was not the stiff-necked dignity of the spinster head of an exclusive girls' school; it was more gracious than that. It was not so much a manner as a consciousness. It came from the knowledge that she was a De Marsay, and that no De Marsay must conduct himself in an unworthy or plebeian manner. Members of the family might be eccentric, even fantastic. They might permit themselves vagaries, and indulge in extravagances—but they might never be common.

In this moment she was tested. It would have been a simple matter to have flown into a rage; to have tossed dignity to the four winds of heaven; to have descended to the level of the *canaille*. The impulse was there to behave like a very, very bad little girl, but she held it in check. She, too, arose from the table.

(Continued on Page 34.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

We'll show the world with flag unfurled
The reason we're the winner.
To play the game just speak this name
When buying soup for dinner!

The World's Champions

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Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 32)

"I leave the dining room to you," she said. "Hereafter my meals will be served to me in my room."

His manner became conciliatory, a business man who saw the mistaken policy of open conflict. Also he was not at ease, for he knew the De Marsays and guessed at what unexpectedness Yvonne might be capable of if pushed to the wall.

"I'm sorry," he said. "This is not my doing."

"Whether or not it is your doing," she said, "it is unbearable."

"Can't we keep up at least a semblance of friendship?" he asked. "We are compelled to share this house. Why create a state of open warfare?"

"It is created," she said. "There can be nothing but warfare between you and me. I shall never rest until I have made my grandfather send you away."

"I have served your grandfather faithfully. He has given me his confidence," said Bracken.

"I am not chargeable with grandfather's mistakes," she said.

"Yvonne, you are your grandfather's heiress. Some day you will own all the De Marsay properties. When that time comes you will need a man familiar with the business, capable of carrying it on for you. It has been your grandfather's intention that I should be that man."

She paused an instant before replying, holding him with her eyes, and in them he read scorn, and a hostility that nothing could overcome.

"When that day comes," she said, "my first act will be your discharge."

Once in her room she sank into a chair and sat quivering. She was intelligent, more than ordinarily intelligent, and she appreciated her helplessness. There was nothing she could do, no way by which she could reach her grandfather to expostulate with him. Yet she was determined not to remain quiescent, not to acquiesce in a situation that was intolerable. Rightfully she was mistress of this house, had always been its unquestioned mistress. Now, in circumstances that bewildered her, she was ousted, dethroned. She felt like the victim of some revolution, a petty sovereign deprived of rank and place.

That her grandfather should have shut himself in his room because of illness or whim did not astonish her. He was capable of that. Once before, when boils had made him unsightly, he had done as much. It did not give her ground for fear that he refused to see her, for she was a woman, even though his granddaughter, and old André de Marsay's vanity was grotesque. What troubled her was the disappearance of old trusted servants. That was unlike De Marsay, who gave to his retainers even greater loyalty than they gave to him. The employment of Doc Roper, whom she knew her grandfather despised, was another circumstance to add to her bewilderment.

She endeavored to think it out; to form some plan of action. The only possible solution was that illness had made De Marsay senile, and that Bracken was working upon that senility for purposes of his own. She was not frightened. Nothing seemed to threaten her. She was angry—and a little suspicious. And, being young and extraordinarily healthy, she was hungry. A faint sound attracted her attention. She listened. It came again—an almost imperceptible scratching on the panel of her door, like a long finger nail rasping against the wood.

"Who is there?" she demanded.

"Missee open door," said Chow Chek Ken in a guarded voice.

She turned the key and looked into the hall. There stood the young Chinaman, smiling his placid smile, holding a tray covered with a napkin.

"Bling missee dinner," he said

"Did Mr. Bracken send you?"

"Nobody send. Come. Food b'long you. You hungly?" He asked the question hopefully. "I look-see. Cabbage Face no watch. Mr. Boss, he go out. I makum chop, catchum blead. You eat."

"You'resure Mr. Bracken didn't send you?"

"He knockum eight bells outa me, him know," said Ken.

She motioned him in, and he busied himself setting out the meal he had prepared for her, on a sewing table.

"You eat quick., I take dishes back," he said.

She studied his face, more surprised at this seeming kindness than by anything that had gone before. His face exhibited nothing but a smiling placidity. She suspected some effort at conciliation underlay the apparent thoughtfulness. Even though the Chinaman denied it, she suspected he had been ordered to bring her food by Bracken. Why, otherwise, had he done so?

He was a creature of Bracken's, hired by the man, subject to his orders. Undoubtedly he had picked well and carefully for his purpose. That it was an independent act of friendliness toward her she did not believe. That Chow Chek Ken was, in a minor matter, befriending her and deceiving his employer, she did not credit. Nevertheless, she ate the chop and drank the tea.

"Missee want somet'ing sometime, she say Ken," he told her. "Cabbage Face, him watch, watch, watch. All time him watch. No likum Cabbage Face."

"Thank you, Ken," she said.

He took up the tray and left the room. She watched him traverse the hall and disappear down the back stairs; then, moved by impulse, she tiptoed softly to her grandfather's door. There she stood motionless, her ear against the panel, listening. There came no sound from within, no creaking of springs under the restless movement of a sufferer, no muttering, no moan or heavy breathing—nothing but silence.

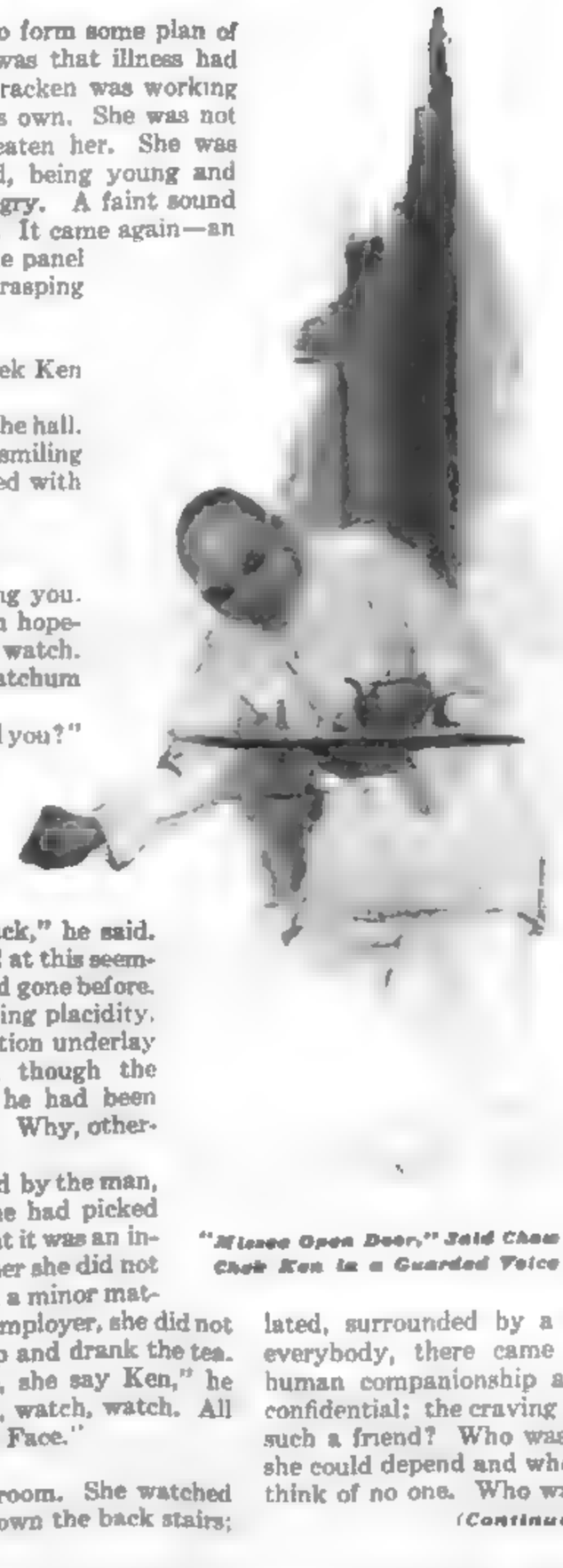
"Grandfather!" she called softly. "Grandfather!"

A hand closed over her mouth and she felt herself lifted in powerful arms. Before she could resolve into action she had been carried a dozen steps and set down again upon the carpet. She turned furiously to face the Indian, Jean. His black eyes gleamed, but his expression was wooden, emotionless. For an instant he looked into her eyes—almost as if he did not see her—then turned without a word and strode toward her grandfather's door, against which he placed his back, and became immobile.

The incident contributed something. It was an overt act of war and she accepted it as such. When she reëntered her room it was with her mind resolved that she would see her grandfather. She would find a way to penetrate his room, in spite of his commands. She would force him to explain to her. And she would seek advice!

It was her aloneness that frightened her. She felt isolated, surrounded by a high wall. As there comes to everybody, there came to her now the necessity for human companionship and sympathy; the need to be confidential; the craving for a sure friend. But where was such a friend? Who was there in St. Croix upon whom she could depend and who would be adequate? She could think of no one. Who was there who would dare to take

(Continued on Page 116)



"Missee Open Door," Said Chow Chek Ken in a Guarded Voice

"Save That [redacted]-and-Bull Story for the Hotel Loafers!" Bracken Snapped. "Who Do You Represent?"

An Appreciation of a World Tribute

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This improved Cadillac has received a degree of enthusiastic approval unique even in Cadillac's long-triumphant history.

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C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

THE CHANGING EAST

Japan in China—By Isaac F. Marcosson

Central Circle in Dairen

Dr. C. T. Wang

WHEN Japan occupied Shan-tung she did more than advertise China's holy province. She again focused world interest upon a policy of economic and political penetration which had previously expressed itself in the Twenty-one Demands.

The Washington conference put the spotlight squarely upon the whole Japanese overseas program, and as a result what is heralded as a new attitude towards the mainland of Asia has developed. No phase of the changing East is more significant than this professed change of heart, because stabilization in the Orient depends largely upon the relations between China and her most powerful neighbor.

Japan is retiring her troops from Shan-tung and is turning the famous Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway back to the Chinese. Will this sort of history be repeated in Manchuria and Siberia? A *résumé* of the situation means scrutiny of Japanese expansion, and this in turn unfolds a diverting story of the big stick and big business.

Behind Japan's activities in China and elsewhere were definite reasons. The pressure of a growing population upon a restricted area, combined with an almost stationary food supply, goaded her on to what has been construed in many quarters as excesses of authority. The stubbornness of her persistent refusal to evacuate Kiao-chau, for example, was not so much due to a desire for a strong naval base as to a determination to secure an outlet for her people and her products, and to obtain the raw materials that her industry so sorely needs. It was just another clear evidence of the fact that most international friction may be traced back to economic causes.

A Keen Trader

JAPAN'S plight was once summed up by one of her epigrammatic nationals, who condoned her forceful penetration in this wise: "We must starve in saintly righteousness or move into our neighbor's back yard."

Japan has gone on the theory that Asia is for the Asiatics. Moreover, she had many not altogether edifying precedents for her part in the great game of grab. England, France and Germany long regarded China as their particular mutton, and pinched off huge slabs of territory almost at will. The little Nipponese naturally believed that they could play at the same game. When they did likewise, everybody pounced on them as interlopers.

Perhaps the most illuminating comment on this procedure was made by an Englishman long resident in the Orient when he said: "The Western nations had been playing poker in Eastern Asia, but when Japan wanted to join they said, 'Let us play parcheesi.'"

The Japanese do everything according to a carefully laid-out plan from which they seldom deviate. Thus their penetration has always followed the same system. The commercial traveler invariably came on the heels of the soldier. In other words, behind the uniformed army flocked a host of civilians who opened shops, got leases on choice locations, established national areas and planted their hooks so well that dynamite could not blast them out. This is the usual spade work. There have been times when Japan's open-door policy meant open to her and closed to all others. Japan can, therefore, easily afford to withdraw, as the phrase goes, knowing that her economic interests are securely intrenched. This is precisely what has happened in Shan-tung, in Siberia, in Saghalin, and in parts of Mongolia.

With Manchuria it is different. Where other spheres were occupied by might, here she remains by virtue of right. The lease in Kwangtung was one of the fruits of victory in the war with Russia and, as most people know, it had previously been snatched from her following the successful conflict with China. She had a definite claim to it. But in Manchuria, as elsewhere, Japanese penetration goes on the theory that though leases may expire the commercial grip must go on forever.

Japan is a keen trader and she knows how to play her cards. She sacrificed the issue of race equality at Paris because it gave her, for the moment, a renewed hold in Shan-tung. At Washington she acquiesced to powerful American sentiment and withdrew because she was becoming internationally isolated and needed good will. The Shan-tung retirement is now being capitalized as an antidote for criticism of other foreign policies. So it goes.

First Steps in Self-Help

THE big inference that must be drawn from any study of these policies is that at last Nippon realizes that force can no longer be employed as an agency for expansion or for the conservation of raw materials. It means that henceforth, so far as China is concerned, she must depend upon propinquity as her chief aid to commerce. In a fair, open deal it remains to be seen if she can hold her own. The high cost of production at home is a handicap, and Chinese goods are set down in Japan more cheaply than the homemade articles.

Although Japan's rights in Manchuria are much more valuable than those in Shan-tung, the bitter controversy over her occupation of the Kiao-chau leased territory has given it a premier place in the popular conception of Nipponese expansion. I will, therefore, deal with it first. The important facts that the average person wants to know are summed up in the questions: Is Japan really evacuating, and what will be the results? In the answers you not only get a bird's-eye view of Japanese penetration, but also a close-up of China taking her first steps in self-help.

To understand the situation you must know the previous history of this much-discussed domain. In 1897 two German missionaries were murdered in the prefecture of

(Continued on Page 38)

At the Dock at Tsingtao When the Japanese Troops Left

At the new price of $1185, the seeker for motor car value above the ordinary, finds the Chalmers Six without real competition in its class.

Those who make close comparisons, are amazed at the sound worth revealed.

Chalmers beauty is impressive, of course. But it is its really extraordinary performance that excites the greatest admiration.

For in the Chalmers, the six-cylinder principle has been developed and perfected to a new high point among fine sixes.

The smooth, easy responsiveness of the Chalmers Six to every driving requirement, instantly wins the enthusiasm of those who have driven other fine cars.

That this higher type of motoring is now available to the family of moderate means, is due to the determination of the Chalmers organization to make this car, beyond any question, the outstanding automobile value.

5-Passenger Touring Car -	*$1185*	*Roadster* - - - - - -	*$1185*
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Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
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The CHALMERS SIX

(Continued from Page 36

Tsao-chow Fu, in Shan-tung. The Germans immediately seized Kiao-chau Bay as reparation, and held it until the seizure was legalized by a treaty signed at Peking the following year. Typical of the twaddle of such documents, the preamble says that "The Imperial Chinese Government consider it advisable to give a special proof of their grateful appreciation of the friendship shown to them by Germany." As a matter of fact the Germans had long coveted a foothold in China and probably canonized the two missionaries for allowing themselves to be slain

By the terms of the treaty Germany obtained a ninety-nine-year lease on two hundred square miles of territory, including the two arms of Kiao-chau Bay with the whole of the foreshore, and the greater part of Tsingtao Peninsula, on which is located the city of Tsingtao. The name Tsingtao means "green island." This comparatively slight area has caused more bitter dispute and aroused more indignation than almost any other similar stretch of land and water in the world.

The Germans erected strong fortifications overlooking the harbor, developed the port into an almost ideal naval base, and changed Tsingtao from a fishing village to a modern and sanitary city. In addition, they built the now famous railway from Tsingtao through the heart of Shan-tung province to Tsinanfu, a distance of two hundred and fifty-six miles, at a cost of approximately fourteen million dollars in gold. I say gold because in China the Mexican silver dollar is employed, and its average value is about fifty cents in our money. The Germans also obtained concessions for valuable coal and iron mines. It must be said to their credit that in Kiao-chau, as in German East Africa, and to a lesser extent in German Southwest Africa, they built solidly and well. Tsingtao became the cleanest and most orderly city in China and the Japanese have maintained it at a high standard.

Japan Gets Her Foot in the Door

WITH the outbreak of the World War, Japan sent an ultimatum to Germany, requiring her to surrender the leased territory, "without condition or compensation, with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." The ultimatum being ignored, a Japanese expedition, to which was attached a small British force, attacked the German base and it surrendered after a stout defense

The moment the flag of the Rising Sun was unfurled over Kiao-chau Bay trouble began. Like the Germans, the Japanese had long looked with hungry eyes upon this gateway to what is perhaps the richest province of China. Now that they were inside the door they determined to remain. Through the Twenty-one Demands Japan obtained from China the rights and privileges exercised by Germany under the ninety-nine-year lease. At the same time she promised to restore Kiao-chau to China at the end of the war. It was a promise with a string tied to it.

What happened at the Versailles conference is too well known to be rehearsed here, save to emphasize the fact that in the treaty of peace Germany renounced all her rights, title and privileges in Shan-tung in favor of Japan. In other words, the Nipponese not only got the leased territory with all the improvements but also the railway to Tsinanfu. As a result of this proceeding the Chinese delegation at Paris withdrew from the conference and refused to sign the treaty.

Japan's success at Paris was a boomerang that immediately began to react on her with deadly force. Not only was all China enraged over what was considered a breach of faith and a pernicious piece of penetration but her attitude was almost unanimously indorsed in America. In retaliation the Chinese instituted a boycott on all Japanese products and the movement for redemption was launched. It finally ended at the Washington conference with Japan's decision to withdraw.

Why were the Chinese so aroused over Japanese usurpation at Kiao-chau? There were many reasons. First of all, Shan tung, where a population of over thirty million is crowded into an area no larger than Illinois, is "the cradle of Chinese civilization" and the so-called holy province. Confucius was born there and his tomb is still a place of pious pilgrimage. Behind this sentiment was the more practical fact that Shantung is a treasure-house of coal, copper, iron, lead, silver and gold, and that her industries—like salt, matches, hair nets, cement, oil, glass, porcelain and lace—are among the most extensive in the republic. Agriculturally, it is no less rich, for it produces immense quantities of wheat, millet, corn and fruit

Shan-tung's strategic importance is on a par with this immense natural and developed wealth. Translating it into American terms, Tsingtao bears the same relation to Eastern China that Philadelphia does to the United States. The Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway is the replica of the Pennsylvania Railroad from seaboard to Pittsburgh. Moreover, through Western Shan-tung flows the great river, which, with the Grand Canal, links up a large part of Chinese inland commerce and communication. Thus German or Japanese control of Kiao-chau Bay and the adjacent territory was of immense and commanding importance. So long as the Germans held it by right of a negotiated treaty the Chinese had to submit. The moment the Japanese butted in, there was justifiable resentment, first because the Japanese had no right there, and second because the Chinese cordially dislike their neighbors.

With this historical approach out of the way, we can now examine the Shan-tung situation as it is at the time I write this article, which is towards the end of July Many enthusiastic souls believed that the moment Japan agreed to leave Kiao-chau the Chinese could automatically come in and take possession. Such, however, was not the case. The string that was originally tied to the Japanese promise to evacuate with the armistice, extended, with many added knots, to actual withdrawal. The annoying little trouble-maker which we call a joker suddenly bobbed up to add to the complications.

S. Hayakawa, President of the South Manchuria Railway

By the terms of the agreement made at Washington the Japanese are to be paid the construction price of the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway. This is a comparatively small sum, as figures go these days, and most Chinese assumed that it was all the cash that had to be forthcoming. The Sino-Japanese Shan-tung Agreement, however, stipulates that Japan must be reimbursed "for properties purchased or constructed by the Japanese authorities, and also for improvements on or additions to those formerly possessed by the German authorities."

Here is where the joker comes in. These improvements will probably reach an impressive sum. Some Japanese have placed it as high as one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars, Mexican. In addition, the Japanese adroitly made the point that the payment for the railroad must extend over a period of at least five years and be made by the Chinese without foreign aid. It simply means that the Japanese will continue to hold a mortgage on the property and thereby practically retain ownership.

At this point it is worth while making a brief digression which bears upon all Japanese penetration. Wherever the Japanese have occupied a zone by lease or otherwise, they immediately begin an elaborate system of construction. Like the Germans, they do not build for today or tomorrow, but for all time. Need and durability are not always the impelling motives.

A Big Bill to Pay

THESE improvements not only mean permanency of occupation but also a tremendous bill when withdrawal does finally come. At Tsingtao, Dairen, Mukden and elsewhere the Japanese have put up buildings all out of proportion to requirements or practicality. Sometimes these structures mask a hidden purpose. The large hospital at Tsingtao, for instance, is really a camouflaged barracks. The Chinese will be compelled to pay for a large number of buildings that they do not want or cannot use. This is particularly true of Japanese houses along the railway and of salt-field developments which do not conform to Chinese methods. You can see what possibilities for expense lurk in the word "improvements."

Instead of ending with the Japanese agreement to withdraw, China's troubles with Shan-tung are really only beginning afresh. She is hang up against two problems: One is to raise the money with which to pay the bill; the other is to offset the intensive Japanese grip upon land and privilege.

Let us take up the financial aspect first. The stipulation that China must seek no foreign loan puts the fiscal responsibility squarely up to the Chinese. Even if loans were permissible it is highly doubtful if China could negotiate a financial deal just now. Most of her available assets are pledged several times over, and the eternal political unrest with its almost continuous civil war has made the foreign banker extremely wary. The original suggestion to pay the Japanese in treasury

(Continued on Page 142)

A Korean Market—One of the Biggest at Taiku. Note the Strange Hats. Above—One of the Tombs of the Manchu Emperors at Mukden

The power of the new Peerless Eight is a mighty force.

Yet it is not the sheer sweep and rush of it that is so impressive, as its perfect subjection to the driver's will.

One moment it purrs along as smoothly and silently as a deep-running stream.

The next, it is released to top speed—not alone for a sudden short spurt, but steadily on and on for sustained periods and far distances.

Our belief that eight cylinders have never meant so much in the way of magnificent power, is being overwhelmingly confirmed all over America.

Motorists whose wide experience has made them not only critical but cynical, are frankly amazed at the behavior of the new Peerless Eight.

They are finding in this latest production of a seasoned eight-cylinder organization, a thrill and a delight not heretofore discoverable among cars of the highest class.

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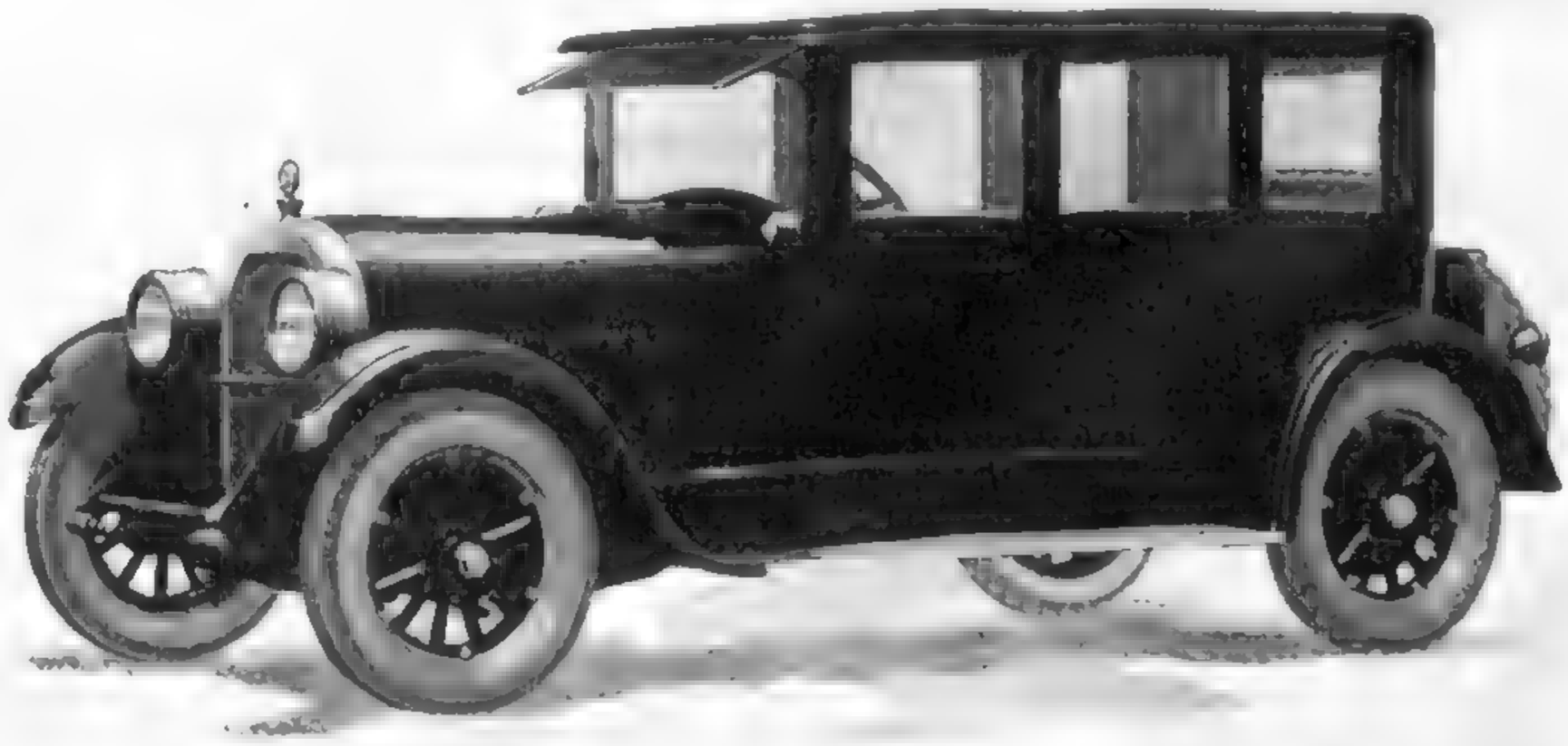
THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



PEERLESS

YOUR ESTATE—By James H. Collins

ESTATE? The word has a funereal sound. But though the person who left it may be dead, the estate is usually very much alive, and often permeated with adventure and romance.

As an example, the estate of a Western stockman who never kept a letter, and few records of any kind. For years he had invested all his surplus money in the grubstaking of prospectors from Canada to Mexico. His estate consisted largely of gentlemen's agreements about mining properties, ranging all the way from real mines to mere hopes. Every month some new silent partner reported a promising strike to his executor, asking for money to carry on development work. The first tidings of his interest in a Mexican silver mine came when insurgents carried off all the pay ore that had been taken out, and sent the executor a bill for their labor as robbers.

Executor? Administrator? You picture a dignified old gentleman in black broadcloth, white vest, gold-rimmed glasses and the mutton-chop whiskers associated with probate finance. But the present-day executor is a sort of chap who passes upon your loan at the bank. For more and more, the estates both of dead and of living persons are being administered by banks and trust companies; lately this function has been extended to national banks. A generation ago the individual executor settled his departed friend's estate as a last friendly service. But that was before the intricacies of inheritance, income, corporation and other taxes, Federal and state, settled down upon the property of deceased persons like a plague of locusts. The administration of even a small estate may call for a great deal of time, work and knowledge.

More and more, individuals are refusing to serve as executors or administrators. To be named as executor by a friend was once considered a compliment—an expression of his confidence in your ability and integrity. But today such duties are being handed over to the corporate executor, the bank and trust company, and there is a widespread movement among bank men to explain the advantages of corporate administration.

"Among the men who actively accumulate property for the well-being and protection of their families we find that about one in ten makes businesslike arrangements for its management after he is gone," says the vice president in charge of the large fiduciary business of an Eastern trust company.

"Or put another way, few people realize that life is moving and time always on the job. A middle-aged farmer was advised to set out an orchard, but said apple trees took too long to come into bearing—it might pay his son. The son thought well of the idea, but kept putting off the planting. Finally the old grandfather, past seventy, set out the orchard, and lived to eat fruit from it. For apple trees, and time and life, are like the minute hand of a watch—to the casual eye they all seem stationary, but if one looks steadily at the watch hand and counts twenty, he will see it move. It is the same kink in human nature that life-insurance men are constantly running upon—no man thinks about his own passing."

It may be interesting to look into this matter of your estate through the corporate executor's eyes.

Estates as Going Concerns

PEOPLE think of an estate as a lot of stocks, bonds, deeds and other papers lying in a safe-deposit box, with the owner's will on top. But to the corporate director an estate is a good deal more like a fire alarm. Even the property of a man long retired from business, skillfully invested, is more or less a going concern, while that of the man taken off in middle life is all going. He stops, but his estate can't. So promptness is one of the executor's cardinal virtues. No time must be lost in getting to the estate, learning its nature, and taking steps to keep it going.

Two partners in the prime of life owned a shirt-waist factory. One partner underwent an operation that proved fatal. The other was on his way home in an automobile when a stone flew up, shattering a pane of glass. It was a trifling incident, and the chauffeur didn't stop. When he drew up at the house, however, his employer was dead, a piece of the glass having killed him.

A shirt-waist business is as fickle as fashion. It must go on. Stoppage or bad management will quickly kill it. The first partner had appointed a trust company as executor, and also given it his will to keep. Within a few hours one of the company's representatives had investigated the shirt-waist factory, found that it was the principal asset in the estate and, as it was incorporated, made arrangements to keep it running. Had it been a partnership, and one of the partners died, the survivor would have acted as liquidator. Had both partners died together, the executor would have had to liquidate a partnership immediately. But a corporation doesn't die with those who own and manage it. The corporate executor in this case is still manufacturing shirt waists, and making money at it. To date, the business has been so profitable that no offer yet made for its purchase has been considered satisfactory, and the executor will probably be making shirt waists for several years.

The corporate executor must be ready to jump into almost any business under the sun at a moment's notice.

The estate left by an Easterner some years ago was chiefly a half dozen river barges. Through close personal attention, leasing these barges by the week or day to railroads, lighterage companies and other customers, he made an unusually good profit on the money invested in the business. It was so profitable, in fact, that his will directed that the barge business be conducted for the benefit of his widow. Therefore, as executor, a big trust company is running a barge business.

Many Heads Better Than One

HOW can the corporate executor be prepared, overnight, to manufacture shirt waists, run barges and conduct other highly technical enterprises? Business was simpler a generation ago, in the days of the individual executor, and he was usually chosen among business associates understanding the particular industry or trade to be carried on or wound up. The corporate executor can turn to the organization behind him for technical help. Among the officers, directors and employees of a good-sized bank there is usually somebody who can throw light on almost any kind of business. Then, the corporate executor often finds that the business is being conducted by a partner or manager who understands its technicalities. The shirt-waist business is being run by the former partners' factory superintendent, under a long contract, and the barge business by an experienced bargeman appointed in the former owner's will as coexecutor. Plain business judgment and the balance sheet will soon tell the corporate executor whether the enterprise is being well managed.

Where business must be conducted after death, a little foresight in this matter may be very important. An Eastern publisher had a very profitable trade journal, the only one in its field. Dying suddenly, his will directed that it be sold to a very capable young assistant, on terms that would enable the latter to pay for it over a period of several years. So far, good—but unfortunately he had made the widow his executor. The assistant named a price he was willing to pay for the property. The widow consulted a friend who said, "Let me manage this for you," and demanded a higher price—more than the assistant could pay. Whereupon the latter started a rival journal, taking most of the organization with him. Other complications arose. Under incapable management and the opposition of a rival, the trade journal depreciated in value until it was worth hardly one-quarter the price offered under the terms of the will.

The first step in arranging one's affairs for administration by others is to make a will—something that human nature avoids like the dentist, as long as possible.

But nowadays something other than time and life and death is making people think about this matter of wills—something not a bit abstract—that is, new forms of taxation. Death itself will not free a man from taxes, because he will owe Uncle Sam money a year after he passes on.

Because making a will is the first step, bank men have conducted will drives in various sections of the country. One Middle Western organization has a will-a-month club, each member of which is pledged to bring in a will monthly.

Selling the idea of making a will involves a difficult kind of salesmanship, for which some banks now systematically train young men, preparing them to answer technical questions when they have interested people in making wills. Taxation is the pivotal point. Ten years ago only the rich man or real-estate owner was interested in this subject, but today people with any property at all, or even a salary, are brought face to face with taxation every year, often paying state as well as Federal income tax. They are impressed not only by the payments but by the complexities of the thing. To die brings additional tax penalties to many men and women, and the will salesman finds them interested in looking ahead and making proper arrangements to safeguard those who are left behind.

"I know only two ways to dodge inheritance taxes," says a trust-company official. "One is to give your property away while you are living, and the other is to leave it to charity."

The tax tangles involved in settling even a moderate estate, if securities are to be sold, would be both perplexing and costly to an individual tackling them for the first time. Where there are securities in enterprises incorporated in different states, tax proceedings must be instituted in each state, under different laws, often tying up the administration of a large estate for a considerable period. Stock in a railroad incorporated in six different states, say, cannot be sold until the executor settling the estate of which it forms a part has filed an inventory in each of those states, paid the taxes involved, and got official consent to transfer the stock.

Even a modest estate nowadays is involved in these tax and transfer complications, for the most striking thing about corporation securities is their wide distribution. Where formerly an issue of stock or bonds would be held by a few thousand large investors, today the transfer books of leading corporations show tens of thousands of individual holders, and in some cases the list exceeds a hundred thousand. A new official has been added to the staff of corporations whose shares are widely distributed and traded in—the signing officer—a clerk with the usual clerk's salary who is officially a vice president or assistant treasurer of the company, empowered to sign new stock certificates, but with no other official standing. As securities like steel and telephone stock demonstrate their investment value they will be still more widely held. Individual holdings may be only two or three shares, but that complicates the executor's task instead of simplifying it.

People have queer notions about wills, say the will salesmen. It seems a solemn, difficult job to make a will. Once made, they think the document cannot be altered, and do not understand that through a properly drawn will and the appointment of an executor great economies may be made in the administration of an estate. But a will is not effective until the person who made it passes on. It can be changed as often as one pleases; in fact, once-a-year reading of one's will is recommended by experts.

Very often the making of a will brings up and straightens out legal tangles that might after death cause litigation.

Lately an American and his wife who have lived for ten years in South America visited the United States. They were both happily divorced, and both married again in South America. The man's former wife and the wife's former husband are alive. Each has children and money. In straightening out an accumulation of legal business here they were advised to make wills protecting their children, and among other things were advised to remarry in the United States, for their marriage in South America was not well documented as evidence in our courts. So the parson was summoned, and a second well-attested knot was tied.

Advantages of Corporate Executors

THE bank man sells wills, but cannot deliver them, for such documents must be drawn up by attorneys. However, he can often make helpful suggestions and, after the will is drawn, show the advantage of depositing it with the bank. Probably nine men in ten keep their wills in their own safety-deposit boxes with securities and valuable papers. This is the right place for the valuables, but often the wrong place for one's will, say experienced executors. For quick action after death is often necessary, sometimes to keep business enterprises going or to gather up, inventory and safeguard loose property. If the will is in a safety-deposit box it can be reached in a comparatively short time if the executor who has been appointed knows that he is executor, and also where the will can be found. But very often the will is located only after a search, and the executor has no authority until it is proved. Such delay may make it impossible to carry out certain things the deceased person wanted done. The case is cited of a woman whose will, found with difficulty, directed that her body be cremated. As it happened, she went down in the Lusitania, but in all probability had she died ashore she would have been buried before the instructions in her will were learned.

As a corporation, the banking institution has certain advantages over an individual executor. It will not die. It has greater financial responsibility. Estates are handled by an organization instead of by a person, with obvious advantages in experience and judgment.

But because it is a corporation people feel that its handling of estates and trusts will be coldly impersonal. Actually such business is almost invariably handled by an individual member of the organization, who gathers, appraises and studies the property involved in an estate, confers with the heirs, and generally works much like the individual executor. The chief difference is that the bank man does not act on his individual judgment, but reports to the corporation, which is legally responsible to the court. In many cases nowadays estates are being settled by corporate and individual coexecutors working together, an advantage where the individual is a partner, manager, attorney or some other person thoroughly acquainted with the deceased person's business and personal affairs. Wives or husbands are often appointed coexecutors.

(Continued on Page 46

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SPECIALTIES OF THE HOUSE

By Kathleen Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHAT closes business deals? Good food.

What clinches a lagging suitor? Good food.

What recalls an erring hubby? Good food.

What makes you overpay your cook? Good food

What is your general idea of a thundering spree? Good food

What makes you more content with life than delicious food?

What makes you feel downer and outer than the lack of it? When did you ever feel so sorry for yourself as when you had to diet? And I say unto you that Paris food is all of the above rolled into one

"Monsieur, Here I am Sovereign"

From partridges in the fall, all through the heavy, creamy soups of winter to the asparagus and strawberry season in spring, triumphantly on through the ices and raspberries and melons of summer and back again to partridges in the fall—it all distinctly is, in Paris. All you need is a good working tummy, a fat wad and the fervent desire not to miss anything, and the hours you spend with your knees tucked under a table, sweetheart, will be as a string of sprees to you.

The variety of Parisian restaurants is infinite. We thought we would get off the beaten track a bit one night, and asked a sympathetically greedy friend what he would recommend to us in the way of novelty.

"Try l'Ami Fritz, in the Rue de la S——," he yelled as he dashed out of the room to keep one of his million engagements. So we tried to find out where the Rue de la S —— was. It is no use my giving you the real address, because ten to one you wouldn't be served unless you could mention the name of one of madame's well-known patrons.

"Where in the world is the Rue de la S——" we asked.

No one knew. The oldest Parisians shook their heads

"That must be a new place; we never heard of it, and we know our Paris."

L'Ami Fritz and His Three Dishes

HEADS waggled and eyes gleamed with Parisian pride. We looked it up on maps spread on the floor, flat on our tummies; we sought it with tape measures and taxis and hope, and finally we found it. It is a longish, narrow street not far from the opera.

Our taxi can only go in one direction down its little length, we find, and soon we stop before the door we are seeking. We glance into the low-ceilinged, green-painted room and see in an instant its small accommodation for guests; the bar at one side, the red-and-white-checked curtains at the big front windows and the one row of little tables arranged in an L round two sides of the room. The little kitchen is tucked off in one corner and it is empty, for l'Ami Fritz and madame stand at the door to welcome us. They regard us with a slightly firm air as we step across the tiny strip of pavement from our taxi, for it is a dripping night.

"*Bon soir, m'sieu' et madame*"—us.

"*Bon soir, mesdames et m'sieu*'"—they.

"Our friend Mr. V—— has told us of the famous Ami Fritz, madame, and we should like to dine here," we say.

Ah, oui!"

All is smiles and joy and the barometer goes up with a bang

"We want to eat the famous *fromage fondue*."

"Well, mesdames," says madame, "I will tell you just what we have and then you can choose just what you want. We have three specialties *Bifteck de fromage, les croûtes* and *fondue de fromage*. I cannot entirely advise you to order the *fondue*, because it is warm weather. *Et voilà pourquoi*. The secret of the *fondue*, it is the kirsch liqueur it is melted in. *Oui*, madame, nothing but Gruyère cheese and kirsch. But it is of a gayety in its workings! *Tenez*, madame, the room is full of quiet people; we serve the *fondue*. Soon eyes light up, strange eyes catch wandering strange ones; a smile, a laugh, everyone knows everyone, it is gay—it is the *fondue!* All the world says we put something else in to give the ideas, to awaken the imagination. Not at all; it is the good cheese and the good kirsch, and it makes a wonderful evening when the doors shut out a cold winter night. But now, mesdames, it is hot weather and I could not really advise it; it is too heavy."

We hurriedly vow mentally to return in winter and wink strange wunks at unknown poets and damsels with the best of them. And so we pass on to discussing the *croûtes*.

"The *croûtes* are slices of bread fried in butter, with half-melted creamy Gruyère in between. It is delicious!"—thus madame.

"And *bifteck de fromage?*"

"That is grilled; thick slices of Gruyere."

We hesitate, we cogitate, we meditate.

Madame turns to l'Ami Fritz, busy in his kitchen.

"What dost thou think, Fritz? What shall these ladies eat to be the most content?"

"Me, I am making the *croûtes*," quietly announces Fritz, without turning round. It is the note of the place. Order what you will, they steer you onto what they want to give you and you eat just that.

Madame serves the hot, fried, butter-smelling, glorified cheese sandwich and you eat its salty, creamy crispness in great content. A special white wine, *Fendant du Valais*, goes with it, though with the *fondue* you would have been given a Neufchâtel, which is much less strong.

Then we have dark red country sausage and new potatoes; delicious almond crisps, made with little sugar so that they are not too sweet; aromatic black coffee, and monsieur orders a

glass of kirsch liqueur into which we dip our lumps of sugar and transfer them into the coffee, making the famous thing the French call a duck.

All this time madame gives us her exclusive attention. It is such a wet night that no one else has ventured out, and we have the feeling that we are at a private party. Madame tells us that Marthe Chenal, of the opera, Lucienne Bréval, the Boutet de Monvels, all are faithful patrons of hers.

"I love them all for one reason or another. And the *jeunesse* comes to me and tells me of little restaurants near Paris where one may lodge and eat well and simply They tell me their romances and I advise them all, for I love them: and sometimes the mothers, who turn out to be countesses and *femmes du monde*, come and thank me for the advice I have given their sons.

"But oh! They call me the tigress now, because, think you, madame, I cannot serve everyone at once, and sometimes when the place is full there are little waits. But I always explain that I have no preferences, and that everyone will be served in their turn. One night a *monsieur* dining with a *dame* called out to me that he did not want what I served them and that he would have something else. I dropped everything. I said to him, 'Monsieur, here I am sovereign. You say "I wish." Here one does not say that. Here it is what I wish. I am sorry, monsieur, but I do not wish to serve you at all!'"

"'But I will call a gendarme!' says the furious one.

"'Call one, monsieur!'" Her dignity is sovereign indeed. "The gendarme comes; I ask him if there is a law compelling me to serve dishes I do not have to clients I do not want. 'Is there such a law in the good France?' I ask him. 'There is no such law,' replies the tranquil gendarme, and monsieur has only to leave if he is not satisfied. At the tables all wriggle with glee, all are content, all have watched the drama. And now they call me the tigress."

"Ah, but we did want *fondue*, madame, and we must have it some day," we say pathetically.

How One Eats Fondue de Fromage

"BUT certainly. Come some night in winter, after the *théâtre*. Knock on the glass above the red-checked curtain and rattle the handle of the door and I will know it is a client and will open. Ah, it is the dream, the *fondue*, after the *théâtre!* The ladies sit in evening dress, with masses of pearls and diamonds, and dip and dip into the *fondue*; or perhaps they prefer to dip one corner of the bread into a little glass of kirsch first, so as to have the fresh kirsch flavor, and then into the pot of *fondue*. And outside it is cold and dark, and inside everyone is gay, everyone is friendly, and we laugh and sing and dance. It is all the *fondue!*"

"Just what is this *fondue?*" I pin her down.

"*Tenez*, madame. We place a metal pot of the cheese melted in kirsch on each table, over an alcohol lamp. Each member of the party takes a little bit of bread and pushes it well onto his fork. Then he dips it in the *fondue* and turns the fork round and round two or three times and conveys it into his mouth. Sometimes I think that perhaps all the party will not care to dip in the same dish, so I go to the presiding lady at each table and whisper, 'Madame, will it be agreeable to you to all eat out of the same pot?'

Continued on Page 44

They Sport a Gorgeously Attired Colored Person, Presumably a Turk

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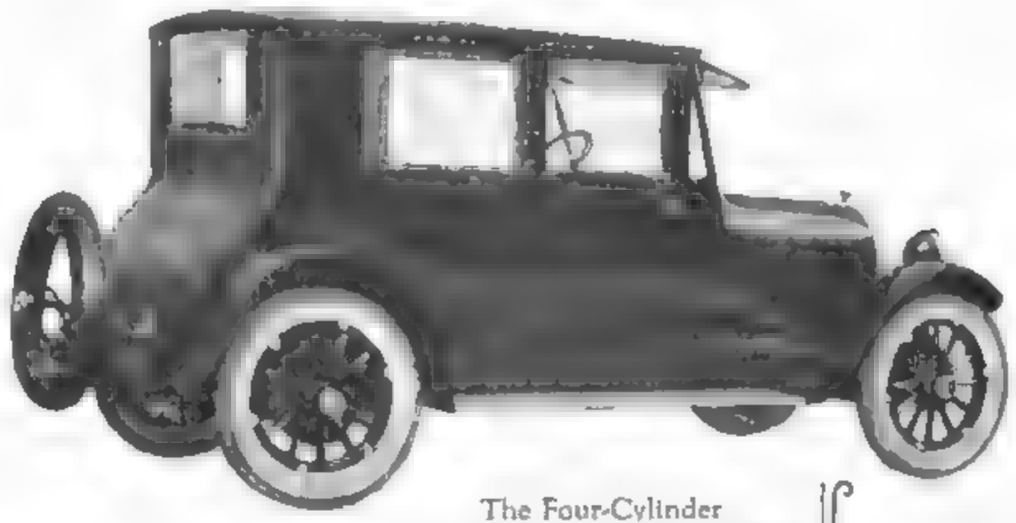
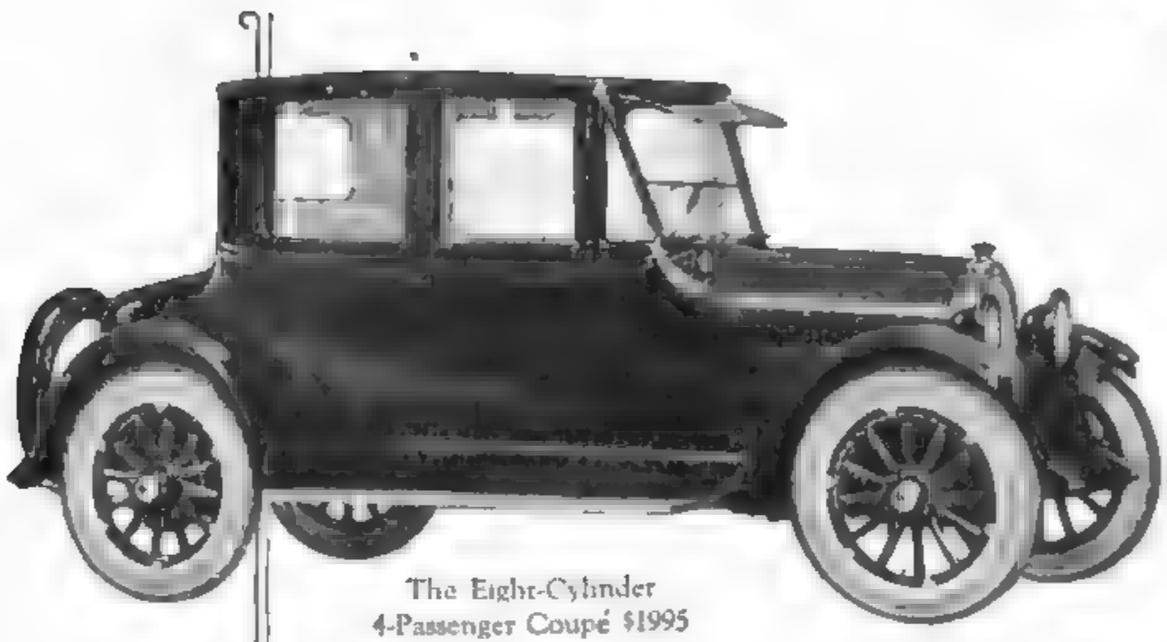
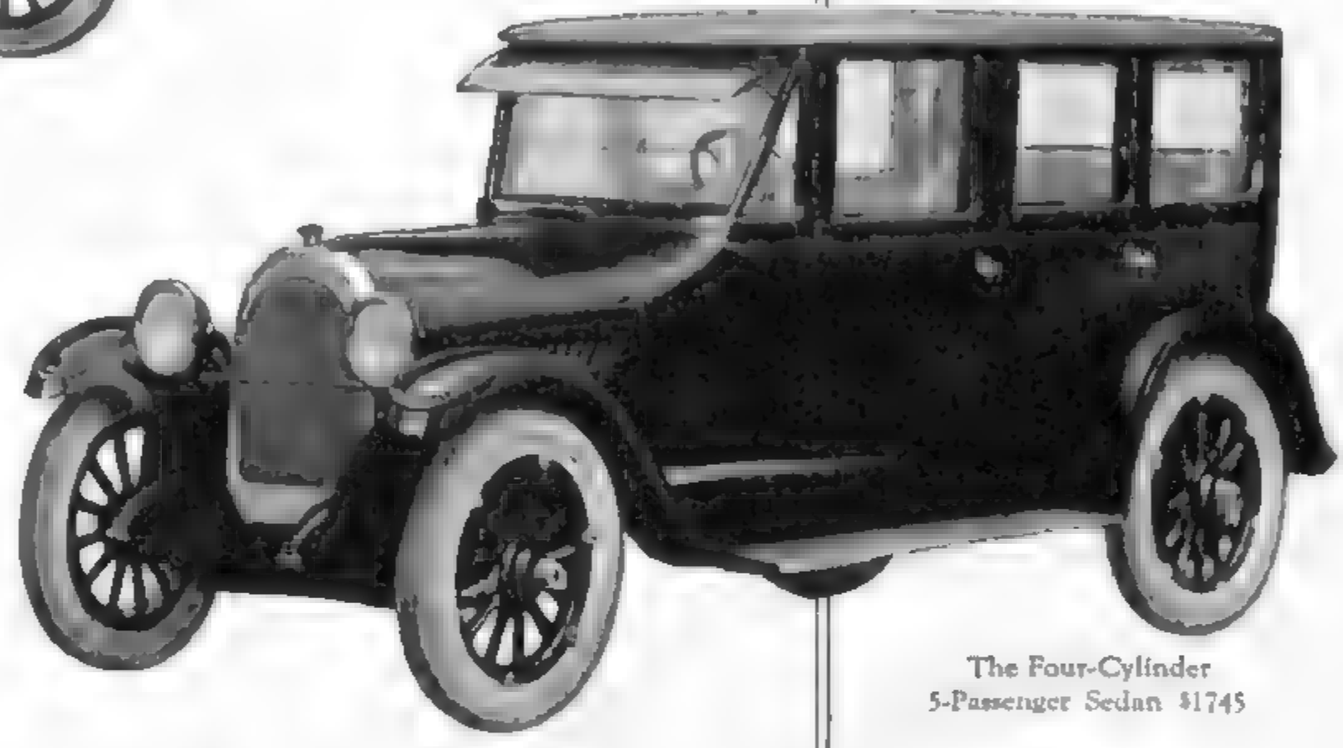


The Four-Cylinder
5-Passenger Brougham $1425



The Eight-Cylinder
4-Passenger Coupé $1995



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Sedan	*2145*

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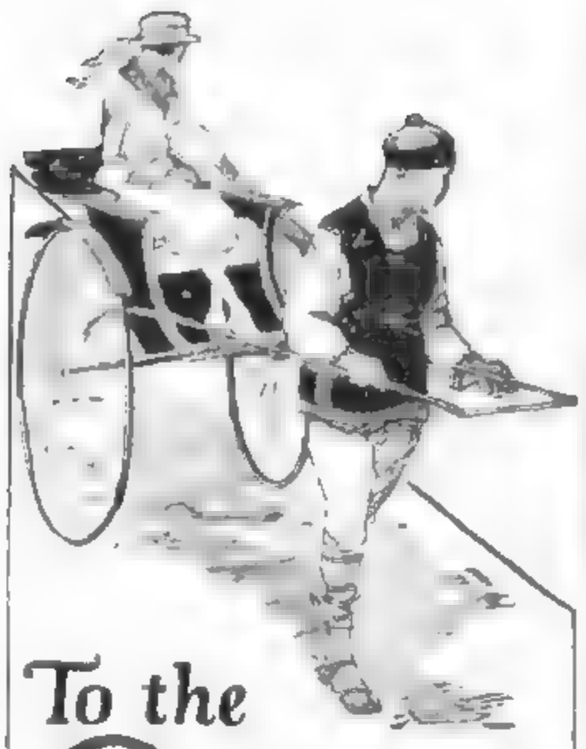

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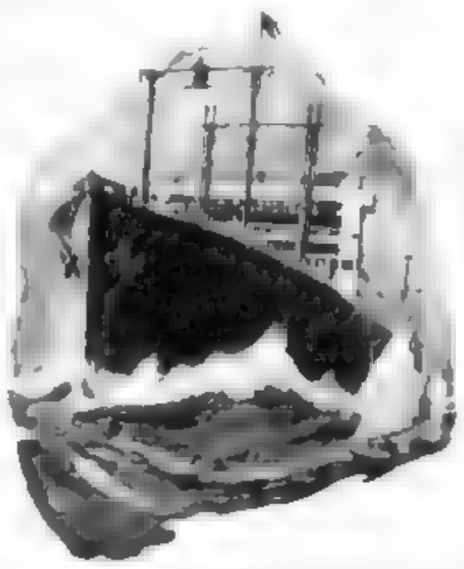

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(Continued from Page 42)

'But not at all,' she may quickly say; 'I have a horror of the long black beard of my brother-in-law. I could not possibly dip with him!' So I go and whisper to Fritz to make one pot for three and one for one person at that table. Oh, yes! One must have tact!"

Abruptly she stops.

"*Tenez*, madame, give me your hat; you are *chez vous* here, and you will be much more comfortable." She hangs my sister's hat on a high peg beside our wraps she has carefully folded. "I used to be in the creation of the modes; I am a woman of the needle, madame, just as you are a woman of the pen, monsieur a man of the brush, and madame of the song. We have many, many such here."

She shows us her cherished books signed with hundreds of the famous names of Paris; ecstatic praise of the *fondue* in many languages; clever sketches and caricatures fill them to overflowing, and she makes us sign on the inside back cover in the choicest book, so that we may take our place with the really great.

"But you must be tired serving all day, just you and your husband, so many, many meals. Why don't you get helpers?"

"Because then I would lose touch with my adored clients. *Voyez vous*, I am not so placed that I can receive or visit all the great writers, actors and artists in my own or their own homes; but here I see them all. I have never loved any world but theirs. And the journalists, madame, who come with their fresh, brisk ideas, desiring to see new faces and constantly to renew their outlook on life—they all come to me. I am queen here, and I love my throne. And that is why, *petit monsieur*, I lock the door at night, so as to have just the public we want. We were here twelve years before we put the name on the door, and then we only did it for the chauffeurs. We are not in the telephone book, and everyone comes to us through a friend. Oh, yes, I lock the door! We have a phonograph and sometimes we all dance."

"Bring me just a wedge of cheese to eat in my fingers," I beg madame.

"Ah, madame loves that? But that is what we do!"

She brings it and we realize that it is unlike any cheese we have ever eaten, and say so.

"But I will explain you that," says placid Fritz, emerging from his kitchen. "I keep the cheeses a year after I get them from Switzerland, before they are served. I put them in round cement wells the size of the cheeses. I wash them each week and turn them to let them ripen, and then I pour many bottles of white wine over them and they soak in that for six weeks before they are eaten. I always serve the one at the bottom of the pile first. Cheeses are like people; you must nourish them to make them good. But they are sensitive. If we had served you *fondue* tonight, madame, it would have curdled before it had been on the table ten minutes. They have their seasons, cheeses, and one must humor them."

He goes off in the rain to get us a taxi, and we give one last look at the sawdusty tiled floor, the blue-checked tablecloths, the row of Swiss flags, the more sympathetic row of bottles, and at monsieur and his good lady, who stand in the low doorframe to wish us good night.

Dining in Style

If you would go where princes dine, where young and beautiful women form your picture gallery and where they wear their loveliest and best to be worthy of the rose-pink background of this sumptuous restaurant, go to Larue.

The tables are well placed, so that one may see everyone; and love affairs in all stages surround you, from the first try-out dinner of the beautiful young man and his keen, *chic amie*, through the enchanted, ecstatic, eye-plunged-in-eye affairs, to the reposeful, contented gormandizing of the dear old gentleman with the pointed white beard and his sprightly, rotund and still affectionate spouse.

"When I last dined at Larue's with a party of friends they solemnly shook hands all round after the first taste of *crêpes fourrées*," said my sister Marjorie. "You must taste them, really."

So we put on garments of silver-and-gold tissue and sumptuous velvets, and anointed ourselves with our most expensive smells out of bottles and had our hair bent in symmetrical lines, and hied us to Larue's.

"Melon?" insinuated the suave *maître d'hôtel*, with the identical correct crick in his back that has been cricked by *maîtres d'hôtels* for centuries.

"No; cold consommé," we chorused. "Then salmon trout *à la gourmande*, sweetbreads *aux petits pois*, and then what we came for, *crêpes fourrées*."

"Very well, madame, I shall make them myself," said his ludship, as who should say "You are presented with the freedom of the city."

We ate, amid delicious sips of white wine, the velvet of the salmon trout and the crisp, soft sweetbread. An American at a neighboring table inspired by our yums and ahs of delight loudly ordered "Troot!" in his best French, the subtle *truite*, with its combination of chirrup and whistle, being beyond him.

Transmogrified Pancakes

Then began, on a neighboring table, the solemn preparation of the *crêpes*. A small pile of tissue-thin pancakes was brought from the kitchen. Into a silver platter, cooking over three alcohol wicks, was poured, lavishly, red Grand Marnier. Brandy was dashed on top of this with a mighty dash, and the two were coaxed to ignite in the alcohol over the edge of the dish by a trailing spoon. Then hunks of fresh butter scooped from cool earthenware pots were floated dissolvingly in this burned-out juice, and sifted sugar was added. All this was heated to a brown and buttery richness, the pancakes laid in it for a moment, then put on a hot plate and spread with thick cream, into which shredded almonds had been stirred. An added dash of maraschino gave the last touch of indefinable distinction. The pancakes, thin and transparent, were smothered anew in the sauce and the plate was whisked in front of us. Three each we had, and oh, but it was a thrill! Sometimes fresh raspberries are added to the cream when they are in season.

A glorious *fine champagne*, a liqueur brandy from the great Napoleon's time, plays a good accompaniment to one's black coffee; and it is curious to reflect that the mighty general is dead, but that his brandy goes marching on.

It is an odd thing, but the French do not drink champagne nearly so much as they are supposed to at meals. You rarely, almost never, see it served at dinner. A red wine is preferred with heavy dishes, and for light ones a white unsweetened vintage. Champagne is reserved for suppers and festivals and Americans.

It is delightful to go early to Prunier's fish bar, and dine inexpensively downstairs. All kinds of delicious fish food are served there during ten months in the year, closing only in hot July and August. Shrimp soup, thick and pink and creamy; big flakes of whitefish served incrusted with browned cream sauce; lobsters stewed in a sauce made of cream and red wine, with a little of the ground-up shell to thicken it; the contents of sundry big cockleshells clawed out, chopped up with unrecognizable other ingredients and molded back into the heated shells; shrimp salad with the work all done for you; piles of pink, helpless shrimps sprinkled with the sandlike-looking substance one always forgets is not sand; crabs done in divers and sundry poetic ways, all served with brown bread and butter on raths-covered tables—these delights begin the meal.

You may end it with chocolate mousse such as there is no other, fresh strawberry ice cream, or what you will. The prices are very moderate at Prunier's, and everything is more than delicious; but it is very hard to get a table unless you go early. People drop in for a dozen oysters and a glass of wine before going on to their regular dinners and the place is always surgingly full.

We heard of a little place on the Rue des Saints Pères called Michaud's, where the food was good and the prices low; so after a picnic of *pâté de foie gras*—the real thing in creamy chunks; not the paste—warm, yellow *brioche* spread with fresh butter, Roquefort cheese, strawberries and white wine, chocolate and cigarettes, eaten under the trees at St.-Cloud, with a perky French robin begging us incessantly for crumbs where we sat on the grass, the stone formality of courtly staircase rising behind us, we drove, on our return to Paris at night, to the crowded *bistro* they had told us of.

It is an unpretentious place, with the usual zinc bar where people come and drink as you eat your dinner. An enormous tortoise-shell cat eats the bits you hand her, with the air of doing you a great favor as she daintily shakes and tears them to pieces in her needle teeth. If you ask to wash your hands you will find it very primitive, indeed, in its internal workings, for the sanitary outfit consists of a copper water container hung on the wall, out of which water dribbles from a dolphin's mouth into the copper basin below—all this in a pitch-dark corner. You always feel you are using the last drop of water in the thing, and there is no comfort in it.

The specialty of the house is sheep's feet sprayed with white wine as they are cooking. I, however, have seen too many sheeps' feet wandering in too many questionable boggy environments to be carried away by the thought of feeling the things on my tongue, so we sought out humbler soup and mutton chops and little round potatoes, and I made our favorite salad dressing by chopping up a hard-boiled egg and stirring it into French dressing, made according to the time-honored three-to-one recipe, to which two little cream cheeses had been added. I beat the whole thing until it was almost like mayonnaise, and then poured it over a big bowl of crisp romaine. It makes a delicious salad, not too heavy, but interesting. Michaud's is unpretentious, but it's a darned nice little place.

On the way to the races on Sunday, luncheon at Armenonville is always gay and charming. Everything you order will be good, and the violinist will play peppy or gooey music for you, according to your mood. The gayest of French people will chatter round you all the way from your *hors d'œuvres* to your black coffee. They have little onions fried whole in brown buttery gravy which they serve as a *hors d'œuvre*, and which positively melt in your mouth. All the strong oniony flavor seems to have gone out of them, and just the exotic, stimulating savor is left.

Snail-Eating de Luxe

Now let me tell you of a Russian oddity, a specialty of the Crillon, and one luxuriously typical of the old Russia of sable-and-emerald fame.

You take a hot plate. On that you lay a small, hot, unsweetened pancake of the French variety; not our filling, breakfast stack o' wheats. You stroke this lovingly with a big spoonful of caviar, the lordly kind, with large, pale, greenish-gray eggs. This you top with another pancake, and pour over them hot, fresh cream. Oh, ye gods, what a starter for a dinner! You will find yourself talking Russian automatically after it, though your vocabulary may be confined to striped devil, as mine is. The dish undoubtedly sounds queer, and it is; but it blends and mellows wonderfully in your mouth, and all other emotions stop emoting for the time being.

At the old Tour-d'Argent, where the w.k. pressed duck trickles seducingly nightly and all Paris licks its chops, we always order the lesser known *croustade de barbue* while the duck is preparing. It is set before you, round and brown, like a quill-less hedgehog, the great flakes of whitefish coaxed into a close-knit ball, sucked together with hollandaise sauce, which forms a puddle in the middle, and then browned in the oven. It languishingly disintegrates under your exploring fork and will give you an exquisite quarter of an hour.

Now three cheers for the *escargot d'or*, the famous snail haunt of the Rue Montorgueil. It's got one of those funny warped façades that old corner buildings acquire so mysteriously in France. Inside it is divided up into overdecorated little rooms done in the worst bourgeois taste; but you feel immediately that no one has looked farther afield than their plate or at their *chère amie* for generations, and, believe me, you will follow their example.

We had to hunt for a good snail eater amongst our acquaintance, for we seem to have revolving insides in our family when we think of eating snails. We found a charming masculine specimen who had learned to eat them during the war, when he could get nothing else. So we ordered onion soup for us and snails for him. They came in a little round metal dish, made with a dozen indentations, into each of which was fitted a giant snail. A silver surgical instrument held in the left hand grasped the shell, and

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"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"

Reduce Hauling Costs 50 Per Cent

GMC Truck Tractors Make Possible New and Limitless Opportunities for Hauling Volume Tonnage

Transportation of volume tonnage by motor truck has been limited up to now by the lack of a power plant unit with speed, pulling ability and economy.

Now comes the GMC truck tractor, fitted with the GMC Two-Range Transmission and for the first time combining successfully these three vital requisites of heavy-duty hauling.

By taking advantage of the new and wonderful power that this revolutionary transmission produces from an engine of moderate size, operating at a properly governed speed, and utilizing it to pull not only the load one chassis can bear but that of trailers—

By making full use of the big savings in loading and unloading time that come with a detachable power plant, and by overcoming through even load distribution the menace of huge tonnage to the roadways of the country—

By these advantages—haulage costs for big volume tonnage are cut as much as 50 per cent, and loads carried over roads and up grades that other trucks cannot negotiate.

This latest GMC achievement opens the way to the vast possibilities of the motor truck as a common carrier of the nation's freights.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY—*Pontiac, Michigan*
Division of General Motors Corporation

GMC Truck Tractors are Made in Three Sizes for Hauling Loads of 5, 10 and 15 Tons: The Chassis Prices are 5-Ton, $2450; 10-Ton, $3700; 15-Ton, $4050

General Motors Trucks

GMC Truck Chassis list as Follows: 1-Ton, $1295; 2-Ton, $2[illegible]; 3½-Ton, $3000; 5-Ton, $3950

All Prices are for Chassis only, at the Factory, Tax to be Added

Listerine has been trusted for years

YOU know the comfortable feeling you have when the kindly old family physician steps into the sick-room. Listerine enjoys something of that same confidence in the home—and has for nearly half a century.

Maybe this is because your doctor believes in Listerine himself and often recommends it as a gargle, mouth-wash and general cleansing antiseptic. You've noticed he does.

Naturally, the Lambert Pharmacal Company is proud of this respect its oldest product commands. Naturally, too, the makers are going to see to it that Listerine remains worthy of this respect always efficient, always safe.

Their name on the bottle and on the brown carton is your assurance. Be sure it's there.

Don't have sore throat again this winter

As you know, many illnesses start with sore throat. The mouth is an open door to disease germs.

Sore throat is a danger signal; heed it promptly

The use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle affords a pleasant and dependable precaution against many forms of throat infection.

Use it systematically and be on the safe side. You may thus avoid many more serious ills.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 44)

you transferred the hot thing to your plate and went seriously after the rubberlike filling with your fork. The sauce in which each bathed was at once oily and buttery, and filled with goo of pepper and spice and herbs. The young snail eater said they were delicious and we took his word for it, though I did drink the sauce from one or two shells.

We knew the place was famous for tripe and for pig's trotters; but the sight of both of them makes us ill, so we did not order them things. However, just as we were soaking our transparent ovals of *pommes soufflées* in the wine-red sauce of our *entre-côte* the loose-mouthed lady on my left and her nice, quiet-looking man lifted the covers of dishes brought them and transferred dripping bits of pink fungus to their plates.

"Tripe!" we ejaculated faintly.

I don't know why we should hate it so, for we eat deviled kidneys and calves' liver; and plumbing is plumbing, no matter where it comes from; but we turned away our eyes and noses from those unhealthy strips, only to be confronted on our right by a triumphant waiter bringing two huge pig's feet, brown and steaming, to the couple on our other side. They cut through the crackling crust into the cushions of fat below, and for a few minutes we were absorbed in the hideous decorations of the room, until we had regained our American *sang-froid*. To avenge ourselves we ordered the exciting *crêpes Suzettes* made in front of everybody. This is still another way of preparing the ubiquitous French pancake.

A Congress of Cordials

Six liqueurs, Maraschino, Grand Marnier, Curaçao, Benedictine, Raspail and Fine, are mixed in a bowl into which several spoonfuls of fresh butter and some orange peel have been put. Sugar is burned in the flat silver platter over alcohol lamps, two or three spoonfuls of the mixed liqueurs are heated with the sugar and a paper-thin pancake is browned a trifle in this, folded expertly and conveyed to your plate.

Madame L——— runs this thoroughly good restaurant. She used to have a passion for playing the races, and her prices on the menu for the evening's dinner varied according to whether she had won or lost during the day. Black-browed, she would curtly greet you on a bad day, or appear all smiles and cooings if her pockets were full of good horse money.

Omelette à l'absinthe is also a great specialty at this house. It is prepared in the same way as a rum omelet and is said to be most exciting.

There is a certain good little corner in the Rue Feydeau where the clientèle is simple and the food elaborate, which we visited with material benefit to our insides. We had a whole chicken for the four of us, done in a sauce of cream and Madeira, with truffles.

"Truffles," I said, as I saw the black-rubber slices lying aloof amidst the creamy sauce, "have never tasted like truffles to me yet. I've always wondered why they did not leave them to the trained hunting pigs who seem so keen about them. I know there is a flavor to be raved over, but I have never yet been able to find it; so here goes for one more try."

The unusually large slice still retained its original uneven edge, and I put the whole thing in my mouth. Anxiously watched by eyes brown, gray and blue, I delivered my verdict:

"It does! It really does taste the way 'truffles' sounds!"

Three other forks dug simultaneously and three other countenances became concentrated in expression, above swiftly moving jaws.

We sopped bread in our gravy, which showed we had all lived long in France, and we passed on to eggplant *Provençale*, which means cooked in butter, in small pieces with the skin left on, till it is soft, and flavored with a dash of garlic and much tomato. It is filling, but it is awfully good. For dessert we had ice cream piled with wild strawberries over which had been poured the juice of strawberries cooked with a little sugar, also d.g. You couldn't well have a better dinner than we had that night, *au petit coin*, helped out with things one must not too long dwell upon in the U. S. A.

Ciro's is a famous place in Paris, where you will see well-known Englishmen and Americans, and men identified with the big business of all countries. Men like particularly to go there, because they may indulge in the puddings of their youth, the kind mother used to make; baked custards and rice and tapioca puddings, and even a superlative bread-and-butter affair made all glorious by tradition and Paris. They tell me long years ago, before Ciro's in Monte Carlo and Ciro's in Paris were famous, a café in Philadelphia was opened by a gentleman of that name, who offered as an attraction one large, juicy fried oyster free with every glass of beer. So good was the beer, so large the oyster and so admirable the combination that business grew and grew, and now there is no more famous name in the business.

In the Parisian house they serve a curry cooked in front of you by a real East Indian. With it you have a large blistered circle of some waferlike substance, and little old dried-up fishes which are called Bombay duck, I believe, and which you nibble in your fingers as you eat the delicious chicken curry. Also a marvelous chutney from the real East; none of your retired English officers' bottled means of livelihood, but a clear sirup with odd and extraordinary raisinlike objects and queer bits of unknown fruits and vegetables clarified in it, all highly seasoned. If you are clever enough to get a taste of curry, which is the chicken and rice, a nibble of fish, a corner of the wafer and a few drops of chutney into your mouth all at the same time you are guaranteed to feel the call of the Orient inside of thirty seconds.

The Willing Turk

They sport a gorgeously attired colored person, presumably a Turk, who comes up on a little grafting expedition of his own and offers, with gestures, you being presumably unable to speak Turkish, to make you this thick sweet concoction if you will graciously permit him so to do. You think, "What engagingly ingratiating and servile manners these Eastern slaves have! Why am I not entirely surrounded by them, as would be only fitting? Yes, varmint, prepare for me, who hates sugar in his coffee, your sirupy mixture."

You are already under the spell of the East, which usually seems to spell paying just a little extra, so you pantomime this loftily.

A friend of ours, among the most patronizingly gracious, did likewise; and when the coffee was brought him and offered with salaams and gestures of swimming, he found the stuff almost cold. This fact he endeavored to convey to the dusky one, who, clad in his Oriental cozy-corner trappings, received the criticism with a demonstration of the crawl stroke and unintelligible heathen mutterings.

Finally, exasperated, our friend barked, "Get me some hot coffee, you black rascal!"

"Yes, air-ree, boss," snapped back automatically the discovered Georgia darky, and he was off like a shot. All of which goes to show that "poetry is not always the same as is frequently called by that name."

Yes, if you love good food, and wish to feel that important sense of well-being which comes from slowly consuming it in the presence of sympathetic companions, take a sheaf of printed-tissue-paper pictures, called French money, add a careering taxicab, which you have stuffed with dear ladies, point your tongue prettily and hie forth to fill up your waistcoat in Paris.

YOUR ESTATE

(Continued from Page 40)

A few days spent with a bank man engaged in estate work would show that it is thoroughly personal and human, alive all over, and full of incident and story.

An eccentric old gentleman left some apartment houses in an Eastern city, together with a small fortune in cash. As a landlord he had some peculiar beliefs. The interest rate charged by the city on unpaid taxes was less than bank interest, so he had left taxes unpaid for several years, fancying it an economy. It was also his practice to make as few repairs as possible, and skimp his property in other ways, letting the rents pile up in cash. Under the will the property was left to somewhat distant relatives with whom he had not been on very good terms.

The moment a trust company was appointed executor things began to happen. The city served tax and violation notices, the tenants demanded improvements, the heirs wanted all the available cash right away, and the old gentleman's housekeeper set up a claim as his common-law wife. The bank man working on that estate found the lady hostile. He was a tangible person to her, all right, and the representative of a corporation, too; and she made his lot as hard as possible when he went to gather and inventory the loose chattels. The heirs had to be tactfully told that the cash in the bank must first be used to free the real estate of claims and put it in good shape. He didn't decide this policy himself, of course, for it was settled upon by the trust company after a careful study of the property by experts, but he did have to carry out the policy as an individual. Ultimately the apartment houses were improved so that tenants willingly paid higher rents, bringing more revenue from the estate as a whole, and a thorough investigation of the housekeeper's past disclosed information whereby she lost her suit for dower rights.

Part of another estate was a large farm with growing crops and a dairy herd. The bank man in charge of that executorship had to turn farmer. There was not enough hay and grain to feed the cows more than a few days when he went to inventory the place. The farm was located in another state, and to take action he had to be appointed administrator under its laws. There was a manager who had been running the farm for its owner, but his honesty was doubtful. One of the first things the bank man did was put him under observation, whereupon he resigned and disappeared. A caretaker was given charge of the farm, conducting it under the administrator's direction, making frequent reports. In this case, too, there was a contested will. Winter was coming on. The bank man had to decide the question of planting fall crops. The farm might have passed out of his hands by spring. What should he do? Taking several neighboring farmers' counsel, he seeded all the plowed land in grass. That proved to be a wise course, since before spring the farm was deeded to one of the contesting heirs. Had the bank man planted more valuable crops they would have been harvested by this heir.

The bank man handling these fiduciary cases in a big organization not only turns to officers and associates for counsel in a hundred matters but learns a great deal from experience, for he is usually attending to the detail work of a dozen or more estates at the same time. They are not all equally active at the same time, of course, and when one realizes how much detail there may be in such matters, that is seen to be the most businesslike and economical way of doing the thing.

One day he will be studying a white elephant found among somebody's assets. Example, a large costly country house but partly built when its owner died. Study of the plans showed that its decoration inside and out was to be on a decidedly ornate scale. The will authorized sale, but it was manifestly difficult to sell the place, partly on account of its size and cost and partly because the purchaser could not yet see what it would look like. On the other hand, were the original plans carried out the scheme of ornamentation would probably prevent sale, for when a man builds a house on such an ambitious scale he wants it to conform to his own ideas. Ultimately the place was finished with the ornamental details eliminated, and sold at a very satisfactory price.

Another day he may be pitting his wits against people who are racial diplomats, with the disadvantage of language against him. Example, a business conducted by several Latin-American brothers in which the interests of one who had died were complicated by differences of opinion about the value of both merchandise and corporation stock, and a little family feeling thrown in. The value of merchandise was determined by appraisal, and the value of corporation stock by a complete audit. The corporation was a closed one, and

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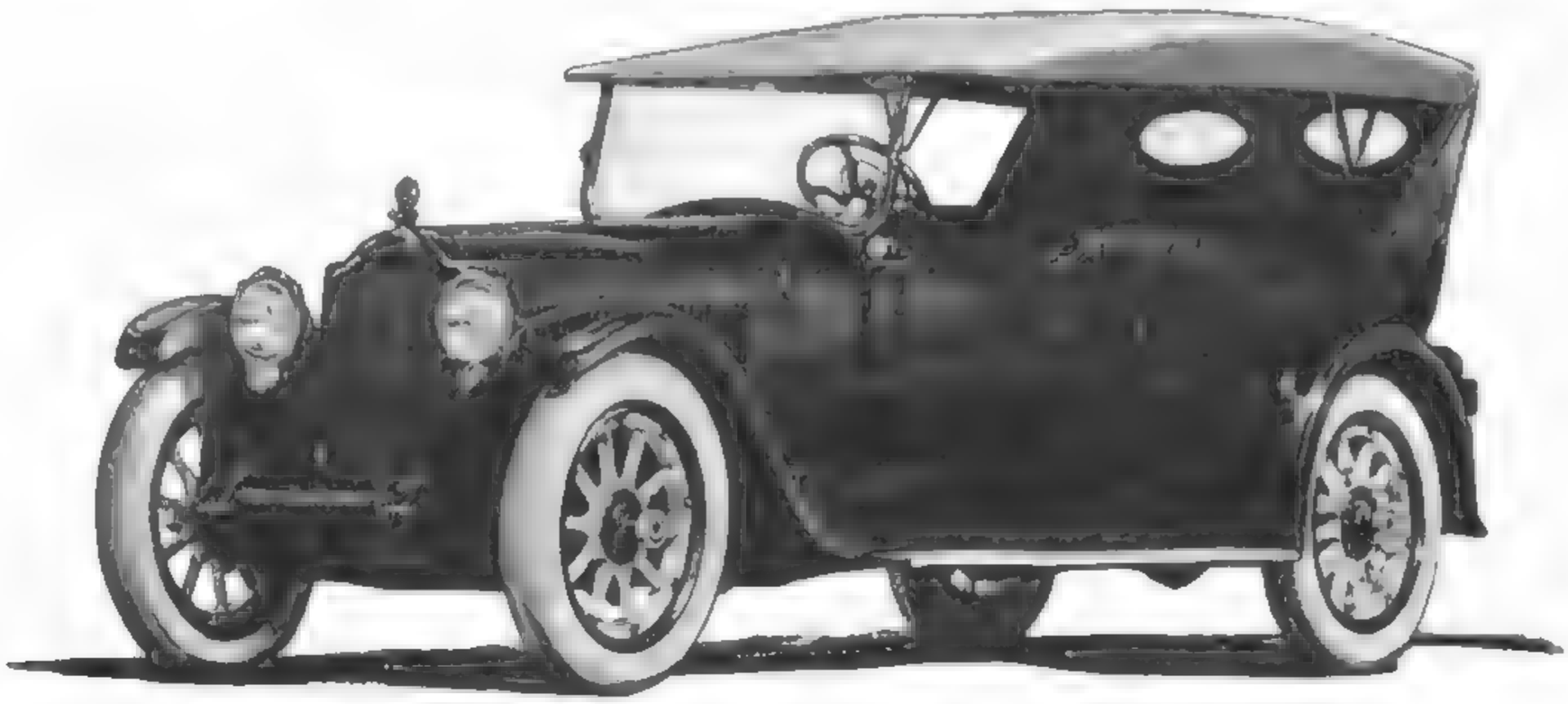

TWIN-SIX TOURING

There is nothing in all the generality of motoring with which to compare or measure the Twin-Six quality of motoring.

It is apart and above – and it is distinct and individual to the Packard Twin-Six.

Here are provided superlative degrees of ease and well-being, which in turn induce superlative degrees of contentment and satisfaction.

Here is embodied a mechanical means of propulsion or progression as nearly effortless as such means can be made in the present day.

These things belong especially to the Packard Twin-Six. They are the special prerogative of the Twin-Six owner.

There is no substitute for them, once they have been experienced; and they are not to be duplicated outside of the Twin-Six itself.

The price of the Twin-Six touring is $3850 at Detroit
The price of the Single-Six five passenger touring is $2485 at Detroit

The Single-Six conveys an immediate conviction of very great, and very unusual, value. Packard Trucks are known for their durability and low ton-mile cost

PACKARD TWIN-SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Short Subjects are Half the Show

No matter how good the feature picture, how fine the story, or how prominent the name of the star may be, such a picture is only half of a motion picture theatre program.

The other half is comprised of Short Subjects, such as the news reel, the scenic drama, the comedy, the specialties in short length.

You are entitled to a *whole* evening's entertainment, and will get it at theatres whose owners pay for high quality throughout their entire programs and give as careful thought to the Short Subjects as they do to the feature.

These conscientious exhibitors select their Short Subjects from this list of guaranteed entertainment-value motion pictures:

CHRISTIE COMEDIES
HAMILTON COMEDIES
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TORCHY COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES
By Conan Doyle
WILDERNESS TALES
By Robert C. Bruce
TONY SARG'S ALMANAC
EARL HURD COMEDIES
KINOGRAMS—NEWS WEEKLY
and
SHORT LENGTH SPECIALS

All the above may be identified by our trade-mark on posters and lobby-cards in theatre entrances. When you see it,

Go In—It's the Sign of a WHOLE Evening's Entertainment

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President
EXECUTIVE OFFICES—NEW YORK

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very profitable. The audit showed that its stock was worth considerably more in earning power than the book value at which it was carried. This situation, with its obvious difficulties, was settled to the satisfaction of everybody, because the executor was a corporation. It had no reason to be partial one way or another. It had no personal feeling in the discussions. It was working solely to get at the true value and facts. When a just price had been set upon the dead brother's stock the survivors felt that the decision was fair, and also that no bargaining would change it, so they bought the shares among themselves.

Again, he may be immersed in the complexities of an estate running into the tens of millions, with international tangles. Example, a very rich man whose will provided generously in legacies and trusts, with the remainder of his estate to be used in creating an educational foundation. He was of foreign birth, but had long lived in the United States, doing a partnership business here as a commission merchant. The partnership owned interests in factories scattered over several different states. It had foreign branches. He also had personal property in other countries, and had left foreign legacies. One of the first problems was liquidating large holdings of stocks and bonds to pay debts, taxes, legacies and administration expenses. These securities were intended to furnish cash for those very purposes, but there was a declining stock market. It took great judgment and much research and analytical work to sell them to the best advantage. A schedule was worked out and followed, so that the inevitable losses were partly compensated by deductions on income taxes in a year when they were particularly heavy. Then followed exhaustive appraisal, inventory and auditing of the mercantile and manufacturing concerns, extensive negotiations with surviving partners, and sale of the dead man's interests to them. Details had to be worked out most thoroughly by experts, because transfer and inheritance taxes were paid upon them, and every item had to be susceptible of proof. Other questions that came up were the citizenship of the deceased, a marriage settlement, the liquidation of property in other countries, the payment of foreign income taxes and death duties, and so on.

The Tax-Gatherer's Claims

False claims against estates are commoner than is generally realized, and among other false claimants may be the taxgatherer.

Under the laws of more than one state he goes right along with the executor from the beginning. Money left on deposit in banks cannot be transferred until he gives permission.

Securities in safe-deposit vaults must be inventoried in his presence. The estate as a going concern doesn't interest him at all—he wants everything reduced to hard dollars, even if going interests have to be scrapped and sold for junk. He gets his share before the heirs, and his disposition is to claim the largest possible share, whether he is entitled to it or not, and let the executor appeal the case.

Here, too, an organization grasp of tax complications often effects economies.

Shares in a land-development syndicate were part of one large estate. A tract of real estate had been purchased, improved and carried for several years in the expectation that its value would rise. The enterprise was not successful, and finally the syndicate auctioned off the property at a heavy loss. The syndicate was not wound up, however, and still owned a few lots. Up to that time it had been thought that losses of this kind could not be deducted in making income-tax returns until the enterprise had been definitely terminated. The estate of which these syndicate shares were a part was subject to a very heavy income tax. The syndicate loss was large enough to wipe out this tax if it could be legally written off. The executor proposed to other members of the syndicate that they lay all the facts before the authorities at Washington, and ask that their losses be allowed as deductions. This was permitted.

Voluntary Trusts

The executor is a liquidator. He takes charge of property under a will for the purpose of turning it into money, paying debts, taxes and other expenses and distributing what is left according to the will. The law demands that he attend to his business diligently and, though not required to make a profit, get as large a yield as possible out of the estate. He can be given considerable leeway under the will, in carrying on going enterprises, holding securities and property for the most advantageous sale, and taking any reasonable period of time to wind up different affairs. The will creates him, so he is virtually the business executive of the person who made it. Should there be nothing in the will giving him authority to act in specific circumstances, carrying on or winding up going enterprises, he must obtain and follow the instructions of the court.

Where no will is made the probate court appoints an administrator. He is a liquidator, too, but, not having written instructions to carry out, is largely a creature of the courts. The title to all real property passes automatically by law to the next-of-kin; he has nothing to do with it, but liquidates the personal property and divides the proceeds according to laws governing inheritance by next-of-kin. He can be a corporate administrator, however, and the estate benefit by corporate experience, for banks and trust companies are frequently appointed by the court in this capacity, and heirs may request it.

Taking thought for the morrow, and viewing their property and business interests from the standpoint of having them managed by others, people frequently decide to create that kind of estate which functions while they are living, known as a voluntary or living trust.

Wrapped in the technical terms of fiduciary business, too, this sounds like something to be made by the man with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel, as the saying goes. But in actual practice trusts are often made by young people.

An Eastern case lately reported was that of a young business man who made ten thousand dollars in a real-estate deal. He had an extravagant wife, and was a free spender himself. On the advice of a fiduciary expert his money was used to create a living trust for the benefit of his wife, being invested in securities, and the income used to pay premiums on fifteen thousand dollars' worth of life insurance which he took out. Thus neither he nor his wife can spend the money, and should anything happen to him she will have at least twenty-five thousand dollars.

In another case, a young opera tenor earning big money, but with little ability in saving or managing it, took the advice of a banker friend, and established a trust fund for his own benefit. Under the terms he can have all the income from all money put into this fund, but cannot touch the principal. However, the latter can be willed as he desires.

That such trust funds are often made in connection with marriages shows their advantages for young people. A wealthy woman's only daughter was marrying a fine young fellow with considerable money but little business capacity. The mother safeguarded her daughter's future by creating a trust fund yielding an income large enough to support her, the husband not being able to touch the income, nor her daughter the capital. In another case a well-to-do business man married a woman twenty-odd years younger than himself. She was his second wife. He had children who might, in the event of his passing, contest a will, to her injury. So a fund was established for her as a marriage settlement, making her income safe. Fiduciary experts say that these trusts make happy marriages, giving security in money matters, and taking money out of the field of discussion and controversy.

Living Trusts for Others

These trusts are very flexible. They can be created for many purposes—to provide income for dependents immediately or after death, educate children or set them up in business, support charities, provide an income for the person making the trust, and so on.

The creator of a living trust may participate in its administration as trustee, retain the right to advise, control or change the trustee, change or revoke his trust as he would alter a will. Apart from the advantage of setting his house in order while he is alive, he is relieved of detail and responsibility, for the banking organization appointed as trustee makes investments in legally approved securities, watches them, collects the income from them, makes income-tax returns, and so on.

In some cases funds in such a trust may escape inheritance taxes. The inheritance tax is imposed upon the transfer of property. If one creates a living trust for himself, enjoying the income from it during his lifetime, the principal will pass to his heirs, like any other property, on his death, unless the trust be continued for them. In that event inheritance taxes must be paid. But if one creates a trust for others while he is alive, reserving no interest whatever for himself, there is a very good chance of escaping inheritance taxes, because transfer of property was made before his death. However, if it can be proved that he had reason to believe his life was nearing the end—say, through incurable disease—the tax collector would be on the job immediately, and probably get regular inheritance taxes if death came less than two years after the trust was created; the period differs in various states.

THE CHRISTENING OF TWIN

(Continued from Page 17)

It takes three weeks, but we finally sign up Larkin for an eight-round row. Then we begin getting up a lot of talk about our training quarters and inviting the reporters and the sports to look in on us. Lots of the lads come milling out to see Wallace work, but it was Ed and not Ray who was throwing medicine balls around and sparring for 'em. Me and him go through a lot of stuff, mostly long-arm jabbing and left swings. He didn't show no more body punching than a guy without arms. After we shoos the crowd out Bud takes on Ray for some fast infighting, left jolts and trick shifts.

Larkin don't seem to be so sure that Wallace is a soft spot. He goes into stiff training and keeps a sharp lamp on us.

"There's one of Red's handlers," says Mehaffy to me one day, pointing to a guy who'd been watching Ed go through the motions for an hour or so.

"That's good, huh?"

"I'll say it's good," comes back Bud. "This baby's going to tip off Larkin on Wallace's style and Red'll sweat building a defense against long-arm swipes. He ain't got much brains, and by the time he gets hep he'll probably be listening to the birdies. You see, when Ray starts shooting 'em into his ribs he'll figure it's only a bluff to make him uncover his face, and between figuring and blocking he's sure to put a wabbly defense."

"Maybe," says I, doubtful; "but don't forget that he's one damn good scrapper and has been through the fist mill."

"They ain't no doubts about that," admits Mehaffy; "and on the square, he could knock either Ray or Ed for a row of hospital cots, but he'll be a sucker against the combination we'll work on him."

By this time I'm willing to let Bud go as far as he likes. The boy's got ideas and he makes 'em work for him. Why, he's got it even so fixed that the birds around the hotel don't even know the Wallaces is twins! He has 'em dress so they don't look nothing like each other. Ray's got a cap pulled over his eyes, a couple of days' growth of beard and diked out like a section hand. Ed is dolled up like a cake hound with one of them trick college suits and a snappy straw kelly with rah-rah ribbon. Besides, we didn't let 'em pal around together much. On the square, when they was rigged out they don't look no more like twins than me and Mary Pickford; but, oh, boy, when we get 'em in fight togs! Alike as two flivvers!

Well, the fight comes off as per schedule. The place is jammed. Ray and Larkin fiddle around for a while, then Wallace jumps in and does a drum jazz on Red's ribs. He smacks that bird against the ropes and you can see that the cuckoo is

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It's time to—

re-roof for the last time

right over the old shingles

THE next heavy rain-storm may result in costly damage. Or flying sparks from a sudden neighborhood fire, falling on your old inflammable roof, may bring complete destruction.

Re-roof now; protect yourself from damage or disaster and at the same time save money on the job by laying Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof. You save the cost of ripping off the old shingles and carting them away. Your lawns and shrubbery are safe from the litter and damage of falling shingles. And you save money for years to come because Asbestos Shingles are permanent; you should never have maintenance costs or need to re-roof again.

Double roof protection

The old roof under Asbestos Shingles acquires a new value. It becomes a protecting blanket of insulation against the summer sun and winter cold. The upstairs rooms will be warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

A fire-proof roof

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are more than fire-safe. They are fire-proof. You can throw one in the fire and demonstrate this for yourself. They are given the highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

In Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you have a wide range of choice: in the various soft colors of gray, red and brown; in different thicknesses and edges rough or smooth; and in design of application, hexagonal or American method.

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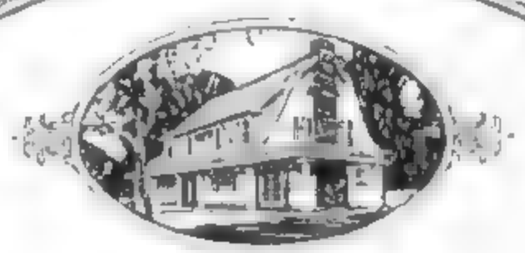

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Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
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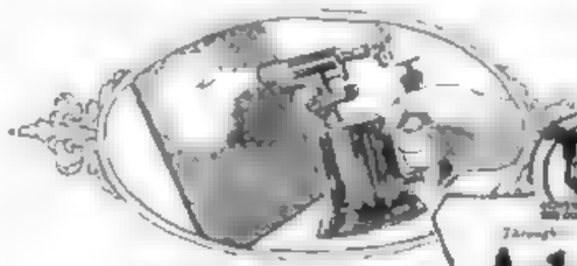

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(Continued from Page 48

just as much surprised as hurt. By the time the first round of the milly's in the discard Larkin's middle looks like he's got scarlet fever, and I notice in the corner that there's a kind of a argument going on between him and his second. I can't hear what they is talking about, but I don't need no more than seven hundred and forty-three chances to make a good guess.

Just before the second act starts Bud whispers something to Ray and the kid nods that he's wise. When he steps out in the middle of the ring he takes a jab with his left at Larkin just like Ed does. Red grins. He's hep now, he figures. Ray jabs around for a while, taking a good lunch of punishment for the play. By this time Larkin ain't paying so much attention to his bread basket. Suddenly this baby of ourn cuts loose with a couple of short jolts to the stomach and Red takes a spill. He's up at the count of nine, but he's woozy with the wallop and the kid's change of style. Ray starts to jab again and Larkin raises his mitts. One, two—bing, bang! Three, four and the works is off!

"Well," says Bud, "that was a great scrap you put up, Ray."

"What was the gate?" says this baby.

He ain't got nothing on his mind but jack. The same goes for Ed and Bud, and that gets me to the christening.

IV

LARKIN yelps his head off for a return match and we agrees to let him try again if he'll take us on in a week. He yells murder about the short time between millys, but we won't talk about no other time. The newspapers take our side of the argument, telling this boy Larkin that he ain't no more tired than Wallace and intimating that he's got a streak like a quarantine flag. Finally he comes in. He has to. The trimming he got just about put the skids under the fat row he had framed with Taylor, the Southwest champ, on Labor Day, and his only chance of cutting in on the juicy melon is to come back and beat Wallace to death.

I'm almost sorry for Red when he steps out the second time. He's all set in a knot for Ray's body punches, and Ed just naturally cuts him to ribbons with those long-arm swipes of his. My boy'd take a wallop and run. In about three rounds he has Larkin bleeding all over and puffing like an engine on the old Raton grade. Ed plays around with him for six rounds and then cracks him one in the jaw. It ain't such a hard wallop, but Red's all in and takes a rest. By the time he's feeling fresh again we been asleep three hours.

Bud don't waste no time, but gets right after me to pull that Labor Day match, but this time I put up a real roar. This baby Taylor's got everything—experience, a wallop in both hands and his body punches is just as good as his jabs. Besides, he's got a defense against everything. I've seen this bird fight three or four times and believe me he's one sweet lollypop.

"They ain't no use killing the egg that lays the golden goose," says I. "Let's clean up with all these little fish around here before tackling the whales. You know that neither of the boys can beat up Taylor, and a defeat right now ain't gonna help us none. Let's sop up the gravy first. You can't bull Taylor. It don't make no difference if you send in Ray or Ed and what training stuff you go through, this cuckoo is ready for any kind of milling. On the square, Bud, you don't think you can beat him with Ed, do you?"

"No, I don't," says he. "Taylor'd kill him."

"What makes you think Ray could do it?" I come back.

"Ray would be even worse," says he.

"Think you can bunk him with them training tricks you pulled on Larkin?" I asks him.

"No, I don't," comes back Bud.

"What?" I yells. "Then what are you talking about?"

He makes a kinda disgusted expression.

"Leave it to me, Gil," says he—I ain't known as Twin yet, you see. "I'm working out a scheme. You go get the fight. I made good so far, ain't I?"

They ain't no denying that, so I sets to work on my end of the deal. I don't have so much trouble as I figured. With Larkin outta the running, Taylor's manager is looking for a bird that will pull a strong gate and he gets interested in my palaver right off. The sports in Tulsa is strong for the mill; the papers play it for a good thing and pretty soon we got all arrangements made. The milly's to be on the night of Labor Day and the scrappers is to divide sixty-forty on 75 per cent of the take-in. The promoters tell me it's a cinch that the show will drag thirty thousand dollars easy, which makes twenty-two thousand five hundred for the boys to split, thirteen thousand five hundred dollars for the winner, nine thousand for the loser. I figure we're in soft even if we're licked.

"We ain't gonna be licked," says Bud when I tells him.

"Who you going to send in?" I asks. "Ed?"

"Both of 'em," he comes back.

"Both of 'em!" I chirps. "What do you think this is—a battle royal? I only signed for Ed, you know."

"Maybe," says Mehaffy, "Ed will be able to go through with it alone. He might slip over a lucky punch or catch Taylor outta condition."

"Suppose he don't?" I asks.

"Then," he says, cool-like, "we'll put in Ray to finish the job."

The bird's cuckoo and I starts walking away.

"Listen!" says Mehaffy. "You ain't got no brains worth mentioning, but maybe I can give you a little idea of what I'm talking about. Ed begins the fight. See? I figure he's good for five or six rounds. Taylor's a slow starter. If Ed's going good we'll let him alone. If he's slipping we'll yank him from the ring and slap in Ray, all fresh and everything."

"You must think this is a baseball game," I comes back sarcastic. "I suppose if Ray falls down you'll yank him and send me in."

"It can't never get that bad," comes back Mehaffy. "Let me wise you."

"Shoot!"

"We take both boys to the arena," explains Bud, "but Ray's going a couple of hours early and find a nice soft spot for himself under the ring."

"Are you batty," I busts out, "or just plain nuts?"

He don't answer, but goes right on with his spiel.

"Ed's in the ring. When he slips, which I figure he will, about the fifth or sixth round the lights go out suddenly—battery trouble at the main works. In a couple of seconds they go on again. Ed's under the ring and Ray's in it."

I'm too woozy to say anything.

"Easy, ain't it?" pipes Mehaffy.

"You think you can get away with that kind of murder?" I yelps finally.

"Why not?" says he.

"Because, you squirrel, you can't pull anything as raw as that without half the house getting hep!"

"In the dark?" says Bud.

"Dark or light!" I come back. "You can't shift one guy outta the ring and another in it without balling things up."

Mehaffy just grins.

"No trouble a-tall if you and me does our bits right."

"The whole idea's nutty," I says. "Suppose Ed gets a bust in the lamp right off the bat and the glim closes on him. How you going to get away with the switch? Tell me that!"

"We got to take some chances, ain't we?"

"Yeh," I says; "but we don't have to take no chance of losing all the jack and getting a ride outta town on a rail all dressed up in feathers. Aw, let's play it safe and take the loser's end!"

Mehaffy shakes his head.

"Not me! I don't ride no losers."

"There's nothing doing," says I. "I'm the manager."

Bud gets sorta mad.

"They ain't, hey? You go through with me or I'll spill the works!"

"You're kidding," I tells him.

"Try me!" says he.

I don't like the looks in his eyes, so I argue.

"Let's not be hogs," says I. "Nine thousand smackers ain't to be sneered at. Be a good feller, Bud."

"Nope," he comes back. "I ain't so interested in the money. They is something artistic about this that makes a hit with me."

"Artistic hell!" I yelps. I'm sore. "They ain't nothing doing!"

"All right, kid," says he, "then I springs the works."

"You wouldn't do that!"

"Bet your gold tooth, I will!" he says. "Yes or no!"

I gives in and he comes through with the rest of his scheme. I gotta hand it to this baby. He ain't overlooked nothing. Here's the way he's got it doped: Ed starts the fight. I'm in the corner with him, while Bud sits at the ring side. Ray's under the ring right close to his feet. Without telling him why, Mehaffy has it fixed with the janitor at the arena to douse the glims when Bud kinda yawns and waves a handkerchief in the air. He figures on doing this between rounds in case Ed is all in and set for a beating. I'm to help the kid through the ropes and Bud's to shove Ray into the ring. His idea is that there'll be such a racket and rough-house when the house goes dark that nobody will know what's happening. Blooey! The lights pop up! Ed's flopping under the planks and Ray's sitting pretty in the corner. Of course, if Ed is knocked cold the works is off; so is they if Ed looks like he's got a chance of grabbing the bacon on the square.

"We don't stand to lose nothing," says Bud. "If we can't get away with the shift we take the loser's end. If we can switch the boys we win. Taylor's a grand scrapper, but he can't take on two fresh lads like them Wallaces in one night."

"Lovely!" I says. "But what if we get caught at it?"

"That," comes back Mehaffy, "is the chance that makes it interesting."

"Who for?" I asks.

"You, of course," says he. "You're the manager, ain't you?"

V

ED AND Ray ain't got no kick. All these babies wants to know is how much jack they is in it. The boys was easy to handle; they never do cause us no trouble. Just before the argument with Larkin Ed kinda falls hard for a finger dipper in a barber shop and jazzes around with her all hours of the night. It interferes with his training, so I says to him one day, "Still out for the jack?"

"Nothing else but," pipes Ed.

"Then lay off the Jill," says I, and he done it.

Outside of that we don't never have to say nothing to them Wallaces. They don't hit the hooch, go to bed early and takes grand care of theirselves.

Well, we start getting ready for the big row. For two weeks we has rehearsals on the ring shift and in no time we got it down pat. Ed and Ray get so they can change places so quick you don't know it is being done. They just slide around like a couple of eels that has been rubbed with grease. Me and Bud each does our bit. They ain't gonna to be any handlers at the fight but me and him.

Mehaffy takes me to the arena and shows me the ring platform. It looks like Bud had it fixed to suit hisself. It's built up on posts a coupla feet off the ground and they ain't nothing to stop a guy or a dozen of 'em from climbing in under and sticking without being seen.

Bud don't overlook nothing. He even goes out and sets himself back for an overcoat about three sizes too big for him. He aims to spread it out when Ray climbs into the ring just to play safe in case they is a owl in the gang or some cuckoo lights a match. Everything looks lovely, but I can't get away from being worried. A fight crowd in Tulsa is likely to start shooting any minute, and I ain't got no wish to watch no grass growing from the roots up. I'm hoping Ed will be good enough to scrap Taylor to a standstill, but my judgment tells me they ain't no chance.

At the training quarters we use Ed one day and Ray the next, and we is mighty careful not to make no marks on them. Taylor has a coupla scouts look us over, but they don't get no feed-box info that'll do 'em any good. Wallace is there with everything as far as they can see. Just the same, the champ is the favorite and the betting odds is five to two on him. Me and Bud puts up most of our loose jack and the boys take a flyer too. We is all set for a juicy killing. Mehaffy and the kids figure everything's as good as in and begin talking about a match with the world's champ in Madison Square Garden; but me, I ain't so sure. Something tells me to worry, so I obeys orders.

About six o'clock of the night of the milly Bud takes Ray by the mitt and leads him to the arena. The boy's got his ring rig on, with pants and a sweater over 'em. He's got the gloves and tape wrapped up in a bundle, and they is even fixed up with a

(Continued on Page 52

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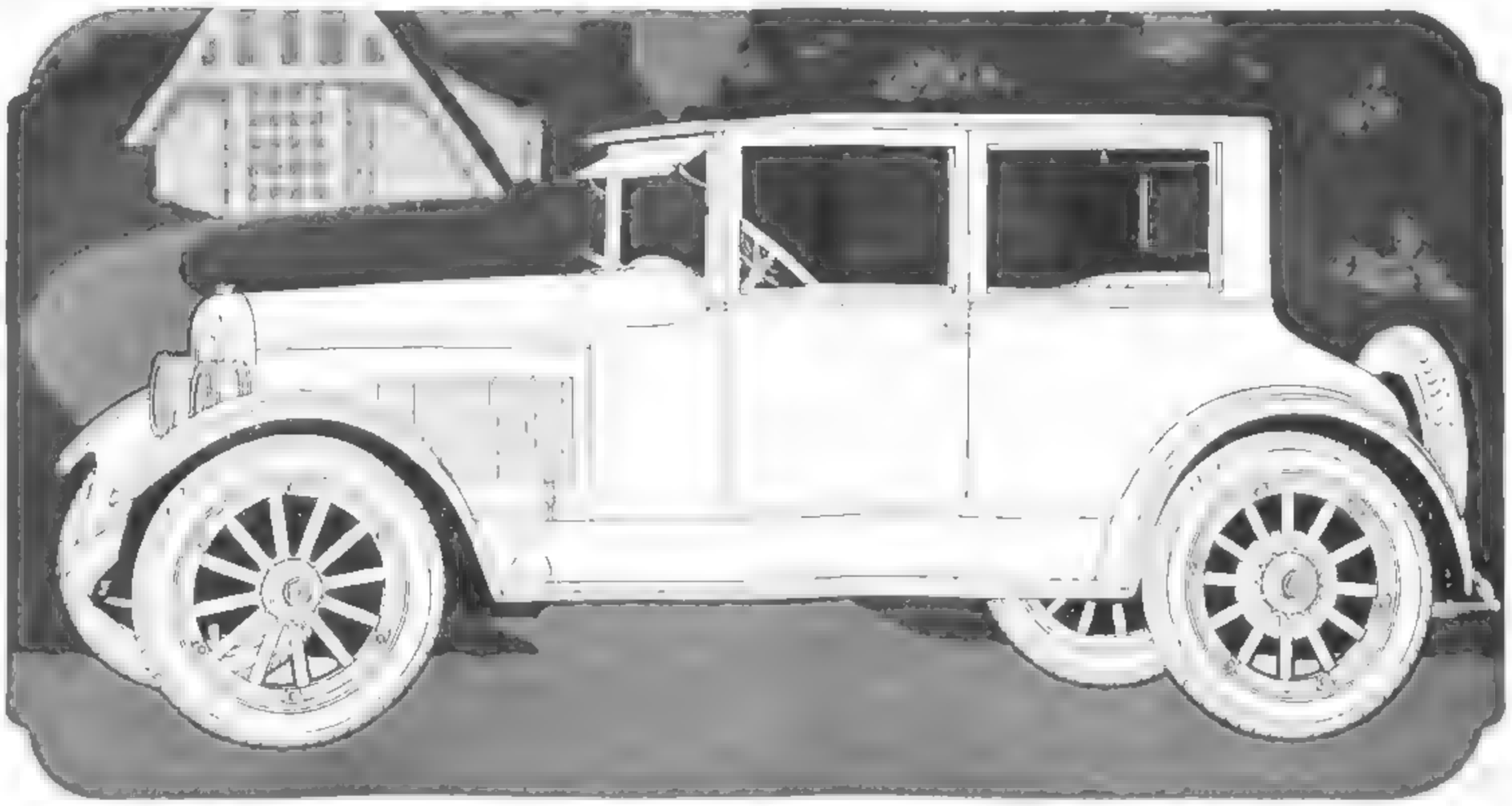

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(Continued from Page 50)

bottle of water for Ray to soak hisself and his gloves with so he'll look all right when he gets into the ring, if ever. Mehaffy has a final talk with Ray before they starts out.

"You just lay under the ring, kid," says he, "and take it easy. Don't let yourself get stiff. Keep moving your arms and legs. Ed'll be in the northeast corner and I'll be sitting right there at the ringside. After the main go starts shed your rags and creep up as close to my feet as you can. I'll leave one of my shoes unlaced so you can't go wrong. Just before I gets ready to give the office for the lights to go out I'll hold my wipe down for you to see. As soon as the glim is doused I'll get up and spread my overcoat. You just climb out from under and stay inside the coat. Higgins here will take care of Ed, and you, too, when you gets into the ring. Right?"

"K. O.," says Ray.

Bud don't have no trouble caching the boy. He gets in the back way. They ain't no one in the place. He finishes the job and comes back to the training quarters.

"Everything's sweet and pretty," says he. "Now listen, Ed! They ain't gonna be no arguments. When the lights flop you slide out the ring no matter how good you think you is. Remember, we can't wait until you're all in or you won't have enough strength to make the shift. If you're doing all right we'll let you alone. Got that?"

"I'll leave it to you," says Ed; "but I think I can knock that cuckoo for a row of ash cans."

"Maybe," comes back Bud; "but I'd hate to bet more 'an a thin dime on it."

Well, about nine o'clock we breezes to the arena. They is three prelims and we ain't due until about ten bells. This bird Ed's as cool as a fish. He ain't interested in nothing excepting the gate, while my thinks run fifty-fifty between gate and getaway, if things don't go so right.

The place is packed when we comes in. As soon as the last prelim is over we hop right in and grab off the northeast corner. Bud sits where he said he would. It's hotter than hell, but he's all bundled up in that overcoat.

Ed gets a nice hand. A couple of minutes later Taylor slides in. He's a husky-looking bird and I'm betting he outweighs my boy ten pounds at the leastest. Well, him and Ed trade a couple of mean looks, they take some pictures, the referee says his little piece and the announcer makes his spiel.

"In this corner," says he, "is Tom Taylor, welterweight champion of the Southwest; and in this," pointing to my boy, "Ed Wallace, the pride of Oklahoma."

"Yeh," says I to myself, "and under this corner is Ray Wallace and right here, maybe, the long-distance running champion of the world."

The bell blings and the boys go to work. They ain't no damage done in the first round. They just feels each other out. Ed gets in a few long-distance jabs, but they don't hurt none. Taylor don't do much but waltz around getting a line on the range. In the second spasm Ed gets in a stiff right to Taylor's jaw and sets this bird rocking on his toes. Before the champ can get set Wallace comes back with another mean right to Taylor's neck and sends that cuckoo wabbling to the ropes. Believe me, I'm feeling good! On the square, I been praying all night that Ed'll get through without a relief hitter.

The round's all Wallace's. Taylor's a pretty tired boy when he gets to his corner, but he comes back in the third fresh as a daisy. They trade a lot of wallops and the milly's about even. The fourth and fifth rounds don't mean much. They is both playing it safe, poking at each other and falling into the clinches when the going gets rough. They don't hurt each other none worth mentioning.

Then come the sixth. It looks like Taylor's been playing with Ed. He quits poking and side-stepping and clinching and steps right in. He just makes a monkey of Wallace, slapping him from one side of the ring to the other. If Ed ain't got an iron constitution he'd 'a' been knocked cuckoo a dozen times. I give Bud a quick look, but he don't make no sign. Then I give a couple of quick looks toward the door.

Just before the round ends Taylor catches Ed one over the heart that sends him staggering. The boy gets his balance back, though; stalls around for a while, and when the bell rings gets back to his corner steady enough. I hops in to give him the rub. You can see the baby's all tired. I'm busy with the boy and not thinking of nothing when blooey—out go the lights! Ed's head ain't tired none. He slides outta my hands like a greased pig and before I knows it another bird has slipped into 'em. I go on rubbing as if nothing ain't happened.

They is a racket and lots of yelling for lights, but I'm feeling pretty good. It don't look like no one's hep.

"Muss your hair, kid!" I hiss. "Muss your hair!" I dump a bucket of water on him. "Look tired, boy! All in!"

Blam! Up go the lights! They ain't been out more than half a minute. For a while I can't see so good. When I looks at the boy in the corner I thinks for a minute it was Ed. Then I pipes the mole and I know the works has gone through K. O. Suddenly this baby Taylor jumps up and runs over to us. I takes one look at the door and gets ready for a leap for life.

"Lemme see them gloves!" yelps the champ.

I feel better. I'm wise. Taylor figures the lights was put out to give Wallace a chance to stick a chunk of iron in his glove. That was an old stunt in them days. They'd either douse the glim or start a roughhouse, and when things were quiet again one of the babies would have a five-pound lead sinker cached in his glove.

"What's the game?" I yell. "What are you trying to put over on us? Lemme see them gloves!"

I look sore and make a grab at Taylor's hands. They ain't nothing wrong with neither of the boys and the milly starts again.

Ray shoots in a few body blows. You can see Taylor is surprised by the boy being so fresh. The change in style worries him some, too, before the round is over. I can't understand why no one don't get suspicious. All that Ed had been doing was jabbing and using his left, and Ray don't do none of them things. All he does is sink his fists in Taylor's tummy and wallop him in the kidneys, which was all right in them days. Ray sure punishes the champ in the seventh.

The boy comes back to his corner with a grin.

"Cinch," he whispers. "The cuckoo's all in. I'll get him in a coupla rounds sure."

"Take it easy," says I. "Maybe he ain't so all in like he looks. Watch out for that right of his. He nearly slaughtered Ed with it. Get me?"

Wallace takes my advice and don't try to kill the champ right away. He just keeps hammering at Taylor's stomach with his short jolts. You can see easy the baby's weakening fast and I figure he ain't good but maybe for two rounds more. I'm feeling good and ain't worried none no more.

The next spasm is a massacre. Taylor is knocked off his pins and takes a nine count. He gets up, staggers around for a while and then flops again for nine. The champ gets up and wabbles into a clinch. He's so weak he can't even lift his hands. Ray is just about to put over the sleep pill when the bell rings. I take a look at Bud and grin. He's standing six or seven feet away from the ring in the aisle. I don't grin long. There's a guy sitting near where Bud was, yelling like a nut. Suddenly he pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and waves it over his head.

Blam! Out go the lights! I feel Ray slipping from my hands.

"It's a mistake!" I hiss. "Stick here, you boob!"

There's a lot of noise and scuffling and cursing near me. I'm so excited I don't know what's what.

Bling! Up come the lights and there's Ed and Ray in the ring, one of 'em on the stool and the other just coming through the ropes.

The crowd don't get hep for a while and I ain't waiting for them to come outta their trance. I just jump over the ropes and run for the door. I only give one look back. The gang's rushing the ring. I get outside all right and beat it down the street. About six blocks from the arena there's a guy in front of me running like blazes too. He gets under a light and I see it's Bud.

I catch up with him, but he don't stop. I can see he's headed for the railroad yards and I follows. We got one piece of luck anyway. They is a tanker pulling out and we hops on a flat at the end near the caboose. We don't say nothing for a while. We ain't got the wind.

"You played hell, didn't you?" I says finally.

"How was I to know," he snaps back, "that them cuckoos would think the handkerchief stunt was gonna be worked more 'an once?"

"You should 'a' told 'em," I says. "I guess Ed figured the baby flopping on the canvas over his head was Ray and you wanted him to pull the relief act."

"I guess so," says he. "It was some artistic stunt, though, while it worked, hey, boy?"

I just laughed, bitterlike.

"Wonder if the boys made a get-away?" asks Bud.

"No," says I; "they is probably sticking around to see what the gate was!"

HELEN OF TROY, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 23)

largely confined to transatlantic liners; Happy Gorman, who had attained fame and a jail sentence—by means of an astoundingly clever oil-stock swindle; and Connie Hawes, one-time counterfeiter and generally expert flimflam artist. Their eyes were focused interestedly upon the Junoesque figure of the woman who stood with her back against the door, enjoying to the ultimate her calcium moment.

"Well," she announced pridefully, "Jim Hanvey fell for it!"

There was a moment of tense silence.

At last, Johnny Norton, pulling nervously at his mustache, voiced the question which was uppermost in the minds of all of them:

"You sure?"

"Positive! You know how it is, boys. Jim has got only one weakness and that's his heart. It's softer than mush. He fell for that going-straight stuff like a tabby for a fresh box of catnip. Honest, it was a shame to take the money."

Johnny grinned.

"He promised to keep me straight?"

"Yeh. Reckon it was the first time poor old Jim was ever asked to do anything like that." Her face clouded. "I sort of hate to put it over on him this way. I'm awful strong for Jim."

"So are all of us." It was Connie Hawes speaking. "But what could we do about it? It was a cinch we'd have trouble with Jim, so the best thing was to throw him off the track."

Slim Bolton rose and walked to the window. He spoke without turning.

"Reckon this stuff ain't exactly in my line," he commented; "but I never did understand the reason for wising Jim up. I'm not saying you fellows are wrong, but it looks to me like we are running an unnecessary chance."

Johnny Norton made no attempt to conceal his contempt for the slender one.

"If you had more than one brain in your head, Slim, they wouldn't have barred you from the steamships. The reason Jim had to know it was this: He's chief of the detective force of the Bankers' Protective Association. Bein' down in this part of the country, it was a dead cinch he'd be called in the minute anything irregular happened."

"But nothing irregular ——"

"Nothing irregular me eye! I borrow two hundred thousand dollars on a quarter million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. The banking house sends 'em over to the bank by messenger for rediscount. You fellows bump the messenger and make a get-away with the bonds. Bond robbery from a banking house which is a member of the Bankers' Protective. Jim Hanvey is called in of course, and first thing he asks is where did they get the Liberty Bonds. And when they tell him that a gent named John Roden Norton borrowed the money he would be most likely to smell a mice; even two or three mices."

"But when this happens ——"

"Pff! You fellows are gonna lay low. And Jim already knows all about my borrowing the two hundred thou. He even knows about the Juarez proposition, and at the very moment you fellows are grabbing off the bonds I'll be with Jim Hanvey.

(Continued on Page 54)

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They have combined open car ruggedness with closed car protection and smartness.

They have demonstrated, once for all, that a sedan can be as practical and almost as inexpensive as an open touring car.

The body is built of hand-welded steel because steel is sturdy, and will take a permanent, oven-baked finish, eliminating forever the cost of repainting.

The seats are upholstered in attractive, genuine Spanish blue leather, because leather will wash and wear.

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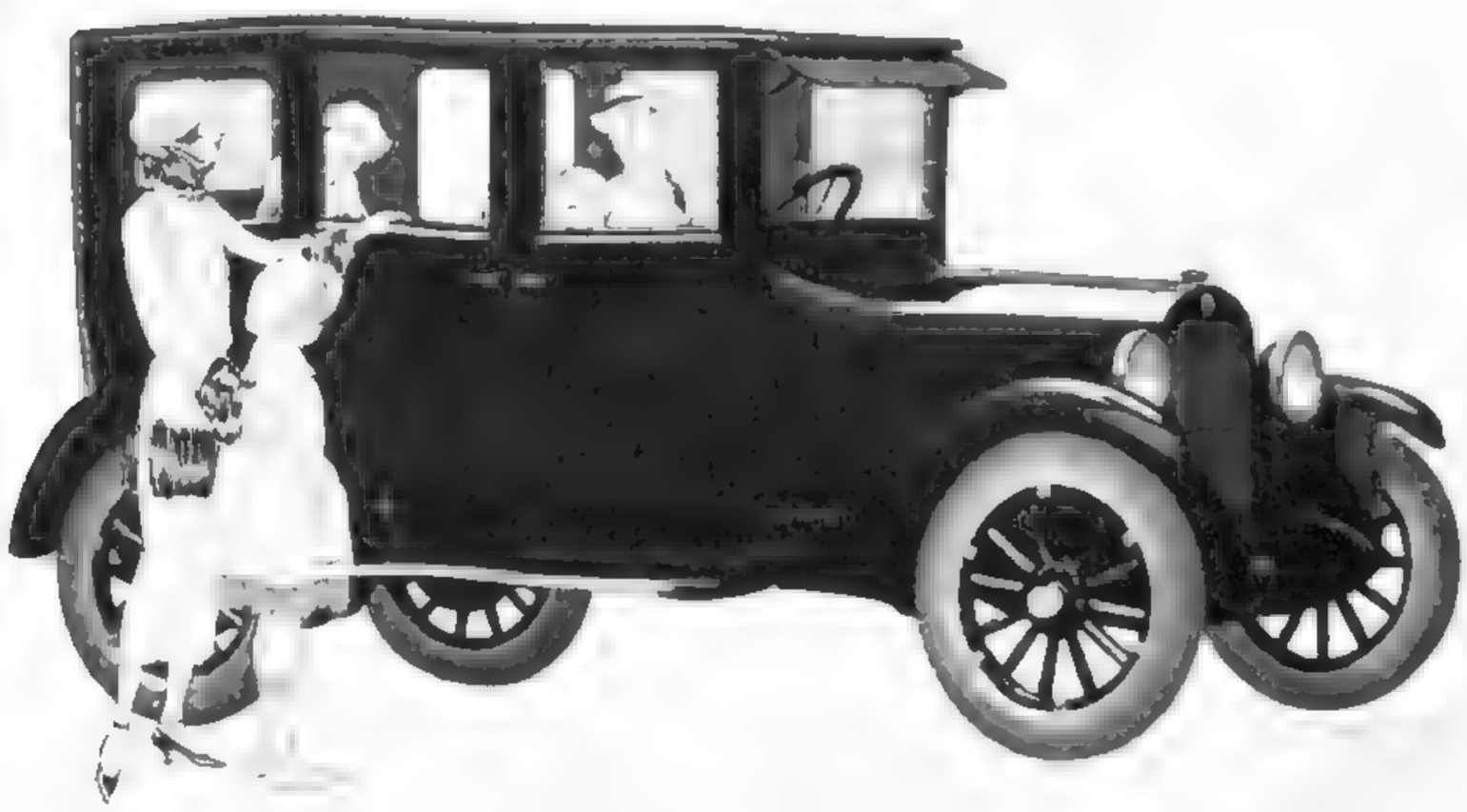

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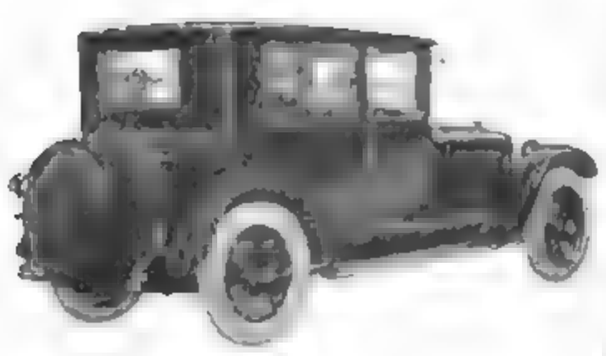

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The more experienced and critical you are in your judgments of motor cars, the more enthusiastic you will be as an owner and driver of the Wills Sainte Claire. This car is designed and built for those men and women who are accustomed to and insist upon the finest and the best.

You will find that no other car rides so easily, drives so easily, clings to the road so tenaciously as the Wills Sainte Claire. Because no other motor car has the spring suspension, the perfect balance, the even weight-distribution of the Wills Sainte Claire.

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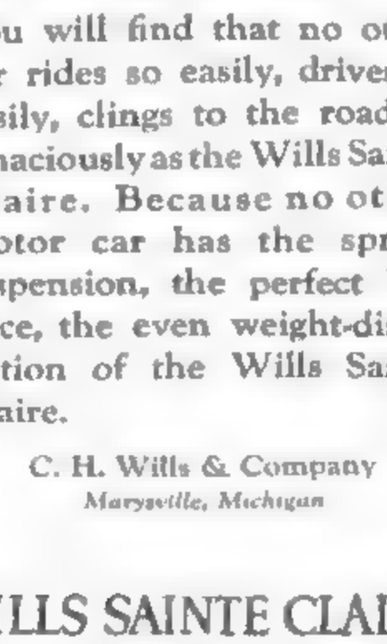

(Continued from Page 52)

Get that? He not only is gonna be set easy on borrowing the coin, but he's also gonna be right with me when the fireworks are being shot. What's the result? I've got a clean slate with Jim. I even let him induce me not to raise Torrance's check—swell chance I'd have raisin' that bird's paper—and so Jim will be lovin' me real sweet and you guys will be beatin' it to the border with them quarter million dollars in bonds. You fellers will cash 'em in somewheres——"

"How about the numbers? They ain't registered bonds, I know, but the minute that many are stolen the banking house will notify the B. P. A. to watch out ——"

Helen of Troy had been too long in the background. She didn't like it. All her life she had been accustomed to having men stare at her and hang upon her words, and so now she took the floor again and gave explanation to Slim Bolton, who had but recently been impressed into service as the necessary fifth member of the party.

"I and Happy worked out that game," she explained. "Happy is awful keen on stocks and bonds and things like that, so he knew that we'd have to watch out for those numbers. So what we'll do is this: Johnny, here, has already made arrangements for the loan—told the banking house just what he wants the money for—and on Thursday he's to swap the bonds and his note for the cash. He's due to be on hand at eleven o'clock in the morning, but he ain't gonna be. He's gonna get there about half-past one, the banks in this burg closin' up at two o'clock. He'll hand over the bonds to the president of the banking house and that bird will check over the bond numbers with Johnny, Johnny having them written down formal-like on a piece of paper.

"And here's the point, Slim: The numbers that Johnny reads out will be the numbers of the bonds all right, but the numbers he reads won't be the numbers that are written down on this slip of paper.

"Minute he does that he's gonna ask the banker to give him the check quick so he can deposit before the bank closes, with the result that the banker will accept that list and will give Johnny's slip to the bookkeeper for entering in the journal. In other words, the numbers that they'll enter up won't be the numbers of the bonds at all, and there won't be any check when you get away with 'em. Chances are the banking house has already made arrangements to rediscount at one of the big banks, and they'll be anxious to shoot the collateral right around there; so the whole thing will slip through real pretty."

"And if it don't?" questioned the pessimistic Slim.

She stamped her foot irritably.

"Then it'll simply be a harder matter to dispose of the bonds. They're in thousand-dollar denominations, and it would take time, but not be dangerous. Anyway you boys are to cash in as soon as you can, shoot the two hundred thousand back to Johnny and then Johnny redeems his bonds and hikes down there to join you. We can't lose."

"Us fellers do the rough work," commented Connie Hawes. "That ain't ever been exactly in my line."

"I'm putting up the kale, ain't I?" queried Johnny. "That ought to count some."

"It does. But ——"

"But nothing!" snapped Helen of Troy. "The way you boys talk about flunking this thing you almost make me ashamed of being a crook."

Meanwhile, in the very limited confines of his room, Jim Hanvey had been doing considerable thinking. He sat as Helen had left him, overflowing the old wicker chair, puffing solemnly upon the long-extinguished stump of his cigar, fat fingers fiddling with his watch chain.

Jim was interested; so interested that for a few moments he almost forgot the intense heat. He had been asked to keep a crook on the straight and narrow.

"Gee! Johnny was a good workman in his day. Funny what wimmin will do to a guy."

He was surprised that Johnny had remained straight for this length of time. He didn't blame the lad, of course—was sincerely glad that he had done so. Helen was a woman in a million, just such a one as Jim secretly craved for a wife. She was comfortably large and full-blooded and richly blond. "And wise. I'd hate to be married to a boneheaded dame." He lighted his cigar stump absently. "Swell-lookin' frail like her could almost make me turn crooked. No wonder she's kept Johnny straight."

More peculiar than that, however, Jim reflected, was the fact that Helen herself had forsaken the rose path. She had been a clever dip in her day—none superior—and a smooth worker in other lines. He recalled the Starkman blackmail scheme; they'd never been able to hang a thing on Helen for that—or Johnny either. Old Starkman's lips had been tightly sealed, and not through indifference to money.

"That bimbo didn't love a dollar no more than he did his last pair of pants. Helen sure had him dead to rights, someway."

Here was Helen going straight and coming to him for assistance that her husband might not step from the road of rectitude. Jim's massive head rolled heavily from side to side in wonderment.

He spent the evening at a movie, finding himself aroused to spontaneous applause at that portion of the picture which disclosed the husband returning home just in time to prevent the elopement of his wife and the chauffeur, the latter having turned out to be an old lover in disguise. There was a saccharine scene which resulted in a dramatic choice between the men, the woman designating her preference by nearly strangling her husband while that gentleman beamed happily upon the discomfited lover as he slunk miserably away, presumably to another household where, perchance, the husband might not return home thus inopportunely.

Scenes of that sort were vastly impressive to Jim. He hated bad sportsmanship, and the villain-chauffeur in this picture had been a bad sport. Crookedness Jim loved. He admired a clever crook and worshiped a good woman. There was something massively pitiful about the man as he gazed raptly upon the silver screen in the picture show; something inexpressibly sad in his demeanor, his abject loneliness. Jim himself would have been the last person in the world to realize the void in his life. Keen as he was in analysis of others, he was no master of introspection. When he emerged from the picture theater it was in the grip of a warm, sentimental glow. His simple, direct nature had been stirred to the roots. At that moment he desired nothing in life so much as to insure Helen the retention of that happiness which a few brief years of honest living had brought to her.

The following morning—Wednesday—he visited the banking house of Starnes & Company, where Johnny's loan was in the process of negotiation. He discovered that Joseph P. Starnes, the president, was handling the matter personally and that Johnny had explained frankly to Mr. Starnes the use to which the money was to be put.

"It is no concern of mine," explained Mr. Starnes crisply, "what Mr. Norton does with that money. As a matter of fact, it has been my experience that a professional gambler is highly trustworthy. In the second place there is always the chance that his venture will prove unprofitable, in which case I shall have recourse to my collateral. It is excellent collateral, Mr. Hanvey; as good as money. This house is safe—entirely and thoroughly safe."

"H'm! Guess you're about right, Mr. Starnes. Just wanted to know if you was wise to what this bird wanted the money for."

"Of course I am." Mr. Starnes' manner was curt. He had an instinctive antipathy to this hulking representative of the Bankers' Protective Association; had more than once seriously considered suggesting to that organization that the man was mentally unfitted for the responsibility of his position.

"And if I were not it would make no difference. Liberty Bonds form security which we cannot question."

Jim rose.

"I ain't gonna argue about it."

"There's nothing to argue."

"Certainly not. Of course there ain't. That's why I ain't gonna argue about it."

That evening Jim dropped in at the hotel where Johnny and Helen were registered. He telephoned to their room and was bidden to come up. His call abruptly terminated a hectic pinochle game then in progress, leaving Happy Gorman a heavy and disgruntled loser. When Jim entered the room he discovered Johnny playing solitaire and Helen seated by the window, reading a fashion magazine. A significant glance passed between the portly detective and the lavishly blond woman. Johnny rose at sight and posed for a moment with one hand gripping the card table, a slight frown showing.

"'Lo, Jim."

Johnny was a most excellent actor. Apparently he was enormously surprised at the presence of the Gargantuan gentleman who bulked in the doorway. It was Jim who punctured the silence:

"Ain't you glad to see me, Johnny?"

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"I'll bite. Why?"

"If you think you've got anything on me ——"

"Aw, g'wan, Johnny! You know durn well that I know you've been goin' straight since you and Helen got hitched up. Just heard you were in town an' dropped in for a social chat."

Norton appeared relieved. He heaved an impressive sigh and motioned his visitor to a chair.

As though for the first time, Jim took notice of Helen. He held her two hands in his and stared approvingly.

"Helen of Troy! By gosh, Helen, you're prettier than ever! You've put on flesh, but you've been careful where you put it."

"That's all that counts, isn't it?"

"Yep. Some wimmin are downright careless. How're you an' Johnny gettin' along?"

"Mighty well."

"Who you doin' for a livin'?"

"The public. Johnny's been makin' a book down in New Orleans. It's a lot of work and a heap of expense, but we've managed to make ends meet."

Jim eyed the cards longingly.

"How 'bout a little three-handed game of setback?"

Chairs were drawn up. They played for a cent a point. It was midnight when Jim paid his losses—eighty-one cents—and rose to go.

"This is the life," he commented heartily. Then his face grew serious. "Keep it up, Johnny. There's nothin' to this crooked stuff."

"I know that, Jim," returned Norton fervently. "I'm off it."

The door closed behind the detective. Assured that he had departed, Johnny crossed the room, took his wife in his arms and implanted a smacking kiss upon her willing lips.

"Hook, line and sinker!"

"It is a dirty shame to take him in that way."

"Sure! But it's him or us, and there ain't any use of it being us. We'll be on Easy Street when this deal is finished."

They slept but lightly that night. The following morning early there was an executive session in Johnny's room. Slim Bolton was there, pessimistic as ever; Happy Gorman, melancholy but game; Connie Hawes, steely-eyed and emotionless.

"There's nothing to worry about," reassured Johnny. "Everything's chicken."

"For you, yes."

Helen of Troy whirled on the speaker. "You can welch any time you want. It's Johnny's idea and Johnny's jack. If you ain't game to go through with it ——"

"Aw, dry up, girlie! Who said anything about welching? I just wanted you to know that we aren't going it blind. If we didn't need the money so bad ——"

"If people didn't need money there wouldn't be any crooks," she said tartly. "Now let's check over the plan."

They put their heads together and for the next fifteen minutes their earnest voices hummed steadily; five clever—if warped—brains planning the betterment of themselves and the discomfiture of a single, lonely, unwieldy detective.

"It's rough," summarized Happy Gorman, "but it looks like a cinch."

They separated. Slim Bolton went to a downtown garage, where he took out a car bought by him three days before. Slim knew more than a thing or two about automobiles, and for two days had been devoting his energies to the task of tuning this car up to the notch of perfect performance. He drove downtown and parked opposite the office building which housed the firm of Starnes & Company, bankers and brokers.

Slim took his post in the automobile at about eleven o'clock. At 11:30 he was joined by Happy Gorman, strong of arm and melancholy of face.

(Continued on Page 56)

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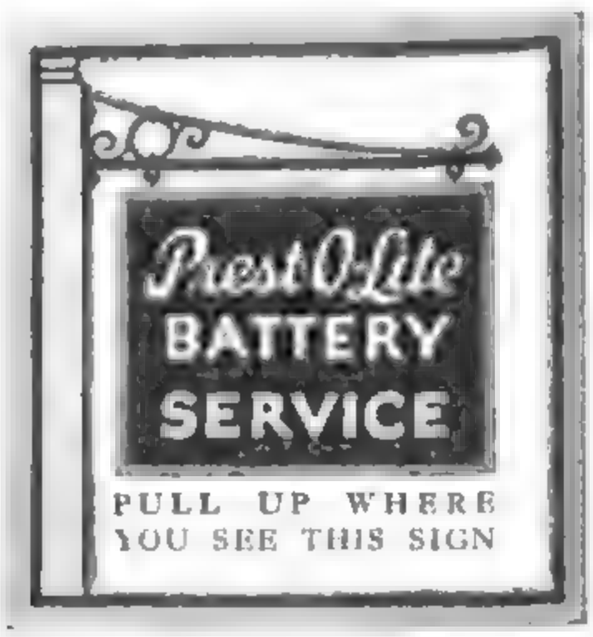

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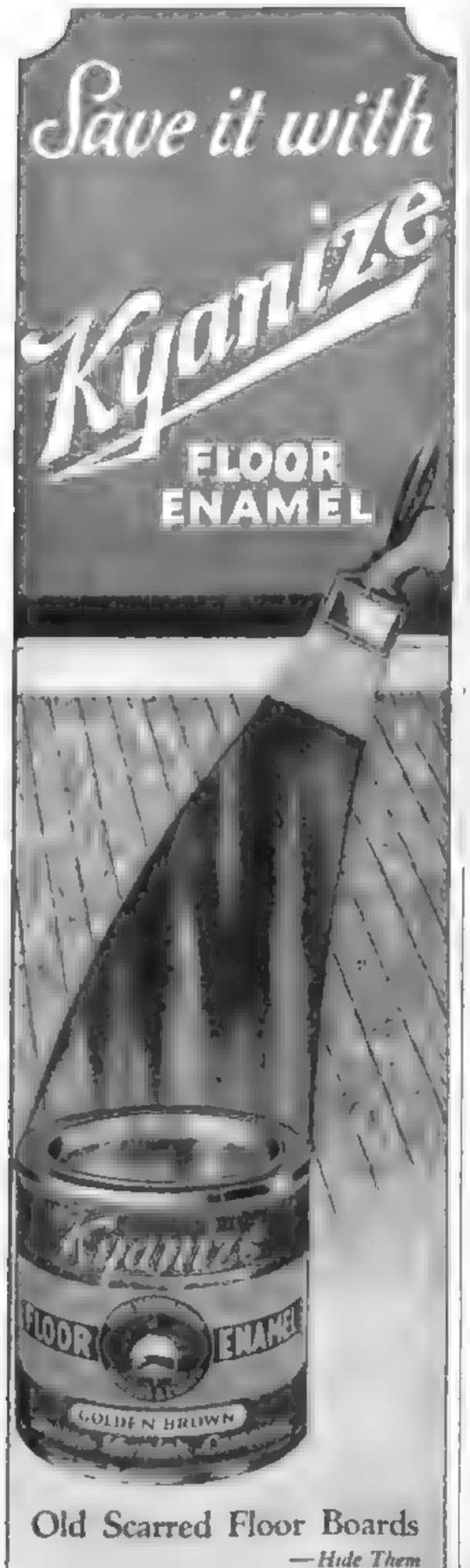

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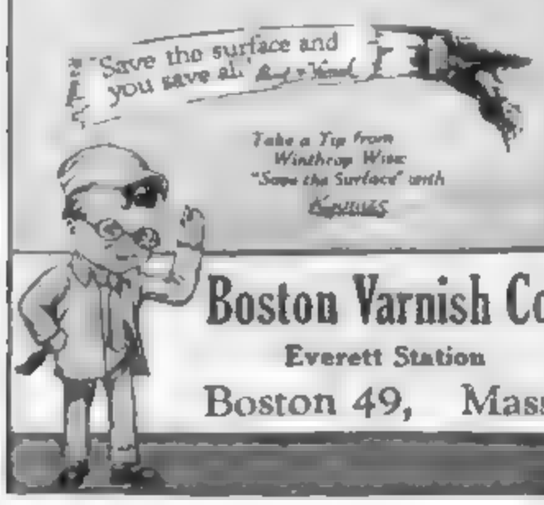

Boston Varnish Co.
Everett Station
Boston 49, Mass.

(Continued from Page 54)

At 11:45 Connie Hawes appeared. He was dressed in a loose-fitting tweed suit, his coat tailored with a vent back so as to afford a maximum of action liberty. He nodded briefly to the two men in the car, then strolled around the corner and stationed himself outside a barber shop where he controlled a view of the building which held the Starnes offices. At 1:20 o'clock the figure of Johnny Norton came into view. He was walking up from the main business thoroughfare of the city and carrying a package which the men knew contained the Liberty Bonds. From the corner of his eye he took note of the fact that his three confederates were on duty. He turned into the office building and five minutes later was ushered into the private office of Joseph P. Starnes. That gentleman greeted him effusively, but it was patent, too, that Mr. Starnes was very much on guard.

"You're late, Mr. Norton."

"Sorry," explained Johnny suavely. "I overslept, and I've been busy checking over these bonds." He produced a knife and deftly cut the twine which bound the bulky package. "I suppose you have the note prepared."

"Yes."

Starnes reached for the bonds. His sharp eyes, glittering from beneath bushy brows, inspected them closely. There wasn't a doubt of their genuineness. He counted them three times. Mr. Starnes was thoroughly reassured. His firm was on the verge of negotiating a very profitable loan. They were to receive 7 per cent interest from Johnny, rediscount the bonds at 5 per cent and thus make a clear 2 per cent profit, plus brokerage commission, without the embarrassment of tying up any of their cash reserve.

"Amount correct?" questioned Johnny crisply.

"Yes."

Johnny glanced at his watch.

"It is almost time for the bank to close, Mr. Starnes. If you'll make out my check for two hundred thousand and let me sign the note —— I want to make my deposit today."

Starnes reached for a memorandum pad.

"I'll have to take these numbers down."

Johnny was frigid under the strain.

"I have a list here, Mr. Starnes. If you will just check the bonds themselves."

"Good!"

Unsuspiciously Joseph P. Starnes checked the numbers on the bonds as Johnny Norton read from the list. It was considerable of a memory feat on Johnny's part, and he would not have been equal to it save for the fact that he worked with a key system. He read the numbers swiftly, each number that he read being the actual number on a bond which the banker checked off. But the numbers which Johnny called out were not the numbers which he had on his list.

The hour of two was approaching. Johnny again suggested that he desired to make his deposit that day in the First National. Starnes sounded the buzzer for his bookkeeper.

"The Norton note, please, and the check."

They were duly produced. Starnes innocently reached for the list of bond numbers which Johnny had unostentatiously laid atop the bonds and extended the list to his bookkeeper.

"See that these are entered up, Mr. Mathews. These are the thousand-dollar Liberties which we have accepted as security for the loan to Mr. Norton here."

The bookkeeper departed with the incorrect list of bonds. Johnny Norton was grinning inwardly. He scribbled his name on the note and accepted the Starnes check for two hundred thousand dollars. He shook hands and departed. Slim Bolton and Happy Gorman saw him swing down the street en route to the First National. At two minutes before two o'clock Johnny deposited to his credit the Starnes check. Then he returned to the hotel—and Helen.

She was exultant at his report of success, and immediately they set the stage for a new drama. From the depths of his trunk he produced several dozen blank checks of the Crescent National of New Orleans. These he placed on the writing desk beside Major Torrance's check for eight thousand dollars, which was also on the Crescent National. A half dozen pens were next laid out carefully and several bottles of ink, all approximately of the color used originally by the unsuspecting horse owner, who was at that moment a victim to *mal de mer*. Then, with brow furrowed, Johnny went to work. The spell of it gained upon him; he forgot for the moment that this was not seriously undertaken. His fingers, clumsy through lack of practice, labored over 8's and 0's similar to those made by the major.

"It's a dog-goned shame," commented Johnny, "that I ain't really trying something like this."

Helen gazed pridefully upon his handiwork.

"Come off that, dearie! Jim'd have you in less than no time."

"I know, I know; but I'm awfully tempted." He shoved his chair back from the writing desk, lighted a Turkish cigarette and walked to the window, where he posed for a moment, carelessly twirling his close-clipped mustache. "Better telephone Jim, Helen. We want this thing to be an alibi."

She called the number of Jim's hotel apartment house. The switchboard operator there answered.

"Mr. Hanvey's apartment, please."

There was a brief pause and then the operator's voice: "If you'll hold the telephone for a moment I'll connect you. Mr. Hanvey has just went up in the elevator."

Helen nodded violently at her husband, signifying that Jim was at home. In the transmitter she fired a question: "How long has he been out?"

"I don't know. I've just been on duty a half hour. If you wish ——"

Then came a violent buzzing, a pause and a drawling, lazy voice from the other end:

"Hello! Who's this now?"

"Jim?"

"Yeh?"

"This is Helen."

"Is it?"

"Oh, Jim"—she pulled out the tremolo stop—"you promised to help me keep Johnny straight—you promised!"

"Well, I'm doin' my best."

"You haven't done enough. He's working now, Jim—right now. Do you understand?"

"On that paper?"

"Yes. Understand?"

"Sure; sure I do, Helen! I ain't so thick I can't see the joke when one clown slaps another in the pants. What you want me to do about it?"

"Come down and stop him. He'll listen to you."

"There ain't many folks will." Brief silence and then —"I'll come. It's awful hot for walkin' —"

"Take a taxi."

Came Jim's answer, heavy with sarcasm: "Too durned expensive for an honest detective."

His receiver clicked on the hook. Helen flung herself across the room and into her husband's arms.

"It worked, dearie. He just came in, which means he ain't hanging around Starnes & Company. He probably followed you when you left there, to get an idea if you were up to anything special. Saw you return to the hotel, and he went home. You've got an alibi. And now—now we'll let him save you from going crooked! Oh, honey, we're getting away with it!"

He patted her shoulder fondly.

"You sure are a dandy wife, Helen! Great ol' girl!"

She bustled into the dressing room.

"I'll be on the watchout for Jim in the lobby. Remember, Johnny, if you act your part right he'll never suspect you of being in on this deal, even if something should go wrong."

As she arranged her hat Johnny Norton glanced across the housetops in the general direction of the downtown business district.

"Gee, I'd give something to know what happened down yonder!"

It was worth knowing, for there had been action a-plenty. All three of the waiting men had witnessed Johnny's departure from the offices of Starnes & Company, and they saw Johnny walk to the bank via the route which they knew the messenger would take. The quintet had planned this affair to a detail. They knew, for instance, that securities of unusual value held by Starnes & Company were daily taken to the First National Bank by a trustworthy messenger.

This messenger was little more than a glorified office boy despite his maturity. Too, he was a creature of habit. He daily departed the Starnes & Company suite about 2:30 o'clock, and being methodical took the shortest possible route to the First National. It was upon this habit of the messenger's that much of their scheme was based.

There were two routes between the Starnes corner and the First National, located two blocks away. The obvious one was down Elm Street one block to Main, and thence along that chief thoroughfare to Pelham Street. The other was one block north on Ashmore and thence across on Pelham to Main. The latter route was several steps shorter, less traveled, and therefore easier. It was this second route which the Starnes messenger was in the habit of taking.

Almost identical in distance, the two routes were entirely dissimilar. Elm Street was a principal thoroughfare, something which could not be said of either Ashmore or Pelham. Those two blocks were lined with shoddy secondhand stores, groceries, markets and third-rate cafeterias.

At thirty-three minutes after two o'clock the Starnes messenger emerged from the big office building and started northward on Ashmore. He walked with a peculiar shuffling gait, and in his right hand he clutched a brown-leather satchel. The moment he appeared Slim Bolton slipped into reverse, backed his sedan into the traffic, turned into Ashmore and followed. He saw Connie Hawes detach himself from the doorway of a barber shop and fall into step behind the decrepit and unsuspecting messenger.

Slim was driving parallel to the slow-moving messenger. His car veered toward the curb. A trifle ahead of the man, Slim stopped his car and immediately slipped into second in preparation for a quick get-away. Happy Gorman, every inch the gentleman in appearance, opened the rear door of the sedan and hailed the little old man.

"Pardon me, stranger," he said politely, "but would you mind telling me which way I go to reach the best hotel?"

The messenger paused and quite innocently moved toward the curb and the car. He recognized that this man must be a tourist. Connie Hawes closed in on him from the rear.

"The best hotel?" repeated the messenger, pleased at having been questioned. "It's two blocks down that way, and then ——"

The world went black before his eyes. Connie Hawes struck as he leaped. The messenger pitched forward into the opened door and Connie flung him out of the way as he darted by and grabbed the satchel. A spectator, rigid with terror, emitted a shriek of horror. The messenger crumpled grotesquely in the gutter—stunned.

Slim clamped down on the accelerator and sped forward. There was no traffic policeman on that little-used corner. Another pedestrian shouted, but no one knew what caused his excitement. The car whirled eastward on Pelham Street, turned north at the next corner and then rounded the block and sped southward over the viaduct. A crowd had collected about the figure of the stricken messenger, who was now struggling back to consciousness. Excitement was intense, but explanations given the belated policeman were incoherent. The officer notified headquarters that a messenger for the Starnes banking house had been hit on the head and robbed, but he had no clue as to the identity of the assailants and knew nothing of the affair save that the escape had been made in an automobile. And the three criminals, speeding across country, little appreciated the measure of their safety. They drove at reasonable speed for thirty miles. At the first little town Connie Hawes alighted, carrying the satchel. The car proceeded. Twelve miles farther south Happy Gorman left the car. Slim drove into the next town, parked his car at the curb, strolled nonchalantly into a drug store, where he consumed an ice-cream soda, and twenty minutes later boarded a New Orleans-bound train. In the second Pullman he saw Connie Hawes and Happy Gorman, but by no slightest gesture did these men indicate an acquaintanceship with one another.

They knew that they were safe, but took no chances. Time enough for that after their trip westward from New Orleans, when they should have attained safety on the far side of the Mexican border.

(Continued on Page 58)

How the Metropolitan Life Protects its Investments

Home Office, New York City of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Reading Pipe installed

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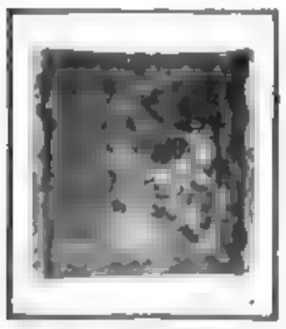
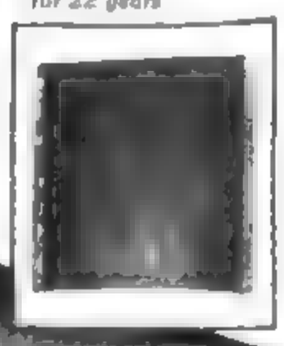


Above—Steel Pipe 8 years in service

Below—Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe in Service for 22 years



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Name.....
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(Continued from Page 56)

Events of some importance had been occurring contemporaneously in the city from which they had so abruptly departed. Immediately on receiving the telephone call from Helen of Troy, Jim Hanvey left his diminutive apartment. The heat had become more intense; the sun baked down from a sky unmarked by clouds.

Walking, for Jim, was far from a pleasure. He rolled uncomfortably down the street, his tiny, fishlike eyes blinking with interminable slowness, fat hands flapping awkwardly against his pants legs with each lumbering step. He turned in at the hotel lobby and there found Helen. She crossed eagerly toward him, futilely searching his puttylike face for any indication of suspicion.

"You understand what I wanted with you, Jim?"

"Yeh, sure I understand, Helen. But it does seem to me Johnny might've been considerate enough to pick a cooler day to go crooked on."

"He's working now. He's all excited, looking like he's sorry he wasted all this time going straight. He's a wizard with other folks' checks, Johnny is "

"M'm-h'm! Clever boy. What you want me to do?"

"Go up and talk to him."

"Alone?"

"I'll go with you."

"He won't get peeved at you for tipping me off?"

"I don't care if he does," she returned virtuously. "I always have believed that honesty was the best policy—when you don't really need money."

"Yeh—and when you get away with it."

They entered Johnny's room without the formality of knocking.

Johnny backed against the table, jaws working in true movie-villain fashion. His hands, groping behind his back, scraped the checks into a heap in a crude attempt at concealment. Helen, too, gave evidence of the fact that the art of the actor is not yet dead—or even ill. She raised pitiful eyes to her husband's face.

"I know you'll hate me, Johnny; but I tipped Jim off."

He simulated great rage.

"Snitched on me, eh? Damn you ——"

"Whoa, Johnny! Easy there, son! I kinder hate to hear ladies damn-you'd when I'm around."

Johnny turned his offended attention to the detective.

"It's none of your business ——"

"I hope not, Johnny; but it most likely would have been if Helen hadn't telephoned me."

"I did it for your sake, Johnny," she chimed in. "I have been very happy during the last six years, unhaunted by the fear of prison cells."

Jim turned to her, a quizzical light in his glassy eyes.

"Who wrote them words?"

She flushed.

"I don't know; but they're just what I feel." She threw her arms around Johnny's neck. "Please, dearie, for my sake, for the sake of our happiness, listen to Jim! We've been straight for so long. You couldn't get away with no forgery job now, dearie; you're all out of practice."

Jim waddled heavily across the room and took the batch of half-written checks from Johnny's unresisting hand.

"Lemme see how good you are now, kid. You used to be real clever." He inspected them closely. "T'chk! T'chk! They just can't come back, Johnny. That's awful rough work. I'd have got you in no time at all. Yeh, tough luck, son; but I reckon you'd be wise to run straight from now on. You've lost your touch, Johnny."

An expression of genuine sorrow crossed Johnny's face.

"On the level?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Well"—and Johnny sighed—"I s'pose I might as well keep on like I've been going. Much obliged, Jim."

Helen's hysterical squeal of delight filled the room.

"You promise, dearie—promise to keep straight forever and ever?"

"Amen!"

She turned her attention to Jim, clasped one of his hands between both of hers.

"I don't know how to thank you, Jim. You've been wonderful, marvelous!"

Jim blushed boyishly.

"Gee, Helen, lay offen that stuff! When a good-lookin' dame begins sayin' sweet things to me I ain't got no more backbone than a nickel's worth of ice cream."

"But, Jim — "

The telephone jangled.

"That's for me," Jim announced.

"You?"

"Uh-huh! I was expectin' a call an' I told the apartment house operator she'd find me here."

Helen and her husband were ill at ease. In a trice they had ceased to be sorry for the ungainly detective. There was something so cumbersomely positive in his manner; such a degree of assurance.

"Hello!"

It was Hanvey at the telephone. The two others strained their ears, but without result. And Jim's face told them no more than they could have learned by watching the lee side of a cantaloupe.

"Yeh, Jim Hanvey speaking. . . . Uh-huh. . . . You don't say so! . . . When? . . . Clear? . . . You done what I suggested? . . . Well, that proves you ain't the absolute ass I thought you was, Mr. Starnes."

He clicked the receiver on the hook and turned away. He lighted a fresh cigar and jerked his head toward the telephone. "Funny thing," he commented disinterestedly.

"Yes?" They spoke eagerly in chorus.

"Messenger left the Starnes offices a few minutes ago. Coupla roughnecks bumped him on the bean, grabbed his satchel and made a get-away." If he discerned their mutual signs of relief he gave no indication of the fact. His voice droned on monotonously. "Old man Starnes is a stiff-necked idiot, but this time he was wise. He took my advice for once."

"Your advice?"

"Sure! Y'see, with you dumping a quarter million dollars in unregistered Liberties with him, there was always danger that some crooks might get wise to it and try to make a haul. So I suggested to Fathead Starnes that he stick them securities in his own vault for a while instead of sendin' 'em down to the First National as he usually does. In view of what just happened, I think I was kinder clever—real awful clever." He paused apologetically. "You ain't got no objections to me callin' myself clever, have you?"

They did not answer; a premonition of disaster had robbed them of speech.

"Y'see, Helen, them naughty crooks might of got away with Johnny's Liberty Bonds. Might of, I said. But they didn't. All that was in that satchel was a few registered bonds which ain't worth duck soup s'far's negotiatin' 'em is concerned."

Helen's face was dead white beneath her plentiful make-up.

"Johnny's Liberty Bonds are still at Starnes & Company?"

"Yeh, sure!"

"You wouldn't lie to me, Jim, would you?"

"Aw, Helen, you know I wouldn't! Fat men are rotten liars."

"You auspected that the bank messenger was going to be robbed?"

He nodded.

"I had a sort of a hunch thataway."

She turned dejectedly. It was Johnny Norton who launched the next question:

"How did you get wise, Jim?"

"Me? It was easy this time. A lady tipped me off; a terrible pretty blond lady." Helen winced. "'Bout as much of a tip-off as I needed, anyway," continued Jim softly. "Y'know, Johnny, things occur awful funny sometimes. I happened to drift into the Starnes offices just after you left, and would you believe it, the list of bond numbers that old bird had didn't tally with the bonds at all. It was real peculiar. So I just suggested that they hold 'em there a while for the bookkeeper to enter 'em up. Y'know, a banker ought to be more careful than Starnes was. He never knows when he's li'ble to get gypped." He turned toward the door. "Yeh, Johnny, if I was you I'd stay on the safe side of things. You've lost your touch, son—lost it complete."

Helen of Troy stared at her husband and he returned her gaze with one equally miserable. Jim Hanvey posed heavily in the doorway, the fingers of his right hand fiddling with his massive watch chain. He regarded them benignly. Then he blinked with maddening slowness.

"Didn't you come to me, Helen, an' ask me to keep Johnny from goin' crooked?"

She nodded.

"Well," drawled the big man, "I only done what you asked me, didn't I?"

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When you "click" the shutter yourself and the people and surroundings in front of the lens are of particular interest to you—your children, your home—then and only then will the resulting pictures give the complete enjoyment photography provides.

And it's all easy with a Kodak—from the start.

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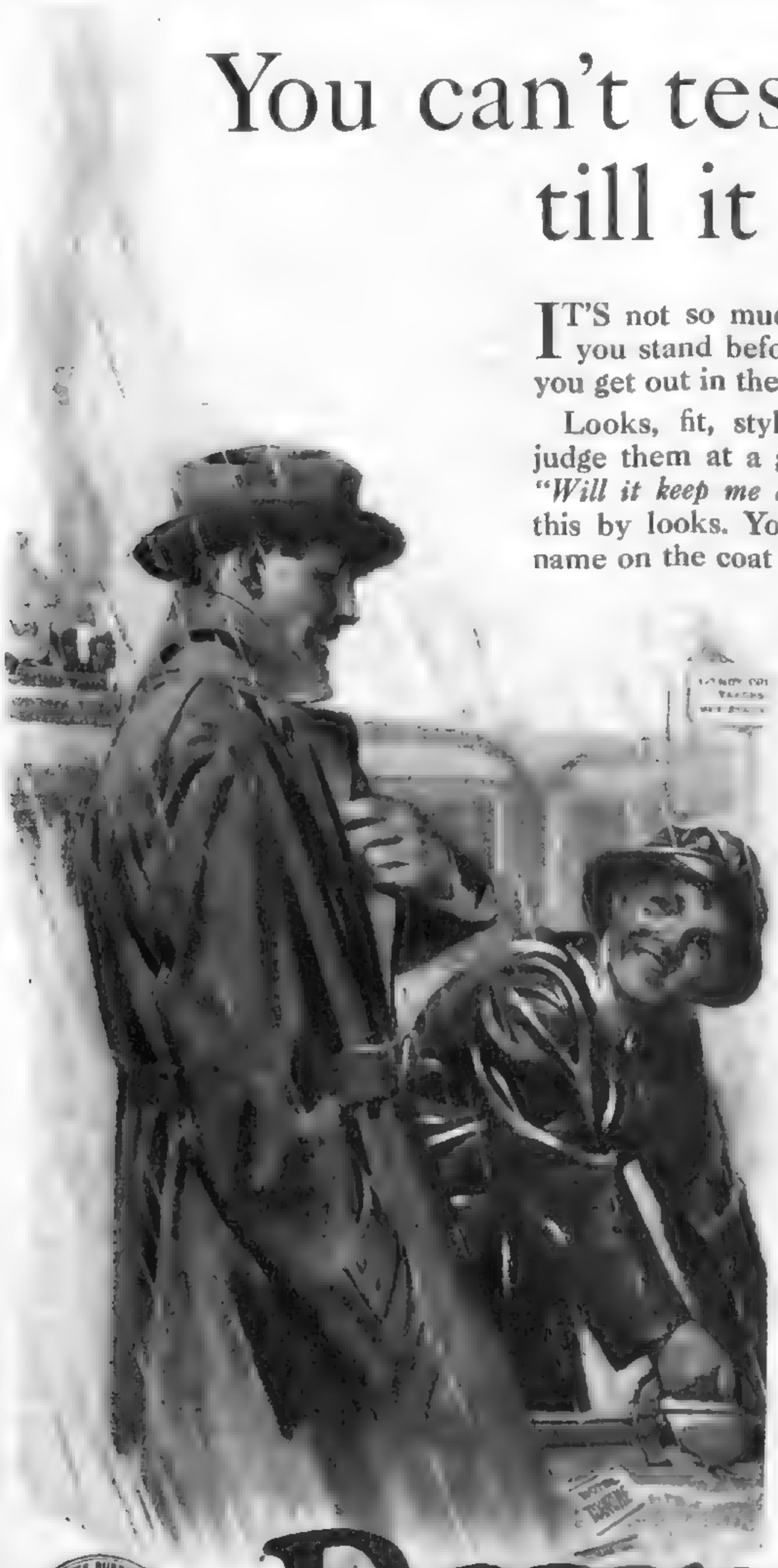

You can't test the value till it rains

IT'S not so much how snappy the raincoat looks when you stand before the mirror—it's the way it acts when you get out in the rain!

Looks, fit, style—they're all important, and you can judge them at a glance. But after all the one big test is, *"Will it keep me dry?"* Even an expert can't always tell this by looks. Your only assurance of satisfaction is the name on the coat and the reputation of its maker.

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Raynsters

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A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*a type for every need*

PIKE'S PEAK, LIZZIE, OR BUST

(Continued from Page 14)

My husband's the painter over at Munson"—I am disguising names—"and we had to give boot too."

A vision of what that touring car must have been crossed my mind; but I dismissed it as too horrible. However, by the smiles that kept chasing themselves over the face of the woman I knew which member of the family had been in favor of the trade.

The painter cast her one glance which did its best to be scornful. But he addressed me.

"It's getting kind of late," he said, "and most of the cars are running the wrong way. There's a garage over at Smithville." That town, a signpost had just informed me, lay ten miles farther along on my route.

"I'd be glad to tow you," said I.

"That would be asking a good deal," said he.

"There's the towrope," said I. "You might be getting it out of the bag while I see how I'm fixed for water."

When I turned round the towrope lay stretched between our splendid Elizabeth and her decrepit elderly relative, and the painter was fumbling about the axles.

"Can't exactly get the hang of this," he said.

"Let me do it," said I.

As I attached the towrope, following exactly the instructions of the clerk in New York, I felt the corners of my mouth twitching with sinful, inordinate pride. I was showing this mechanic his business! It was a little, I thought, as the painter would feel if he had sat down and written a story and sold it right away to a magazine. I mounted the seat and gave her the gas. The towrope held perfectly. That is one of the amazing surprises about machinery. Often it works right away, just as advertised. Lizzie, being a car of spirit, coughed and spat and protested at first, then settled down to her work and even, getting the spirit of the occasion, took the first hill on high. As we disengaged at Smithville the painter was loud in his gratitude.

"You just come to Munson when you're touring again," he said, "and see the time I'll give you. And say," he added, "you sure do know automobiles! Ain't in the business, by any chance?"

That lets out the towline.

All our advisers were emphatic on the subject of tools. "Get a box with a padlock," they said; "or if you don't do that take along a good dog. They steal tools frightfully in the garages. Maybe the dog is best. He'll guard the car in the garage at night, and when you break down on a lonely road and have to go for help he'll take care of your wife."

Needless Warnings

Now it happens that we are just out of a dog, and breaking in a new pup on the road seemed something of an undertaking. And when I spoke about a tool box to the garage man who took the car out of storage and overhauled her in New York City, he honestly advised against it. "The only place for it is your running board," he said, "and that will overbalance you on a long trip."

I decided to take the risk. As time went on we took more risks than that. We were traveling with the paraphernalia not only of transcontinental tourists but of a pair of writers; we carried not only suitcases and hatboxes but a typewriter, two cameras, portfolios, field glasses, tennis rackets and an umbrella. Within three days very shame for the show we made in unloading at a hotel moved us to take out only the essentials, leaving the rest aboard for the night. The first time I adopted this measure I asked the man at the garage if those things would be safe in the car. He gave me a stare. "Why not?" he jerked. And why not indeed? Never did I miss so much as a screw driver.

We were solemnly warned again and again to make provision for carrying gas and water. True, we would not need this emergency measure in the East, but when we got West ——

Day after day, as we rose, eager to be off, and threw our things into our bags, I remarked, "I guess I'd better be seeing about gas and water carriers." And each day, with the conservatism of her sex, the passenger counseled, "It's been all right so far. Wait another day." We never bought those carriers. I established the rule, as we drew into the lands of sparse population, of filling up with gasoline every time a red pillar hove into view—whether I seemed to want it or not. The account book, faithfully kept by the passenger, shows that we never at any one stop took on more than five gallons. As for water—three times, as we boiled through a hill country with the mercury above a hundred degrees, we borrowed a drink for Lizzie from a wayside well. These were only precautionary measures.

Then there was a matter of extra tires. We must carry at least two. Even those might not be enough. So I had a double tire carrier clamped to the rear of the machine, and added to the mess under the seat a laboratory of patching apparatus which I had not the slightest idea how to use. The double carrier at the rear turned out a bad plan. It tore loose beyond possibility of repair, and finally we loaded our spares into the back seat with the luggage. One spare would have done perfectly. We had no blowouts, and just two punctures. The first, as aforementioned, happened in Illinois, and the second as we approached Denver. The rest of the tires—a new set—were not once even blown up. They carried into the light dry atmosphere of Denver the heavy moist air of Auburn, New York.

Wayside Mechanical Geniuses

And that was all. Next time I'm going to do it on one spare tire, a pair of pincers and a clean handkerchief.

Adventures—no! New highway though this trail be, it is, after all, but a joining together of roads trodden by the shoe of the automobile this twenty years long. To us of the cities and the sophisticated country places on their borders the passenger automobile is a luxury. The farms of the United States long ago made it a necessity; and necessity has bred a class of roadside automobile mechanics who seem able to remake a car while running at fifty miles an hour. Looking back, I am of the opinion that even a major accident like a broken axle would have been no real calamity. In the most remote spot to which we penetrated I need only have mounted the running board of a passing car, ridden to the nearest farmhouse, used the rural telephone and brought the repair car to our assistance.

Only one piece of advice did I find entirely sound and good; and that comes near to introducing too much adventure. "Look out for railroad crossings," they said. Persons of our profession tend to periods of dopy meditation. We agreed on starting that whoever saw a railroad crossing first should say "Railroad," and that I should always stop to take a look. Such a proceeding cuts into running time. Day after day rolled back of us without sight or sound of a train. Then one day in Western Missouri I was running along a stretch of fine road, making time, when the passenger gave the familiar warning. I pulled up to a stop more by sheer habit than anything else; I remember a feeling of impatience at having always to check speed for railroads.

"All right on my side," said the passenger.

"All right," I began—and out of the curving cut to my left tore a through express at sixty miles an hour. It passed, and from a hut by the track came running a man in overalls.

"Didn't you see it?" he gasped.

"Sure," said I. "I had pulled up."

"I thought you hadn't," he said. "Thought you was just going into low to take the grade. I'm developin' heart disease, so many people come near gettin' killed at this place."

Had I kept on I should have met that train squarely. Now it is one thing to apprehend a thing with your intellect and another to grasp it with your emotions; one thing to wag your head in approval of safety-first posters and another vividly to picture your car, yourself and your wife mixed in indiscriminate fragments down a hundred yards of track. Hence, I indorse my advisers; in this land of unguarded grade crossings forget speed and stop when you see a railroad sign. As Lord Northcliffe said to me when I signed up with him for a war correspondent, "My boy, the principle is to get back with the story!"

Ford bearings in Greensburg

Why eight years and 50,000 miles give this Ford owner no worries

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD FORD in Greensburg, Indiana, has an interesting history. The dealer who sells its owner Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" says:

"This man has used nothing but Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' since he bought the car in 1914. Now I know and can furnish a sworn statement that the car has been driven about 50,000 miles and has never had a bearing tightened except once. That was about 1918, when I tightened the connecting rods a very little.

"None of the bearings have been tightened since. In fact, the engine has never been lifted out of this Ford.

"The engine runs almost as smoothly as a new one."

* * *

If your Ford is new, why not start it right? If old, the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will add to its life.

Many Ford owners make a serious mistake. They think cheap oil means cheap operating bills. If you still have any such feeling, it will pay you to write today to our nearest branch for our booklet, "Your Ford—Four Economies in its Operation," or ask the nearest dealer who sells Gargoyle Mobiloil.

You owe it to yourself and to your car to find out the real economy which follows the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil. The best way is to drain off the old oil while the engine is warm, and refill to the proper level with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Do not flush out with kerosene.

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.
The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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Can You Keep Your Home Warm This Winter?

THE time to answer that question is *now*. And you *can* answer it now. You can stop worrying today over what the bitter months ahead may have in store. You can buy an auxiliary heating service that will banish forever the sufferings due to an underheated house. There is no need for *your* family to endure shivery discomfort because your furnace fire cannot keep your home livable at all times.

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GAS HEATERS

You can dress each morning in perfect comfort; eat breakfast warmed by radiant, sun-like heat; keep the rooms you use at the proper temperature all day long, and spend your evening hours before a glorious, steady fire.

Twist the automatic lighter and a spark will ignite the gas—without the use of matches or pilot light. This is an exclusive Welsbach feature.

The Welsbach Company is obviously the best fitted to manufacture gas heaters. The experience and knowledge gained in thirty years of making the finest gas burners have resulted in a heater unequaled in the volume of its warmth and the economy of its gas consumption. Welsbach Heaters are designed to give you the direct benefit of every unit of heat generated. Their odorless warmth is instantly at your command. Every feature in their construction is put there for convenience and economy; every feature is essential to efficient service.

WELSBACH COMPANY
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A Complete Supplementary Heating Service

There are six Welsbach heaters in various finishes, a heater for every need. Three are fireplace types, three are portable heaters easy to move from room to room. They are priced, east of the Mississippi, from $8 to $35. Ask your dealer or the Gas Company to show you the complete Welsbach line.

We had started expecting adventure; we found less of that than one would encounter on a drive through New York City. But adventure is not necessary to happiness, nor even to romance. And those were happy days—so happy and desired that long before dawn sleep was broken into little cat naps by the longing to be off and away. Where, exactly, lies the fascination of motoring I cannot exactly see. Some men get a thrilled satisfaction from the sense of power at command of their hands and feet. That is akin, I suppose, to the satisfaction I feel when the drive springs true from my racket, the shot from my brassy. But to that I am immune; the mechanics of driving appeal to me only as a task and a bore. Perhaps it is the intensification of experience. Every turn of the road may bring its surprise, its new gentle delight to the eye—a perfectly composed landscape, a wild thing scurrying to cover, a house suggesting by its set or surroundings human beauty or tragedy or romance, a newborn colt following step by step its brooding, solicitous mother, a colony of prairie dogs making totem poles of themselves above their mounds. You may see these same things from the window of a Pullman car, but only distantly; and you cannot command the Pullman to stop while you observe the habits of the prairie dog, try to engage the shy affections of the colt, hold conversation over the fence with an inhabitant of the house which has intrigued you. It gives you the same sense of intimacy with the country that you get on a walking trip: only the impressions come, necessarily, ten times as fast. Yet when all that is said, it does not entirely explain the charm of this new vacationing which has of late taken such hold on the American people.

As I try to classify the shifting panoramic impressions of those days, this country of ours, between the great sea and the great mountains, divides itself into belts of interest and beauty. There is first the green land—the rolling, forested, lake-dotted region of Western New York, Northern Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. No stretch of this planet flaunts so brilliantly and persistently the colors of summer-light-green in the foliage along the water courses, brilliant green in the flourishing field, Nile green in the marshes, peacock-blue-green where the spring-sown corn breaks through the black earth, black-green in the forests. Constantly, from this hill or that, you are glimpsing lakes, from mighty Cayuga to barnyard ponds; and they, with reflection of the prevailing color, give back to the sky the emerald of deepest ocean. Except for the ever-present wooden houses, this land seems as permanent, finished, as cared-for, as distinguished in its own way, as any part whatever of Europe.

Friendly Americans

Approaching the borders of the green land you gradually dismiss things ancient and venerable. Less and less often you remark, "There's an old-timer" or "That looks like genuine colonial." Finally, as you enter Ohio, you pass the last antique shop and plunge into the present. A few miles of transition with the hills sinking ever lower and lower—and you have reached hollyhock land. For so, henceforth, shall I always think of the Middle West. Everywhere from the Ohio border to the great river the tall spikes, hung with the crinkled, transparent, gaudy blossoms, seemed to border all walks and driveways, spangle all neat cottage walls. It is a flat land—and heaven forgive the man who coined in contempt that phrase "The flat Middle West!" Unrolling day after day from the belt of vision above your windshields, it presents to your eye the heroic sweep of a limitless ocean. Only above no ocean ever bowled a sky like this—haunting, mysterious, suggesting strange adventures of the spirit, vibrant with clouds which toward sunset crowd the west with mighty galleons.

So much for the countryside. The towns and small cities, sprinkled through this vastness, have an air of pride in their own wealth and usefulness. I had thought, before this trip, that I knew the United States pretty well, yet I was constantly coming upon small cities surrounded by great, many-windowed modern factories, centered by busy, clean, modern shops, whose very names had never reached me. Underfoot, as they rolled by town on town, were cement roads as smooth and perfect as new-laid city pavements, and alive with well-tended cars. From their elm-bordered walks groups of girls in smart sport clothes regarded you with the frank, unabashed glance of the native American. The passenger remarked again and again, "There are no longer any countrified-looking young girls. The daily hint from Paris pervades the landscape. The movies and the female magazines have attended to all that."

The main streets of these towns seemed to offer in miniature every comfort and luxury of New York or Chicago or Boston. As they rolled past you a sense of sheer joyous plenty brimming the cup of national life rolled up into a sense of power unlimited and as yet unrealized—a sense somewhat disturbing to anyone who has viewed this world as a whole during the past eight years and knows the temptations of empire.

Then, as the hills begin to roll toward the Mississippi, there was what I call the land of Lincoln. Here the greatest American lived his fighting early years; on its borders, at Decatur, stands the courthouse where first he practiced law. And here, from every passing wagon and every passed doorway, look faces of that old-American type which flowered with Lincoln into its perfect rugged beauty. These people, too, have a touch of Lincoln's manners in their unabashed friendliness, their grave and quiet humor, their disposition to sit down with you at the roadside and spin a yarn. A rich land of black soil and record corn crops, it still strikes the beholder as amazingly, refreshingly primitive. We crossed it on a Sunday. When we stopped for gasoline or water, the piazzas of the country stores swarmed with men in jumpers and wide hats, swapping cigarette papers or plug tobacco, watching with frankly curious eyes the Massachusetts license number on Lizzie. Always someone broke the ice by remarking "Come quite a ways, haven't you?" or "Pretty long ways from home." Then we must needs stop and exchange views on the weather, the roads, the late tornado, the crops, and the chances of the Harding Administration.

The Umpire's Accomplice

Here was a frame church so little and old and quaint that Lincoln himself might have spoken from its pulpit in his Free Soil Campaign for Congress. Through its open door came the deep, earnest voice of the clergyman, exhorting powerfully. Lincoln, however, would not have recognized the fringe which surrounded it—by actual count forty-two automobiles, and not a single horse-drawn vehicle. Farther along, that day, we rounded a hill into a hollow and came upon a baseball game. The audience lay at ease on a hill slope above the diamond—except during the exciting intervals, when it sat up to cheer—and on the ridge above, cars were parked in the ratio of a flivver to a family. We drew up to watch the game. As it happened, our stretch of road ran across right field. Just then the local Babe Ruth got a toe hold on the ball and knocked it over us. The fielder, pursuing the ball, had to round our car; as he captured it and threw in too late to catch his man at the plate, his countenance suggested that he regarded me as an accomplice of the umpire.

Five miles farther on we approached the Illinois River over a district where the levees had broken. The narrow temporary road ran over a series of sharp hillocks between steep banks bottomed by deep ponds left by the broken levee. At the top of one hump I encountered another car. It was impossible to pass. Someone had to back out. I consented to be the goat. And I did it badly, so that I ended up with one wheel off the bank and Lizzie emitting a most disturbing hiss from somewhere in the region of her batteries. The individual for whom I had backed out never stopped to help, never even thanked me; I was alone with my problem. Just then arrived the baseball team which I had helped to defeat, in a hurry to reach the four o'clock ferry. It was the fielder himself who sized up the situation, haled his team from their truck and gave the orders that put a dozen young shoulders to the wheel. He forbore to reproach me concerning that home run, but—being about sixteen years old—he gave me considerable sound advice about running a flivver. Every boy of my generation used to know how to manage a horse. We never learned how to ride. It just came through

(Continued on Page 65

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE BOSTON

IN BOSTON lives a population never counted in the census list. Through Boston streets, in Boston homes, among her shops and stores move phantom figures from other days. Silent, invisible, still are they part and parcel of Boston's daily life.

Swayed and colored by influences of the past, Boston may be likened unto no other city. Tradition and heredity jog at heel and nudge the elbows of her people in every walk of life. The banker and the laborer, the great lady and her humble sister, each is subject to a constant process of division and selection—each lives within environments whose boundaries are definite and without change.

THE stranger, newly come to Boston, finds it hard to visualize this grouping of the city's population. And it is likely that his first understanding will come from a comparison of the Boston newspapers.

For Boston's newspapers are guided and divided as surely as are her people. Each is edited and printed in the manner calculated to interest and satisfy a certain type of reader. Each serves its clientele faithfully and well—so well, in fact, that no newspaper published for one of Boston's two great groups of population can ever substantially duplicate its circulation in the other.

No national advertiser may hope to win success in the Boston territory until he understands this rigid division of its people. To buy newspaper space in Boston purely on a basis of quantity of circulation precludes the possibility of completely covering the Boston market.

What more emphatic proof of this could there be than the fact that in Boston, the Herald-Traveler, excluding Sundays, while not largest in circulation, leads every other Boston week-day newspaper in national advertising? Only one condition could be responsible for this fact. It is that the Herald-Traveler serves a group of readers that no other Boston paper reaches. More than that—its leadership in national advertising is conclusive proof that experienced advertisers have found in the Herald-Traveler circulation the most responsive and profitable market for their products.

It has been proved that the Herald-Traveler circulation is reached by no other newspaper nor by any other combination of papers in Boston, and that this circulation, as individuals, possesses the largest per capita buying power of the entire Boston market. The Herald-Traveler readers are buyers of bread as well as bonds; of necessities as well as luxuries; of merchandise as well as service. They represent the best outlet of the best retailers in Boston—appreciative of quality and financially able to buy in quantity where quality is found.

The national advertiser who hopes to merchandise Boston successfully should, above all else, keep these facts in mind:—

First, that the people of the Boston territory are divided into two great groups.

Second, that the Boston territory can be completely covered only by reaching both these groups.

Third, that one of these groups may be reached through one or more of several Boston papers

Finally, that the other group, great in every quality that makes newspaper circulation valuable, can be reached only through the Boston Herald-Traveler.

To the national advertiser interested in Boston, complete information concerning the proper merchandising of this important market is offered in a book entitled "The Road to Boston"—sent upon receipt of a request on business stationery.

THE BOSTON HERALD-TRAVELER

FOR FORDS

The Right Oil for Fords

It is not the fault of your brake bands if your Ford jars and chatters when you start or stop. It's because you are using the *wrong oil.*

It makes no difference how good an oil you are using—it is not the right oil unless, in addition to giving your engine proper lubrication, *it keeps the gear bands soft and pliable.*

Havoline F—a new grade of Havoline Oil made especially for Fords—will cut the hard, glazed surface of your old bands so that they will take hold firmly and evenly without grabbing or slipping.

Drain your crank case, fill it with Havoline F, and in less than a half mile the chatter will cease.

With Havoline F in your motor, you can forget carbon deposit and overhaul charges. Remember, this is a *Havoline Oil.* It has all the qualities which for nearly twenty years have maintained the high standard of Havoline Oils.

Dealers throughout the country sell Havoline F. Ask for it by the full name—*Havoline F.* It costs no more than ordinary oils. You can get it in the manner you prefer, in a Havoline can or from a quart measure.

To Dealers:
Write today for full information regarding Havoline F Let us tell you how to increase your Ford business by selling this new Havoline product.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Incorporated, New York

Producers and refiners of petroleum products
Branches in 158 cities

HAVOLINE F FOR FORDS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

"stops the chatter"

Continued from Page 62

our pores. Even west of the Mississippi I doubt if one boy out of a hundred in this generation has ever slung his leg over a saddle. But they all know the anatomy of automobiles and are driving surreptitiously long before they reach the legal age. The team made the four-o'clock ferry; then, at the last moment, changed its collective mind and went in for a swim.

Hannibal—Mark Twain's town—thrusts a touch of the smiling, easy South into the more energetic North. It seems by contrast as foreign as Havana. That is the only real Southern touch; from there to the Kansas border this state is just smiling, gentle Missouri. It is the land of the variegated wild rose, the wild dove and the cottontail rabbit. The roses toss in every scrub-oak forest, over every fence. The doves project their soft call from every thicket; you wake of mornings with that incredible under-melancholy song in your ears. This species has an affinity for roads. They wait for you until the last moment of safety, then rise and fly before you. Once, coming through a cut, six doves preceded us all the way, giving the flivver a comic resemblance to the chariot of Venus. The rabbit, who had been making himself conspicuous all the way, here multiplied. It was June, the season when the baby cottontail of the spring crop is making his first venture into the world. He is a poor dodger. All the way, in fact, we were passing the flattened corpses of young rabbits, in a trail of death on the road which included hens, red-headed woodpeckers, squirrels, snakes, turtles, cats and once a woodchuck and once a beautiful collie. A certain kind of motorist takes delight in running down living things on the road. He is the kind of person who leaves his camp fire burning, shoots standing quail with a pump gun and blows up fish with dynamite.

There was a drought in Kansas—the wide checkered prairie landscape rolled away in the blue greens and tawny golds and purple browns under a heat mist. And wherever we stopped to interview an inhabitant his conversation tended to spoil the whole day. Yes, the season had started fine. Then just when the grain was heading up—this durned heat wave. No rain for two weeks. Temperature up to a hundred and three yesterday. Wind wrong. Didn't look as if it would ever rain. Always that way when you're farming. Made a little money in the war and the Government took it away in taxes. Then prices went blooey. Then they came back a little, and then this.

Kansas Pessimism

Our hearts bled for Kansas until we encountered the lady from Boston. She keeps a neat, homelike wayside lunch counter at which we stopped one day. She was discovered embroidering peonies and conversing with her mother, who sat with old-fashioned Yankee stiffness in a comb-back rocker. When, five years before, she came West to seek her fortune, the lady from Boston had imported mother, the rocker, a painting of her grandfather's clipper ship and several other belongin's which smacked of New England. To her we mentioned the horrible calamity that had fallen upon Kansas. She glanced at the Massachusetts number on our car, glanced again about the place to see that no one overheard, and said as one Yankee to another:

"Don't you believe 'em. I've been here five years now, and I've never seen one of these farmers yet that had any hope. Menfolks are kickers anyhow. Especially farmers. Grain's heading up fine, s'far's I can see. If it rained tomorrow they'd come in here and spoil their vittles crying into 'em because it had interfered with harvesting. Yes, they're being ruined all the time. If it isn't one thing it's another. But what I'd like to know is where they get the money to buy all those new automobiles!"

And somewhere here began the West. It came gradually. One morning the garage man, making change, handed me for my bill three great, honest open-faced silver cart wheels. A fellow traveler, stuck on the road and desirous of borrowing a wrench, hailed me as "partner." Here and there the fields were broken by the gray mark of an arroyo. The meadow lark, whose cheerful, bubbling, piercing note had sung us all the way from the Great River, became ever more numerous and insistent on being heard. From his perch on the top of a fence post he dominated all day long the whir of the motor. A gigantic rabbit crossed the trail. He moved with the gait of a kangaroo and he was two-thirds ears—a jack rabbit, not a cottontail. Down the road loped an individual on a wiry little horse, astride a man-sized Texas saddle, wearing worn and greasy leather chaps and a flopping gray hat. When you asked at a garage if you might have some water, the native answered "You bet." The restaurants and hotels sported mounted elk or deer or antelope heads as chief bits of decoration. And, finally, we rounded a corner into a town with a broad main street bordered by raised sidewalks, by stores with wooden awnings. Down its center stood parked long rows of automobiles; at hitching rails along the sidewalks stood lean broncos, saddled and caparisoned. The male inhabitants rolled down the sidewalk with the cramped, side-footed gait of horsemen forced onto their own legs. They wore high-crowned broad hats; they dispensed with all preliminary advances toward acquaintance as they asked how we left the weather in Beanville. Even if you had never been West before, you would have identified it all from the movies.

Beautiful Jacksonville

So much—or so little—for the countryside. As for towns—spontaneously there arose a competition to name the best town in each class along our route. Lest I stir up human hate and sinful local pride, I shall mention only the winners. For an Eastern town with the kind of distinction which age alone can give, the verdict went unanimously to Geneva, New York. In contrast to most other cities of the lake region, Geneva has laid her fine residence street along the lake front. A wide elm-bordered drive projects green forest gardens down to the edge of the waves, and even the new houses have an air of old and settled cultivation. However, this feature has perhaps less to do with the distinction of Geneva than two or three hill streets of houses, shops and offices built apparently early in the nineteenth century and still untouched, externally, by modern improvement. Henry James, revisiting America, described old Park Street, Boston, as the most worthwhile thoroughfare in the country. He did not see Geneva; else he might not have broken his rule and indulged himself in a positive statement.

On small Middle-Western towns opinion was divided. The passenger chose Painesville, Ohio, and I became an aggressive partisan of Jacksonville, Illinois. I shall—meanly—set forth only the claims of my own pet town. I had never heard of the place before; and it was a revelation. It stands among elm-bordered and gardened avenues. Yet it is not too much gardened—not enough to destroy the homelike quality. There must be considerable wealth in Jacksonville; else its succession of fine houses, each set on a little estate, were impossible. I state only an axiom among the widely traveled and open-minded when I say that American architecture of the past twenty-five years—especially American domestic architecture—is the best in the world. Like all great peoples, we are great builders. Before we were a nation we had domesticated, humanized the stiff Georgian building of contemporary England into the homelike New England farmhouse, the hospitable colonial mansions. After the blight of the arts, the period of excrescences and gem gowns in the middle nineteenth century, we revived this tendency. Our domestic building may go down in the history of architecture as of equal merit with the creation of the skyscraper—our great achievement, now coming to the tardy recognition of scoffing Europe.

These houses of Jacksonville are beautiful, and yet homes. They have grown old enough to settle into the landscape. They suggest moderate wealth and reasonable luxury; they suggest also the girls of late afternoons making splotches of color on the piazza, the children of winter evenings reading or getting their lessons round the living-room lamp, the boys of summer mornings tinkering with the machine in the garage. And Jacksonville centers a country of undulating fields, coal black where the plow has just finished, peacock blue where the new crop is springing, burnished gold where the wheat awaits the reaper. The country folds into a thousand undulating hills. The road, as it leaves Jacksonville, runs along a crest, giving panoramic glimpses which, what with the

Your Teeth
Are What You Keep Them---
Lyonized or Otherwise

You can quickly see the good results of Dr. Lyon's—clean, white, attractive teeth, openly admired.

And there need be no misgivings on the other important question—safety. It contains nothing to cause apprehension. It is unmedicated. Lyonized teeth are a great satisfaction.

Dr. Lyon's has preserved teeth a lifetime—the only dentifrice long enough on the market to have the proof.

Dr. Lyon's
The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable
Powder Cream
Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years

I. W. LYON & SONS, INC.
530 West 27th Street, New York

Canadian Distributors: Lymans, Limited
344 St. Paul Street, West, Montreal

FREE SAMPLE—
Powder or Cream—
Sent to Anyone

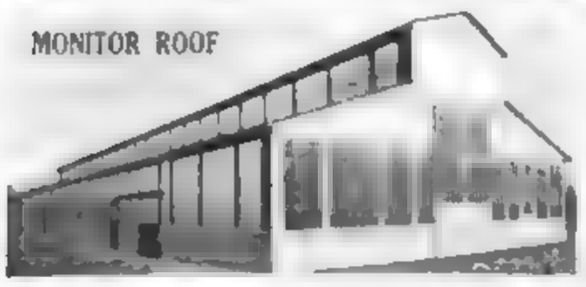
TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS

Types, Kinds and Sizes For All Needs

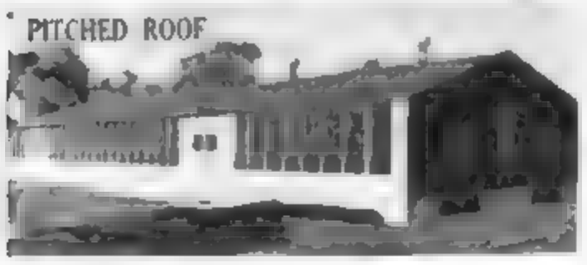
You can get at very low cost a fireproof, permanent building of standardized units to fit your individual needs—a building of any size, any type of roof, any arrangement of windows and doors and any amount of daylight and ventilation. In addition a Truscon Standard Building has 100 per cent salvage value when re-erected elsewhere. Some of the types are here illustrated:

SAWTOOTH ROOF

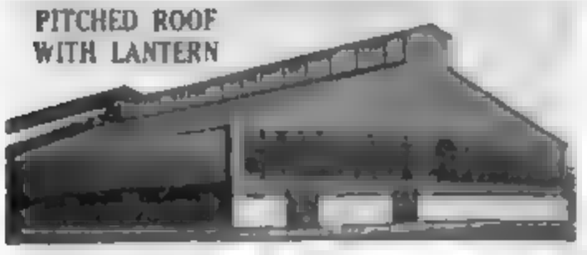
MONITOR ROOF



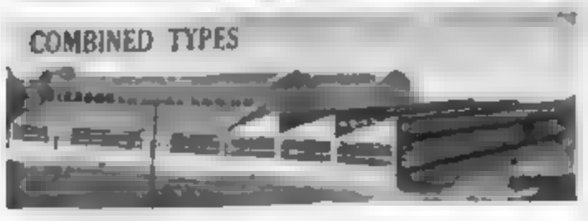
PITCHED ROOF



PITCHED ROOF WITH LANTERN



COMBINED TYPES



Over ten million square feet of Truscon Standard Buildings are daily serving leading industries and business men for the widest variety of uses, including factories, shops, warehouses, foundries, oil buildings and railroad buildings.

Tell Us Your Problem

And we will quote you price on a building to meet your needs exactly. Write now while prices are low.

Remember you pay only our factory cost plus one overhead, plus one profit.

TRUSCON STEEL CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Memo
to write to Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, O., Dept. S-13, about building problem

mystery of prairie skies, seem more visions than vistas.

After some debate, Dayton, Ohio, won the prize for the big Middle-West city where one would prefer to live. It seemed to score high on all counts—modern conveniences plus the apparatus of culture, beauty plus the wideness of efficiency. The passenger remarked that she had never before seen a city which had window boxes full of flowers on its bridges. Perhaps this verdict was not wholly a matter of cool reason; perhaps it was biased by a tinge of emotion. For as we came into town we glimpsed a sign which read "Bicycles repaired." And that recalled the glory of Dayton, the two plain, common-sense, sterling Middle-Western boys who in their little shop built a new dimension for mankind.

There were, though, other towns, not to be named here. What starts a town right is a mystery. Here would be one little city with all evidences of progress and sanitation and the go-ahead spirit, and not twenty miles away another bearing all the stigmata of shiftlessness. To the casual eye of the tourist the two would seem equally favored in site and resources—yet there you were. I remembered two successive stops in the West. It was the eve of harvesttime, when the roving agricultural laborers were just beginning to float into the district. Town Number One was that night brilliantly, warmly lighted. It had an air of innocent holiday. A canvas-covered roller-skating rink invited to exercise, gayety and harmless flirtation. Signs everywhere advertised free municipal baths. In the fire house the town band was practicing for Fourth of July. Down the cement sidewalk floated comfortable-looking family groups, bound for the movies or the strawberry sociable. The boys on the street corners did not give the appearance of loafers. They looked simply like upright young citizens, talking things over in their out-of-doors club. Through the crowd strode tall Western girls in smart summer dresses or in riding breeches, with the air of women willing to look any man in the eye and meet him on equal terms. As we drove in at sunset we passed a golf links, struggling to maintain a fairway in a land where lawns do not grow readily. It was sprinkled with men in sombreros and heavy boots. Indeed, one young man whom I observed in the act of making a two-hundred-yard drive wore overalls and had let his suspenders down in order to facilitate his swing. There were farmers, getting a little recreation between the day's work and chores. I asked the hotel clerk if this was a public links.

The Banker's Influence

"Nope!" he said. "But anyone can get in who has the price. Have you heard about our man Beesley? He's good, that bird. We're training him for the Western Championships."

Town Number Two welcomed us with a stale scent. For down the gutters below the board sidewalks ran a sluggish stream, floating refuse like that of last week's picnic. The steps of the hotel were crowded with boys and young men smoking cigarettes and lolling back on their elbows. As we approached they stopped what was undoubtedly an improper conversation, to stare. When we emerged, looking for a place to eat, the lady of the party had to step over their legs. That place to eat was dingy, streaked, flyspecked. At the tables men of the same stamp as the loafers before the hotel exchanged loud, imprudent conversation. As the waiter slapped down before us our soggy ration a stage drove up and the driver entered to get a cup of coffee. He wore on his hip two guns. Doubtless he needed them. On the dimly lighted street outside no woman appeared without an escort. It was a spiritual soil which, you felt, might bring forth at any time a lynching, a burning or a brutal riot.

As I got my car out of the garage next morning an inhabitant noted her Massachusetts license number.

"Come quite a ways, haven't you?" he said. "How does it feel to get into a regular town in a regular country?"

I have believed always that the country editor had most to do with giving cast and complexion to a small community—that such a man as William Allen White is the greatest of municipal blessings. But a certain resident of an interior city, on whom I unloaded this view, disagreed. His experience and his native acuteness are such that his opinion is worth having.

"The editor helps," he said, "but the banker's the main influence. If he's a decent, square, progressive fellow, out for the town as well as for himself and his stockholders, the community will take his cast within fifteen years. If he's a born usurer it goes to seed. If he's a trickster it goes crooked. Take me blindfolded into any new town, give me half an hour alone with the banker, and I can tell without looking what kind of a place it is."

However, I suppose another prominent citizen cannot be left out of this reckoning—the hotel keeper. A little of the town's moral cast proceeds from him, and very much of its approximation to civilized standards of living. Those small communities between village and city, in which 25 per cent of our citizens live, cannot generally support two real hotels. The proprietor is without direct competition. You have to stay there whether you like it or no. Among all business men he is the least responsible to his patrons, the most to his sense of professional decency. I stayed last winter in a hotel built about ten years ago in the most approved style, with all modern frills. At present the plant is streaked, soiled, filthy; and it gives the accommodations of a water-front lodging house. The manager has a long lease and they say he makes money because it is a choice for the chance traveler between staying with him and walking the streets.

Hotel Hardships

I have read somewhere the account of a recent tourist who says that he motored from coast to coast along our pioneer automobile highway and never but once failed to get a room with bath. But this of ours was a new highway just beginning to accommodate itself to the finicky ways of the tourist. Had we stuck to the terminal towns of the various routes as set down by the guide book, I have no doubt we should have done very well. But a loafing tourist without any special driving technic cannot always accomplish that. One day, for example, we struck a rainstorm on a humpy clay surface. All day she skidded on low speed until she boiled to the danger point; a stop, and five miles more of boiling and skidding. We made only seventy miles that day, and thereafter the schedule was broken. So we encountered two atrociously bad hotels.

The first had no outstanding points except general squalor, but the second—this happened to be in that same town of criminal aspect which I have mentioned already. The negro porter was also the hotel clerk. He registered us and consented to carry part of our baggage up a streaked staircase, through a pitch-dark corridor into a room of stale odors, broken furniture, torn wallpaper, incrusted woodwork. The washbowl was half full of dirty water. The porter turned it into the slop jar and without washing or wiping it restored it to its place. Beside it stood the pitcher, empty and reversed, I turned it over. There was a permanent rim of dirt. Insect powder had some time ago been sprinkled in all the cracks and crannies of the bed and walls, its odor implanting a suggestion which made little areas of your skin crawl.

Upon preparing for bed we found two more faults which constrained this hotel from perfection. First, the door would not lock; second, the sheets had been used before. I went downstairs and summoned the porter-clerk—for there was no bell. After much walking, muttering and puffing in the halls he found two clean sheets. These we put on my wife's bed. I stripped off the sheets on mine and slept in my underclothing—which I left behind next morning.

And that very day at the far end of a small city rose a new hotel of gray cement with geraniums tossing from boxes under the broad windows, with a fountain cooling the air in the courtyard, with a long inviting-looking dining room shaded by the hedges and gardens outside, with every real comfort one could find in New York or Chicago or San Francisco. I am told that prosperous farmers of this region come from fifty miles round to have dinner now and then at this hotel, and it is already enjoying a moderate fame among tourists. As I think this over, I realize that the days when the country innkeeper was responsible only to his professional conscience and his God have passed forever. The traveling salesman is no longer the staple of the country innkeeper. During six months of the year, from a quarter to a half of his trade consists of automobile tourists. An extra ten or fifteen miles at the end of the day's run is nothing to the tourist besot by the prospect of a clean bed and a good dinner. The country hotel of the slovenly class has been caught up with, at last, and we may expect its gradual disappearance.

Not every town, of course, can support a modern hotel plant, no matter how small. But this is not necessary. In Kansas I encountered one small establishment very unpromising from the outside. It promised still less when a stout middle-aged woman, evidently the proprietress, met us at the door and informed us genially but firmly that she was out of male help on account of harvest, and we'd have to carry in our things ourselves. But the place, when we entered, was scrubbed, dusted, waxed—as hygienically clean as an operating room. The wide, soft, stainless beds invited to sleep. Between them an electric fan was dissipating the heat of the drought. The hostess apologized again when we asked about a bath. She hadn't any private baths, she said; hadn't got round to that yet. But she guessed the regular bath was pretty good. It certainly was—speckless cleanliness plus very hot water. Next morning the coffee was hot, strong, genuine, and the toast had been made with the home touch. As might probably be expected, whenever we found a hotel, a restaurant or a lunch counter kept by a woman, we found the same cleanliness and efficiency in housekeeping. The passenger acquired the habit on alighting at any new town of asking for a place with a woman in charge.

The towns along the way are beginning to see all this, I suppose; whereof the symbol is the signs sprinkled from Atlantic to Pacific begging you to make your night's stop at the perfect tourist camps of Bivyville or Bifton or beautiful Bohunkus-on-the-Lake. The chamber of commerce or the board of trade almost commands you to linger. A few years ago, when the automobile vacation was in its infancy, a public free camp was just some unused pasture or strip of woods where you might pitch your tent and find running water. Now the signs lure you with promises of electric lights, dancing floors, canvas-inclosed movie houses, even hot and cold shower baths. Competition, indeed, seems to be growing so fierce that it reaches down to the roots of the affair. Wherever our trail crossed one of the other main highways there was a great sign advertising the rival attraction—its good roads, its scenery, its hotel and camp facilities, and any other special inducement like Indian villages or cliff dwellings. One grows to hold the same loyalty for his route that he has for his car; I found myself resenting these signs as an attempt to put over an inferior article by unfair advertising methods. Retail trade, of course, has generated all this energy. Wise tourists, who avoid overloading the car, buy their coffee and meat and sugar in small quantities; where the camp is, there their trade goes.

The Tourists' Debates

Camping takes energy; yet I acknowledge it the best way to tour, if for nothing else because of the contact it gives with the diverse sorts of people from all corners of the United States who have taken to the new vacationing. Once or twice I strolled into tourists' camps, passing myself off as one of them, and listened to the symposium about the camp fire, wherein New York laid down a proposition, Kansas took it up, Ohio came back with rebuttal and Virginia and Wisconsin clamored to be heard. Whoever seeks public opinion in the United States will find it in these discussions round the camp fires.

And still the hotel-faring tourist has his entertaining contacts. Once, on a hot day during the aforementioned drought, I grew nervous about water. A pump beside a country schoolhouse gave promise of relief. I found a large canvas shelter pitched against the side of the school. Beneath it stood a very battered car, on whose step a comely young woman was washing dishes. Surely I might have water, she said; there was the bucket. She didn't have anything to do with the schoolhouse anyway. They were just letting her camp there a spell. She and her husband came up from Arizona a couple of weeks ago. He was working now.

When I carried the pail back to the machine a farm wagon drawn by two mules had pulled up alongside. From its seat a

(Continued on Page 69

THE TREAD THAT WRITES "GOOD WEAR"

Spread before men's eyes, on the roads of all the world, is the record of Goodyear popularity.

You will find it on city pavements, in country lanes, on mountain passes and in the trails of far places.

In clear, familiar characters the All-Weather Tread has written it there.

And with it, it has written also a story of extremely efficient service.

No one can look at that deep, clean-cut Goodyear imprint and not realize what great traction and security it affords.

No one, seeing it far-scattered over the earth, can mistake in what overwhelming regard the Goodyear Tire is held.

Only a tire that consistently delivers profound satisfaction to its users can win and hold such regard.

Only a tire that gives great and economical mileage, and performs reliably always, can deliver such satisfaction.

When you buy tires, buy the tire that through its excellence has won more users than any other kind.

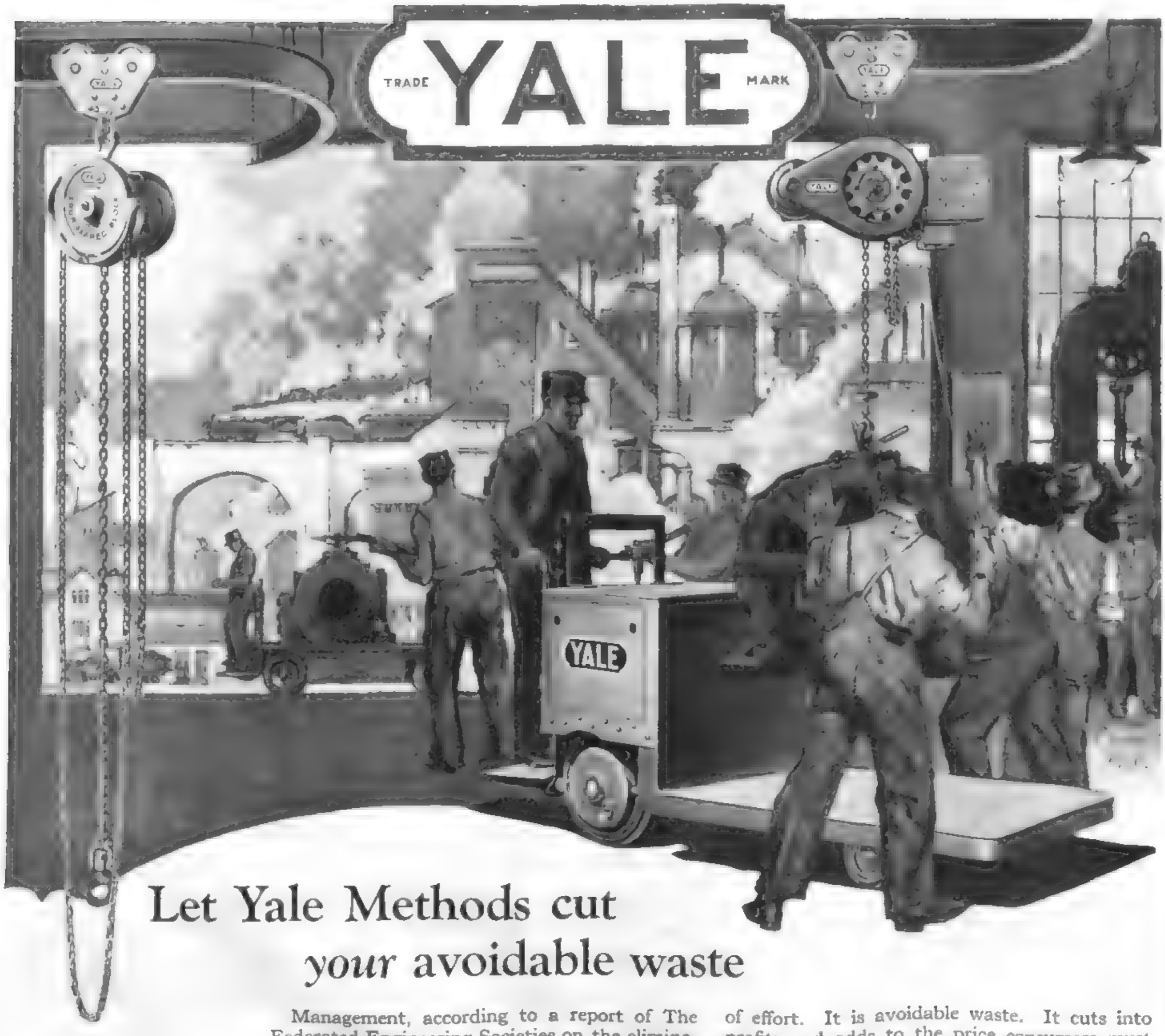
Buy the tire with the tread that writes "Good Wear."

Goodyear Means Good Wear

Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for this signature of the All-Weather Tread

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.



Let Yale Methods cut *your* avoidable waste

Management, according to a report of The Federated Engineering Societies on the elimination of waste in industry, is responsible for the unnecessary expenditure of billions of dollars annually.

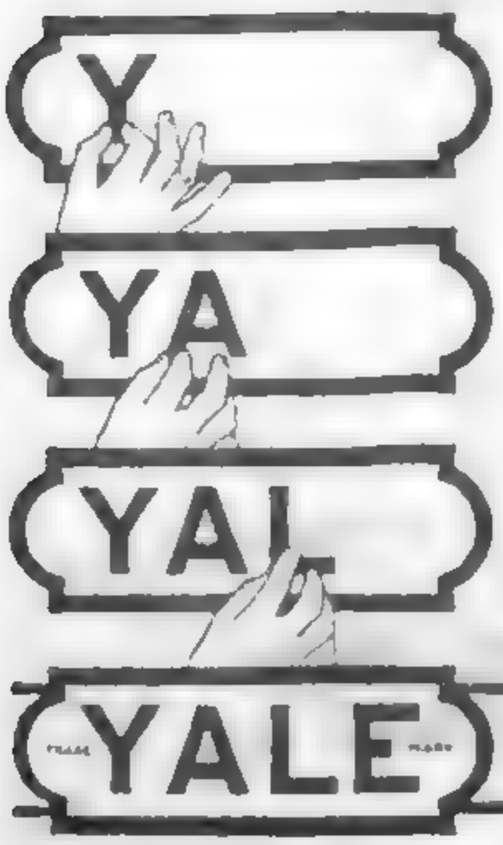
It is estimated that in the manufacture of textiles alone avoidable waste adds $1,400,000,000 each year to the price consumers must pay for clothing, carpets, etc. Figures of equally startling import are shown for many other industries.

Part of this tremendous total is due to the wasteful use of labor for unproductive work—the handling of materials.

Any regular use of man-power for lifting and moving materials or equipment is a sheer waste of effort. It is avoidable waste. It cuts into profits and adds to the price consumers must pay for your product.

Yale Chain Blocks and I-Beam Trolleys, Yale Electric Hoists and Yale Electric Industrial Trucks save labor. In thousands of plants Yale Methods are making labor more productive.

Yale Engineers are always available to help management in the study of any special situation brought to their attention. And you can be assured that the name and trademark **YALE** on a piece of industrial equipment is exactly the same mark of sound construction as is the name **YALE** on a lock or door-closer or any other product. It means Yale made.



The Yale & Town Manufacturing Co.
Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

YALE MADE IS YALE MARKED

Padlocks, Night Latches, Dead Locks, Builders' Locks and Trim, Cabinet Locks, Trunk Locks, Automobile Locks, Bank Locks, Prison Locks, Door Closers, Electric Industrial Trucks, Chain Blocks, Electric Hoists, Trolleys

(Continued from Page 66)

young man with an engaging smile held conversation with my passenger. He wore a pair of army breeches, a high-crowned, wide-brimmed hat with a band decorated by silver spangles, and an insouciant air.

"I'm the husband of the outfit up there," he said, introducing himself. "Bought that boat secondhand and drove up from Phœnix. It's a ——" The car he named is notoriously fast, stylish and comfortable for city driving, notoriously frail for the hard grind of touring. "She went blooey on me up here. I'm waiting for parts from St. Louis, and I'm working to pay for 'em." Here he laughed. "I'll get the parts and the price in about two weeks. Then I'm on my way."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Guess I'll try Colorado until the money gives out," he said. "Then I'll get a job harvesting till I get some more money to go somewheres else. And so forth and so on. This is the life. Giddap!"

Well, they are both very young and comely, and, I suspect, just married. There will be plenty of time, yet, to think about the future. In the meantime they are gypsying and paying as they go; and I for one think they are displaying the higher common sense.

Other bridal cars, some of them more pretentious, chugged joy and tooted bliss along our way. One of them, a very small, very new coupé, even proclaimed itself by ruffled white-lace curtains at the windows. This couple shamelessly admitted their state. They had been married only three days before, and were going on to the Coast and back, the bride taking turns with the driving.

The typical tourist car, however, is driven by a family man with his wife beside him, from two to six children in the back seat, and the fillings of a whole junk shop strung along the running board, spilling out of the tonneau, festooned along the top. Probably there is also a dog. The 1922-model touring dog must know how to ride on the running board. I saw one wise-looking old Airedale so confident of his technic that he trailed one paw within two inches of the ground and went to sleep while the car was making thirty-five miles an hour. Building a pen for the dog in the luggage carrier is, I believe, considered an admission of an old-model or used dog.

The touring women as you break into the West have long ago dropped the skirt from their wardrobes. One and all, they wear knickers or riding breeches—sometimes prettily, sometimes coquettishly and sometimes grotesquely. One pair of girls whom I met in Colorado wore with their breeches filmy silk stockings, shoes with high French heels and ruffled blouses. By the time you cross the Missouri, too, all other millinery yields to the boudoir cap. A surprising proportion of the cars, in fact, carry only women. Sometimes they are two or three young girls, looking very self-reliant as they bowl along, untrammeled by men or chaperons. Just as often they are elderly women, driving with a look of grim determination to get somewhere. Again, there is a surprising representation of boys from fourteen up, touring on their own in very ancient cars.

The Hobomobiles

Humanity loves a pilgrimage—going together down the great highways in expectation of gentle adventure with new places and new people. Satisfaction of that pleasant desire is perhaps the secret of the fascination in motor touring. We become comrades to Chaucer's people of the Canterbury Highway, to Kipling's travelers of the long straight way through India, to the caravans winding toward Mecca. And like the Canterbury road, the Delhi road, the Mecca road, these automobile trails of ours are become little shifting worlds. Down them pass our lords and ladies and warriors and burghers; down them go, too, our mountebanks and cutpurses and picaroons. As we traversed the great plains between the Missouri and the mountains, specimens of the oldest pattern of the cheapest car that is would cut now and then across our route. They carried four or five men in the rough garments of common labor, and a pile of nondescript bundles. Most of these, the experienced informed me, were hobomobiles, making for the harvest fields of interior Kansas or Missouri. Scion and heir of the old-time hobo of the empty freight car or the brake beam, the hobomobile works intermittently and lives the rest of the time by other devices. At some time in his career he acquires—usually by devious means—a dilapidated flivver. This he maintains in gasoline, oil and tires by purchase when he has the price, by fraud, chicanery and theft when he has not. Against him towns with tourist camps are forced to maintain watchmen and guards, else he will snuggle his car up to yours at night and siphon out a tank of gasoline, or will remove a nut or bolt of which he has pressing need, or will even rip an unlocked spare tire from your carrier.

A druggist at a wayside stop sharpened my eyes for another type of illegal character when he remarked of tourists: "Don't think they're all just touring. Some of them are bootlegging. They work from the Mississippi towns; and there's a regular system. About thirty miles apart on all the main roads are garages which can be depended upon to make repairs in a hurry or to store the car if the outfit's watched, and ask no questions. The bootlegger gets himself up for a tourist. The stuff's inside of the canvas rolls in the back seat or in a fake tent carrier on the running board. A good man who knows how can stow seven or eight cases that way and never show a sign of anything suspicious. They never stop at camps, though. Having no real camping outfit would give them away. They travel usually at night and most of 'em make a point of taking a woman along so's it will all look like a family party."

The Bashful Yegg Man

Finally, one morning, having stopped at a country grocery store for a soft drink, I marked at the door an antique rusted flivver which appeared stripped for action. The top was gone long ago, and the cushions seemed to be rotting from exposure to the weather. Within, the passengers of that car had just bought a small loaf of bread and half a pound of bologna, and lolling against the counter had begun to eat. One was a middle-aged man with a nose that peaked like a fox's and jaws that bulged like a squirrel's. For all those animal resemblances, he had the general cut of a small but evil bird. The other was a slouchy boy perhaps fifteen years old, with a pair of weak shifty eyes. Though I recognized the type I had real need of information about the road farther on. I addressed the man. He made monosyllabic answers to my first three questions. My fourth he did not answer at all. He caught the eye of the boy.

"Let's go eat outside," he said; "too much talkin' here." But they did not stop outside. A half minute later I heard the whir of a flivver in low, and looked out to see them departing. The man was throwing at me a glance from the corner of his eye. By all the marks and brands of the profession the man was a yegg and the other his apprentice. It seemed equally likely that they had just pulled off a job, and that any curious person they met on their travels might be a bull in disguise.

Came finally a morning of high, pure bracing airs, wherein Lizzie boiled at the slightest exertion on a hill. Though fields of half-ripe crops rippled horizon-wide on both sides of the view, green did not dominate the landscape. The vista was all splashes of yellows, oranges, mauves, low blues. The road before us was a ribbon of vivid salmon-pink. Although the meadow lark still sang us on, the wild rose was no longer queen of the fields; in its place the shooting star spread carpets of reddish purple. Prairie dogs hurried their grotesque, potbellied figures away from before our wheels or sat up at the doors of their sod houses in comic postures of suspicion and alarm. Little gray owls, blinking at the early morning light, flopped from fence posts to fields. Finally a thick saddle-colored serpent wriggled rapidly from the road to a hiding place in the gutter—the rattlesnake, sinister member of that famous prairie partnership.

And now a little streak of cloud appeared through the mists of the western horizon. Or was it a cloud? At every hilltop we looked; it was always there, but always of the same shape. We stopped; got out the glasses. Behind that streak, like a chalk mark on the edge of the western sky, rose the blue-black immensity of a mountain, the advance guard of the Rockies. Beyond that lay two hundred miles of peaks, tangled range on range, and five thousand miles of motor roads upon which driving is to ordinary motoring what bronco busting or fox hunting is to ordinary park riding.

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OCEAN MAGIC

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this voyage. Now you stick by me, Towhead. I'll take you along with me and make you my foreman. I tell you we'll make farming a new business the way we'll work it. Not a word, not a word! I want no thanks. Get along to your work now and don't forget what I tell you."

Towhead had not wanted to utter thanks. He wanted very much to express his total disinclination for further farming; but the skipper urged him to the door, and there was nothing to do but go on deck. He found the watches just being changed, and Spud joined him coming forward.

He told the Irishman what the skipper had said.

"He will shurely make ut a different business the way he'll work ut!" grinned Spud. He jerked a hand with a sharp gesture towards the creeping fog and nodded at the same time to leeward.

"Ye'd ha' done betther f'r us all, me boy, if ye'd ha' towld the ould fool to lave farmin' be until his ship was clear av the Horn. C'm on, lad, me mouth's droughty f'r a bit av a smoke."

IX

O, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky . . . Johnny!
O, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky for me Johnny!

O, whisky killed my sister Sue,
Whisky . . . Johnny!
O, whisky killed my sister Sue,
Whisky for me Johnny!

THAT was a cracked and broken-kneed song the topgallant sails went up to. With Spud Murphy roaring out the chantey, and Towhead helping lustily with the chorus, the rest of the weary, spineless hands yelped half-heartedly, pulling at the wet, cold ropes without interest. They had been wet for weeks; coming on deck they had to worry swollen feet into sea boots soggy with salt water; the makeshift galley could never guarantee them a daily hot meal; and with a sudden cessation of wind the fog had come down thick as pea soup.

Captain Wandless evinced uneasiness then; he ordered the canvas piled on, and personally took the wheel to nurse the ship to her best windward work.

"Oh, sing out, you worsted men!" bawled the mate in despair of ever getting the yards up.

"*Whisky makes me pawn my clo'es,*" howled Spud.

"*Whisky . . . Johnny!*" bellowed loyal Towhead.

"*O, whisky makes me pawn my clo'es——*"

"*Visky for me Yohnny!*" piped a lone, hopeless voice.

"Oh, that'll do! Belay that!" yelled Mr. Adams. "Get a pull on the foretopgallant brace there!"

The ship slipped silently through the invisible sea. Somewhere out there in the fog a murmurous sound hinted of mystery.

"D'ye think it can be surf?" the skipper asked as Mr. Adams came up.

Towhead stood at the helm half scared out of his wits. While working with the rest, keeping close at Murphy's capable back, he had seen nothing alarming in the dropping wind, the enveloping fog, the long, steep, unbroken swell that came up around the ship, clucking under her counter with hungry chuckles, whooshing in through scuppers with a sound like the sucking of titanic teeth. At the wheel it seemed so different. He had steered many a trick in most sorts of weather, but never in a falling calm blinded by cold, drifting fog with phantom voices all around him. Every creak of the steering gear shocked him; each jerk of the wheel, each lessening jar and thud of the rudder beneath him brought a bead of chilly sweat to his forehead. He started when the skipper spoke, and gaped for the mate's answer.

"Shouldn't wonder, sir," said Mr. Adams. "Murphy thought he saw the Ramirez long ago, and ——"

"Curse Murphy for the worst Jonah I ever sailed with!" retorted the skipper hotly. "The man's made a hurrah's nest o' the ship!"

"He's no fool as a seaman though," the mate flung back as he walked to the rail to listen.

"Keep eyes and ears working, Towhead," the skipper said.

He stood beside the wheel, watching the lubber point swing wider of the compass point with every surge of swell.

"She don't steer very well, sir," Towhead complained.

"Do your best, my son. But listen with all your ears, and sing out if you hear anything like breaking seas."

Before his watch was up Towhead had learned many things about the sea. He did not understand the multitude of voices he heard, but it was given to him at least to hear them and to give each a note of its own. He grew to expect the saucy slap following that ghoulish gurgle around the rudder; he knew, though he could not see, that the brine seethed and creamed in through the scuppers across the decks a half second after a moaning sea had whipped along the under edge of the top strake of side plates with a snapping as of mocking fingers. He got to expect, a few seconds after the stern had risen on an underrunning surge, to hear the sibilant swish of the jib-boom rigging dipped deeply into the sea as the sharp stem settled, and following that in a lightning breath came the weirdly suggestive streaming of water pouring back into the ocean from the back ropes, chain bobstays and brine-caked figurehead. Yet he had heard nothing that conveyed solid land to his brain.

Captain Wandless remained on deck all through the next watch, and even the mate came up from time to time, much to the outward disgust but inward relief of the acting second mate.

Spud Murphy sat like a second figurehead forward, sucking hard at his inch of clay pipe, scowling into the fog with the intensity of his mental effort. Towhead forwent his bunk, too, sitting beside Spud in respectful silence. On going off watch he had given the Irishman a vivid account of the voices he had heard, and for once Spud was morose and unresponsive.

"Kape y'r ears unstuffed f'r ivry sound y' hear, an' kape y'r yapper shut ontil y'r shure y' hear somethin' different. Thin yell ut to th' wor-rld, me son!" he had growled, and Towhead had imbibed a vague and growing uneasiness from his manner.

Half an hour passed. The ship barely moved. Out of the gray murk abaft the masts the skipper's voice could be heard frequently asking if anybody heard anything. There was a note of anxiety in his voice which made it sound more ghastly than the fog and invisibility rendered it. Overhead the drenched sails dripped icy drops like dead fingers touching all in reach. Groaning, whimpering, sobbing, shrieking, the parrels of the yards, the chain sheets, the iron quarter blocks, the courses hollowly slamming against the masts, the chafing heel of a loosely stayed topgallant mast, pealed a devils' symphony. And the sea heaved unbrokenly; the ship rolled dizzily; no ripple left her sharp cutwater.

"Can't somebody hear something?" yelled the skipper peevishly. The silence that answered him was shivery, evil.

"Me son, can ye catch thot hollow sound?" Spud asked, gripping Towhead's arm fiercely. "There! Now! Git ut?"

Somewhere out there in the gray shroud a regular throb seemed to grow louder. It was like the deep roar of a gale-driven sea that passes without striking. It was distant, or seemed so, and growing, although the ship was apparently motionless so far as forward impulse was concerned.

"Sounds like the sea hitting against something, don't it?" Towhead suggested.

"Howly mither! Coorse it does, y' bleedin' poll parrot!" Spud growled. "What is ut hittin'? Thot's th' quistion. Is ut another ship thot's driftin' down on us or is ut ——"

"I can smell something like a sour cow yard."

"Thot's it!" yelled Spud, and leaped to the break of the forecastle. "Kelp, it is, an' thot means rocky shores. Poop ahoy, sir!" he bawled. "Oi smell th' land!"

And from far up aloft a shrill boyish voice piped unseen, "Land close aboard to starboard, sir!"

"Down hellum! Down with it!" roared the skipper, running to the rail and peering blindly into the impenetrable pall. "Sing out what ye see, boy!" he shouted to the apprentice aloft. Up there a man might get above the fog at intervals while still the deck was blanketed.

Continued on Page 72

Of the 600,000 Grand Prize Eurekas now in use, more than 100,000 are the new Model 9 which we announced last April.

Our dealers tell us this new model attained its amazing popularity because of the numerous improvements which lift it far above all other vacuum cleaners in performance.

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(Continued from Page 70)

"I don't see ——" The boy answered then the voice ended in a broken cry of alarm.

The ship rose on the breast of a smooth swell that was a sea in all except broken [illegible] she leaned steeply to port as her bows soared, and as the stem sank to the trough of the stern in the next instant something seemed to thrust upwards and crash against her starboard bilge. The sea subsided, she listed further, the crash of ripping plates far below sent a shiver through her, and down from the maintopmast head hurtled the boy who had hailed.

"Oh, damn you all for bat-eyed wooden men!" yelled Wandless, furiously shoving the helmsman away from the wheel and twirling it futilely. It had been useless before the ship struck, from sheer windlessness; it was doubly useless now, with the ship to all appearances as fast aground as when she was built.

"Where are ye, Mr. Adams? Can ye see nothing?"

The mate was groping in the maindeck fog for the boy's body.

"He wint overboord, sor, hittin' th' rail be th' way. I misdoubt he's done f'r, poor lad," said Murphy.

"Mr. Adams!" roared the skipper angrily.

Forward uproar broke out with the striking of the ship. Led by the boatswain, the hands flocked aft, clambering up on the gallows, fumbling at the gripes of the boats. The sick men and malingerers in the forecastle poured out, amazingly healed. Chips burst through the crowd about the boats, ax in hand, frothing and jabbering in a frenzy of terror.

"Come with me, you two," the mate said to Towhead and Spud. "You're down to take a boat trip, I'm thinking."

"If thot's th' wor-rst, it's aisy!" retorted Spud, staggering to a sudden lurch.

"What's that?" the skipper's voice demanded as they mounted the poop ladder. "Who's at the boats? Hold on there! Mr. Adams, she's afloat, isn't she?"

"Better get out the boats, sir," the mate yelled back as he led the way along the monkey bridge.

"Hold on, all, I say!" roared the skipper, and burst through the three of them to dash among the crowd at the boats. "Drop that ax, Chips. Sound the well, and let me know what water she is making. I tell you the ship'll float, Mr. Adams!"

"Got to give him credit for sticking," muttered the mate. He reluctantly charged the men away from the boats; then grew suddenly alert, for unmistakably he felt the motion of a free ship underfoot, although the decks still leaned giddily.

"By the Lord, she's off!" he bawled. He gripped Chips by the collar and hustled him down the ladder in a rush, driving him forward for the sounding rod by prodding him in the back with the head of his own ax.

"I tell you der ship iss sinking!" screamed Chips, crying blubberingly as he ran.

"Sound, blast you!" retorted Mr. Adams.

"Well, what have you got?" demanded the skipper impatiently.

"Sound!" urged Adams.

Chips dropped the rod into the well with a whimper of rage.

"What have you got?" came the demand again from aft.

For answer the ship righted as she rolled upon another great swell, leaned as far the other side, and crashed, bows first, into a cleft rock under water which held her as in a vise while her jib boom flew up in splinters, and her foretopgallant and royal mast, with yards and gear and sails, tore loose aloft and javelined down until brought up short by the involved rigging.

"You may get the boats out, Mr. Adams," Wandless cried brokenly.

*

THE first boat away was lost in the fog before she touched the shore, and only three men went with her. Their voices diminished with distance; shipmates on board the ship anxiously waited for a report of the landing possibilities. Then the voices ceased, and the waiting seamen moved towards the remaining boat, muttering polyglot oaths.

Captain Wandless stood gloomily by the gallows, apparently without further interest in the matter. The mate and boatswain cleared the boat away, saw it ready for hoisting out, and then the skipper came to life. He pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired a shot overhead. Men who had begun to mill and hustle about the boat started back in fear.

"Hoist away, and let no man dare enter the boat until I call his name!" the skipper ordered without heat. The tackles squealed, the boat rose from the chocks, and men glared red-eyed at one another, jealous of him whose name should be called first. Chips licked his dry lips feverishly, crouching about and fingering the boat as if engaged upon his duties of seeing the craft ready; actually getting a grip in case his name came perilously down the list. He had picked up his maul after knocking out the gripe links, and the heavy thump of it sounded evilly above the shrill of the tackles as he dragged it about after him, its iron head lumbering over the planks.

"Mr. Adams, ye'll take charge. Now the boys first, hurry up!" The skipper called over the names of the apprentices. The boat hung at the rail, only three feet from the water, lapped by the swells whenever they rose alongside.

"Tompson!"

A murmur went up at the call of the name.

"It was Tompson that fell from aloft!" growled the mate. The skipper choked down something that sounded like a self-condemnatory curse.

"In with you, lads!" he ordered, naming no more. The boys tumbled into the boat; the men surged at the rail restlessly. "Now the ordinary seamen!"

Like a mad dog Chips charged through the gang, mouthing horribly. He swung his maul with awful effect. The skipper's pistol spat, and Chips' cap flew into the air; a red streak ran down his leathern cheek. He stopped with ludicrous abruptness, looking after his cap, blood dripping from his face down on the gnarled hand which gripped the maul.

Then the seaman at the after tackle let his rope go in fright at the shot. The mate yelled, boys cried out as they tumbled down to the low end of the boat, and the other tackle was let go with a run, in defiance now of anything the skipper could do. Like a panic-stricken herd of cattle the men surged over the rail into the boat, hurling the mate aside before he could stem their rush and get his back against something solid. Captain Wandless fired again, then held his fire, for in the thick of the mob the mate and Towhead and Spud Murphy were hopelessly involved, as open to his shot as the rest.

It seemed a matter of seconds before the boat vanished into the fog, laden to the gunwales, water slopping knee deep about the half-crazed men. On the ship Wandless stood alone on the poop. The mate and Murphy and Towhead caught breath and clambered to the bulwarks to peer into the murk. Of the rest, not even the second mate had stayed by his duty, nor the boatswain, nor Chips. Only one slobbering, pop-eyed, dungaree-clad figure clawed hopelessly at the rail and whimpered into the grayness that hid the boat. It was the ordinary seaman who had told his shipmate that he knew Spud Murphy was no murderer, that another hand had stuck the cook's knife in the chest of Mr. Jones.

He gabbled incessantly, and the mate angrily bade him be still.

Out there where the boat had gone some grim play was unfolding, to judge from the voices that came from behind the pall.

"Bli'me, cawn't yuh git no foot'old, Bill?" bleated a cockney.

"It's as up an' down as a bloody light'-'ouse!" yelled another voice; and the ring of a boathook on smooth rock punctuated the sentence. Other voices came to the listeners on the ship, left there to survive or perish as Fate directed. Voices cursing, singing, bleating; laughing, too, horribly.

"Wictorier, Wictorier, werry well done Jim Cro-o-ow;
Wictorier, Wictorier, werry well done Jim Crow!"

"Thot's ould Bob Stafford," chuckled Murphy. "He used to sail in thim Aist Injymen half a cintury ago. Nobody else iver heard thim chanteys he sings."

Another voice cursed the singer. Yet another roared crazily, breaking into that most ribald of all chanteys, Abel Brown, the Sailor.

"'Who's that knockin' at my door?' said the fair young lady.
'Who's that knockin' at my door?' said the fair young lady.
'Ho, it's me meself an' nobody else,' says Abel Brown, the sailor;
'It's me meself an' nobody else,' says Abel Brown, the sailor."

(Continued on Page 75

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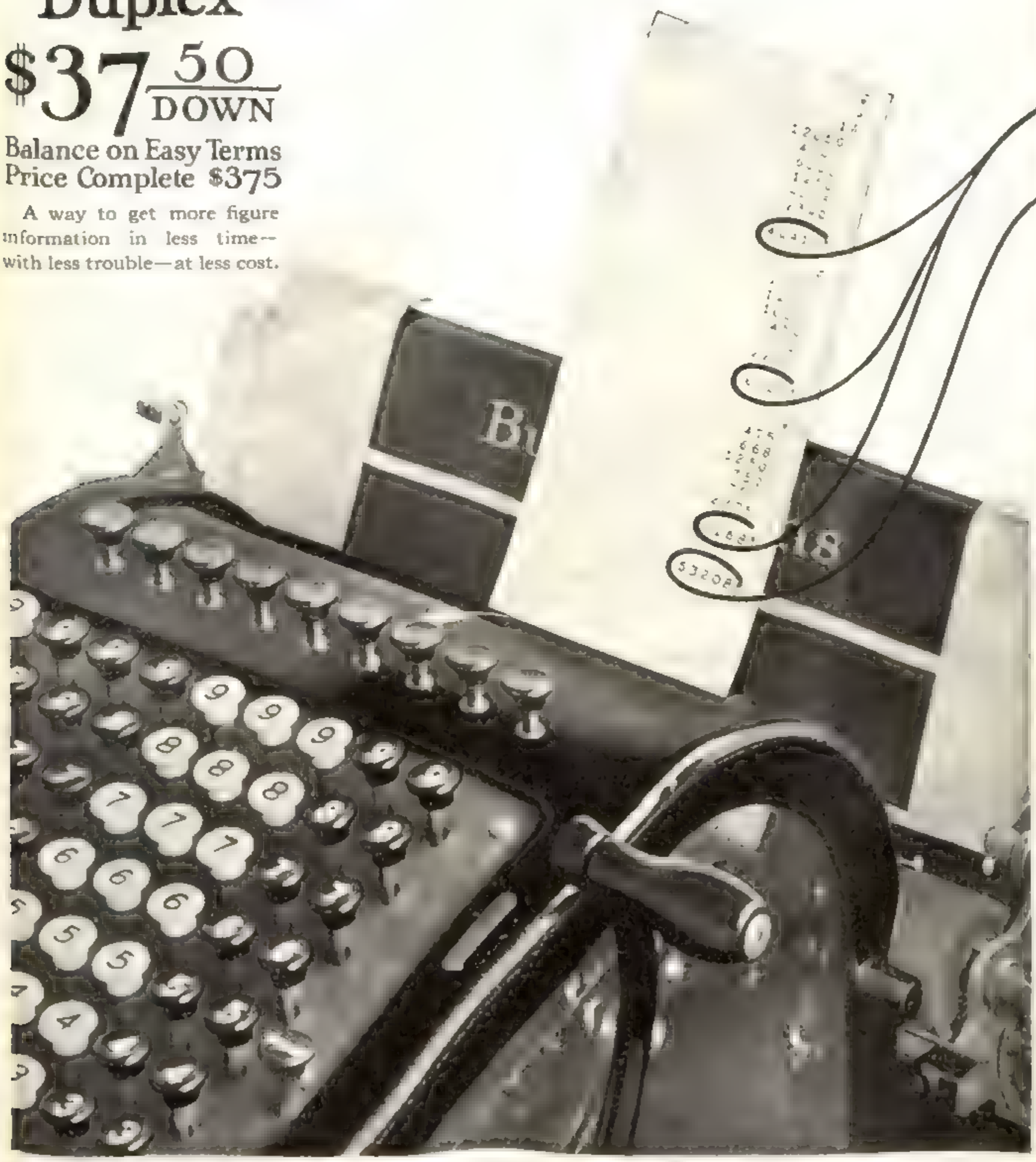

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GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

(Continued from Page 72)

"Gimme the bailer! I'll bust 'is dirty yapper!" yelled a sobbing voice, and there followed the sound of a blow and a fall. Abel Brown's adventures remained unsung.

"They're fighting. They'll drown!" cried the skipper. "Mr. Adams, we'll make a raft o' sorts. If only this fog would lift!"

The mate moved towards the hatch, Murphy at his heels. The ordinary seaman uttered a snarl of frenzy, climbed into the rigging, and plunged into the sea, floundering inexpertly in the direction of the boat.

"We need ivry man!" Murphy muttered, and vaulted over after the panic-stricken seaman.

"Don't let Murphy get away!" bawled the skipper. "He's a prisoner!" He whipped up his pistol and aimed to shoot as soon as Murphy's head appeared above the water. Before he could shoot another swimmer took the water, for Towhead, shivering at the mention of Murphy's name as he had never shivered through danger, went over after him with a clean dive learned at the old swimming hole, and reached his friend in half a dozen powerful strokes.

"Come back!" gasped Towhead, seizing Spud by the shoulder. "Don't run away and desert the ship. The Old Man will see — "

"Who th' divil 's desartin'? Oi'm bringin' back thot swab yander. We need him to help wi' the raft."

"I thought you were escapin'," Towhead replied simply, and turned to help Spud collar and guide back the floundering sailor.

They got him back, and Murphy whimsically regarded Captain Wandless as they met at the gangway.

"Didn't ye git my promise, sor?" he grinned.

"I did, Murphy," was the retort; "but I'd try to run myself in such a situation if I were in your shoes. When you land I shall land you myself. Get to work on the raft now."

In an hour they had a floatable raft built up of hatch covers and spars. Water and biscuit and oars were fastened to the lashings, and the structure raised to the level of the rail.

"The ship's stuck fast enough, sir," remarked the mate. "As well to wait for the fog to clear a bit, I should say."

"I don't understand the stillness," the skipper rejoined. "I was on Ramirez only once, but I remember no place where the rock is so smooth that a swell doesn't break on it, except on one side of Boat Cove. If we're there, why haven't we heard anything of the boats' getting ashore safely?"

"Maybe they took the wrong side, sir. Anyhow, I caught the loom of the land a while back. It's gone again; but the fog must be thinning."

From a point above and in front of the ship's raised bows a shriek of mad laughter pealed out, running off and dying away in a succession of ghoulish chuckles. Another shriek started at the same time; but it died suddenly, without chuckles.

"My God, Mr. Adams!" whispered Wandless, white and shaking.

His fat hung on him like unset plaster; his eyes were sunk in folds of pasty flesh. The mate met his look, and turned away a face as pallid as the skipper's.

A great albatross wheeled across between the masts, raising a wind, ruffling men's hair; two amorous mollymawks settled on the foreyard, squawking raucous love; Towhead gripped Spud's arm nervously; the mate collared the ordinary seaman just in time to prevent that slobbering craven going overboard again.

Overside a whispering swell raised the ship gently, letting her down again with a scarcely perceptible thud. And Murphy's sly remark reached the skipper's ears jarringly in the tensity of the moment.

"Another felly gone west, sounds loike, an' Spud Murphy's nowhere nearst him. How kin thot be, Towhead? Y'r th' Ould Man's darlint. Go ask him."

Wandless colored and was about to answer for himself when Towhead pointed aloft.

"There's the sky, sir —"

"And the shore, sir!" Mr. Adams cut in.

But the skipper had seen the position. He stood staring out to port, at a frowning edge of cliff and past it to a snug little boat harbor where the sea seemed to breathe peacefully, where tiny little wavelets lapped the shore so prettily that one almost forgot the grayness of the water, the chill of the air, the desolation of the fine clipper ship pinned fast upon the rocky fangs guarding the haven.

"Boat Cove!" the skipper ejaculated. "Then why didn't the boats get ashore and hail us!"

"That's partly answered," replied the mate.

He had been scanning the forbidding shore, and now pointed to the farthest rim of the little cove visible from the ship.

In the middle of the haven a boat floated, bottom up, and a man lay across the keel motionless, his hands and feet immersed in the cold waters on either side. The other boat lay on the shore, smashed, and dotting the water edge were bodies as motionless as the lone man afloat. The sun shone through sullenly, scarcely powerful enough to disperse the writhing scarfs of fog that floated about the black shore like wraiths.

"Float the raft! We'll get over there and see what's up," snapped the skipper. He went below and brought up his papers, cash box and instruments. "If the ship stays here we can return to her, and if she slips off we'll be ready for a boat voyage, my lads," he said. He handed his things down and slid a rope after them. "Shove off," he ordered.

Spud and Towhead gave the ship's side a thrust with their oars, and the raft careered in giddy circles towards the cove.

The amorous mollymawks fluttered from the foreyard, screaming ribald adieus, and went back to their love-making. A vagrant air sang among the ship's rigging like a dirge. The lordly albatross swept around and down close to the raft, regarding it and its occupants with an eye brimful of evil humor.

"Great Cæsar! What a spot!" growled the mate.

Towhead looked scared; he worked his oar almost unconsciously, mechanically following Spud Murphy's motions. That tough old shellback kept one eye on his own work and the other on the ordinary seaman, who showed every likelihood of taking another plunge out of stark terror.

Within ten fathoms of the floating upturned boat the raft stopped short, two of the four oars dropped from nerveless hands. From the summit of the nearest cliff a piercing howl volleyed, and a chunk of rock whizzed down and hit the water with a resounding whack. A grotesque figure showed for an instant up there, dancing in what might have been either madness or hideous mirth.

"That's Chips!" Towhead chattered, his keen eyes catching a clear glimpse before the figure disappeared.

"Crazy as a bedbug!" the mate said. There was a splash close by. "And there's another!" he added with a hard laugh.

The ordinary seaman was already well on his way to shore, babbling incoherent nonsense as he floundered.

"'Twill be aisy to git him," Spud decided, repressing the inclination to go after him again. "No need to swim after him now."

XI

THEY found half the ship's company drowned on the shore. The boat lay stove in across a sharp peak of rock. One man who still breathed was revived and told them of the water-logged boat being rolled over by a swell while Chips and the Doctor were fighting each other. Swimmers reached shore; some of those who couldn't swim reached shore too; and there they lay.

The upturned boat in mideove came in sluggishly, bearing its freight. When it came within reach Murphy and Towhead swam to it and dragged it in. The unconscious man lay face downward. They hauled him ashore and emptied the water from him. It was the other ordinary seaman of the watch, who had caused Spud's imprisonment.

"Mr. Adams, take these men with you and find if you can how many of us are alive," said the skipper. "Stay with me, Murphy." The mate led his party away to search the land back of the cove, and Captain Wandless took Spud off to a point from which they could examine the ship's situation and the surrounding prospect of ocean at the same time.

Towhead started at the mate's heels, but soon scampered ahead in sheer joy of stretching his legs. The men spread out as the island rose, and two of them, the pair of ordinary seamen from Towhead's own watch, speedily chose a soft spot to stay in. Neither was remarkable for guts; both had come through dire hours recently that had shaken them to the roots of their soul anchorage.

Mr. Adams shouted to the men to keep within hail, and he followed Towhead. Soon they could see the southern ocean; then a rocky ledge opened out immediately above the stranded Combermere. Towhead peered around the edge of the cliff, shivering a little from the sensation of immense height. At what seemed to be miles below where he stood he saw the trucks of the ship—those lofty trucks which had towered so inaccessibly above him from the ship's decks; and it made him feel as if he were perched insecurely on some unstable bit of cloud. In reality the ship's mastheads were barely below his level; heights were entirely relative in the wonderful clearness of atmosphere following the fog. And distorted in the contrary way were two moving figures far below. They seemed so big that they could scarcely be ten feet down; yet they scrambled along the rocks abreast of the ship almost at water's edge.

"It's Murphy and the captain," Towhead remarked. The mate was scrutinizing the rock face, the peak, and the trend of the ledge on which they stood. He glanced upwards sharply as a piece of rock bounded past him, flicking his face with dust. There was a queer human sound, too, not readily placed, accompanying the flight of the rock. Towhead's exclamation informed him of the missile's landing.

"Look out, captain! Stand from under, Spud!" the farmer yelled. Then: "That nearly hit 'em, Mr. Adams!"

From above their heads a crazy laugh rang out, and another rock flew downwards before the mate had crouched beside Towhead. The lad leaped up, tried to discover the source of the missiles from their direction, and was hit full in the face by a bit of rotten stone to the accompaniment of another crazy laugh. He shook his head to get the dust from his eyes, bellowed a good old farm swear, and swarmed the cliff like a boy after green apples. The mate followed him.

They reached another ledge, wide and level, and in the middle of it something lay.

"Gee-rus'lum!" gasped Towhead.

Mr. Adams peered down at the thing with dark horror in his face.

"The Doctor!" he said.

The Doctor lay as dead as the sheep he had killed on the night of Mr. Jones' death. He was recognizable only by his greasy shirt and overalls, both water-soaked in patches where the grease lay thinnest. Where his face would have been only a red smear remained, and in it was buried the head of Chips' maul. The handle stuck out straight like a stick in a red lollypop.

Towhead and the mate crouched over the ghastly figure in shocked silence. Then came another crazy laugh, and in between them charged the carpenter, chuckling like a drunken raven. The impetus of his rush knocked them sideways; when they secured balance again Chips was facing them, swinging the great hammer just plucked from its other victim, spraying them with red drops.

"Look out, sir!" roared Towhead, and darted aside as the carpenter rushed. The hammer swept over in an arc, missed the mate by the six inches he managed to draw back, and the weight of it pulled the madman half to his knees. Then Towhead acted on impulse. He leaped on the carpenter's bowed back, drove him to the ground, burying his face in the soft rock débris, and wrastled him with the joyous boisterousness of the farm.

Possessed with double strength through his craziness, the carpenter dropped his hammer and fought back like a wolf. The mate dodged around warily, seeking to find room to help. Once he saw a chance he put his weight to the job and Chips was secured, crying discordantly.

They reached the cove with their captive as Captain Wandless and Murphy returned with a tale of having been bombarded with rocks. Mr. Adams briefly indicated Chips, told of the Doctor, and of having seen no other living man.

"D'you suppose it was Chips killed Mr. Jones, sir?"

"Looks possible," the skipper replied with a side glance at Spud Murphy. "Anyhow, he killed the cook for sure. Only thing not sure is how it was the cook's knife that killed the mate. Those are things to be cleared up when we get away from here. First let's see what's to be done."

"The ship looked to have deep water all around the one peak of rock she's spiked

(Continued on Page 77)

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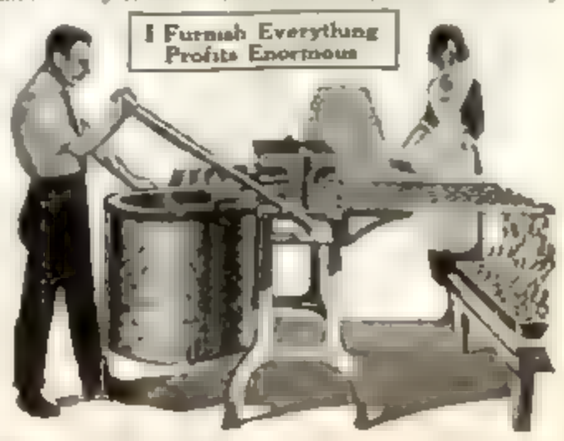

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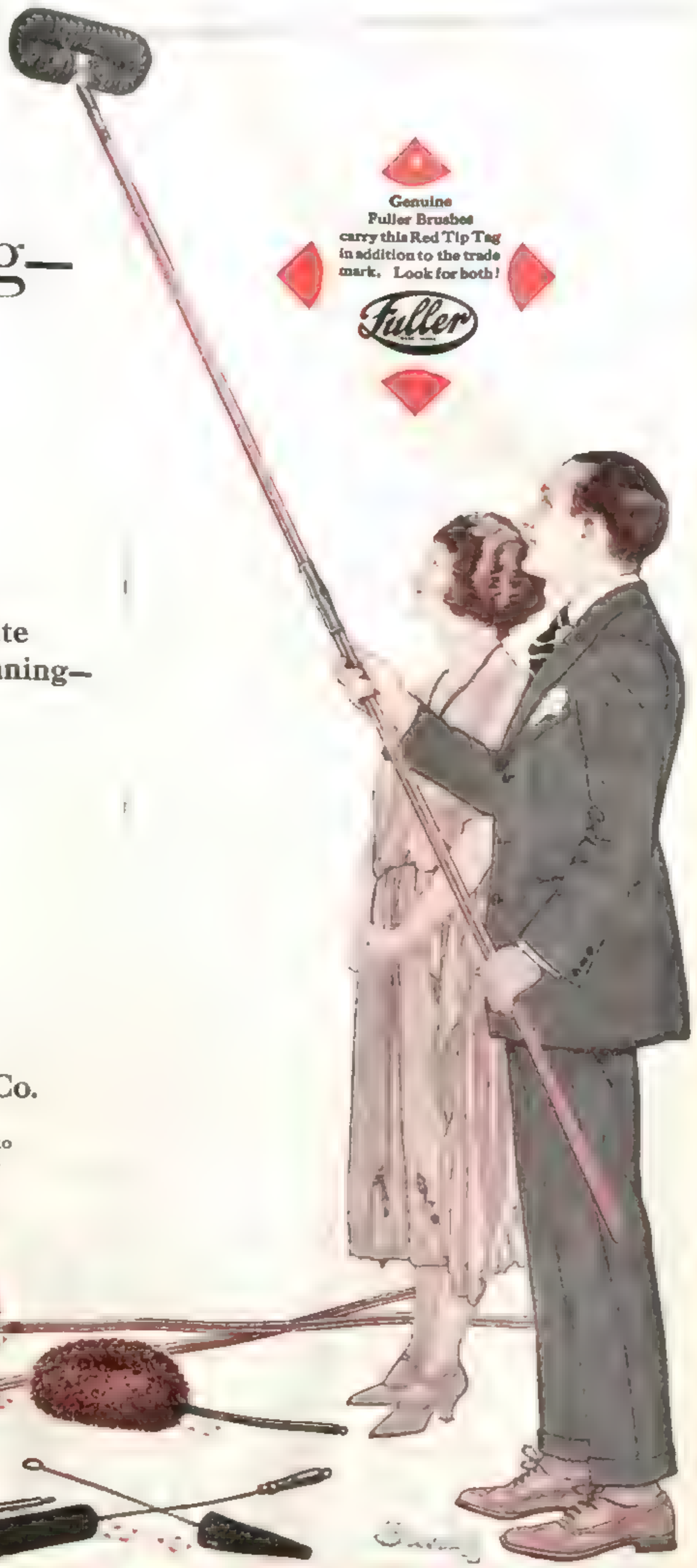

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES - HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 75)

on," said Mr. Adams. "The sea was very clear as we looked down from the cliff."

"Aye, so I thought. But she's three thousand ton deadweight, mister, and how are we to free her from that one small peak? Better look to the boat. Maybe ye can patch her up for a voyage as far as Punta Arenas."

The survivors clustering around, shivering with the clear chill of the air in their wet clothes, grumbled deep in their chests. They were not of the self-reliant sort; they had passed several mealtimes, and missed their nondescript rations and unspeakable coffee, seeing little prospect of hearing a mess call, hearing no word from their officers but suggestions of more work.

"The sooner ye make the boat ready, my lads, the sooner ye'll draw rations, such as they are," said Wandless. "No man eats until the work's done, and ye'll all work till dark. Mr. Adams, I'd advise ye to get the smaller boat ready first and go to the ship for what ye want in gear. Maybe ye'll find stores at hand too. Come with me, Towhead. There's a bit of grass farther back that looks as if sheep might thrive on it."

As they moved past that part of the shore where the drowned seamen lay, Towhead walked near enough to identify each one. He rejoined the skipper at the end of the row.

"Funny if the second mate got drowned, sir. He always bragged about his swimmin'," remarked Towhead. The second mate was the old boatswain, who had been promoted on Mr. Jones' death. "I can't see him anywhere."

"Good swimmers get drowned sometimes," the skipper retorted. Turning along the cliff foot he led Towhead upwards until a level bit of ground opened into view, covered with coarse spidery grass. "Look at that. Wouldn't it be a good idea to turn some sheep loose here and let them breed? It would be a good thing for any other poor devils who got wrecked here."

"That grass wouldn't keep goats fat," Towhead stated with conviction. "Did you count us, sir? Since we got ashore, I mean?"

"Two men missing—second mate and one other who went in the first boat. What d'ye mean, this grass wouldn't fatten goats?"

"'Tain't grass, it's weeds; and salt as Lot's wife too. Was that other man ——"

"Never mind him," the skipper interrupted sharply. "Sit down here and listen to me."

Captain Wandless got Towhead into a position from which escape seemed impossible, and stuffed him full of farming plans. At first Towhead felt and looked impatient, he was preoccupied with the happenings of the shipwreck, with his friend Spud's case, and with the madness of Chips, the death of the cook, and the strange behavior of one at least of the pair of ordinary seamen. Also he felt curious regarding that other man not accounted for. It was only vaguely that he understood the skipper was talking at him.

"Yes, my son, I'm full fed o' the sea," the skipper said. "This business will about finish me. Why should I wait to have my ticket taken from me? I'll carry my crew to safety if it is possible for man to do it. But I'll go no farther myself than Punta Arenas. I have heard much o' the sheep-raising Scots about that region. They do say wool grows fine there. And I'll cable home my resignation. If they need me for any inquiry they must send for me. You'd better ship with me, as shoregoing shepherd, Towhead. Ye'll not think so much o' the sea as a living now, I'm thinking."

"The sea's all right, sir, it's the men," returned Towhead. "I like the sea fine. It's madmen like Chips, and liars like them two or'nary seamen, and men as deserts the ship like the second mate and the other man as is missing ——"

"You're right, my lad. Dead right. You'll find a few men going to sea that are splendid. They get to be officers if they stick. The rest are the scrapings of hell, Hull and Newgate. They're not your kind at all. So ye'll go farming with me. Good!"

Towhead caught a glimpse of the skipper's face as he got up, and shuddered at the change. The sallow fat hung in thick folds, like dewlaps; the eyes were sunken, the fleshy lips pendent and slack. It was as if the pitiless light of Cape Horn winter, cold and clear, had photographed for the tyro's education a terrible picture of a shipmaster broken morally by disaster. Wandless turned and caught him staring, and forced a smile that was the very ghost of mirth, mirth dead and putrid.

"Farming's the only life for a man, Towhead," he said. "Old sailors say, sarcastically, 'Who wouldn't sell his farm and go to sea?' I say, after thirty-five years at sea, 'To hell with the sea! Give me a farm!'"

They walked along the cliff, past the ship, and the skipper glowered down at the beautiful clipper lying there helpless, like a fair maiden tied to a stake.

"In thirty-five years I never lost a spar, now this!" Wandless muttered as they passed.

And when they reached the cove shore again he still turned and gazed at his ship, muttering incessantly:

Towhead caught the tragedy of it all. He was ready enough to consider a return to the farm, but he was frank enough with himself to admit that he saw little chance of anybody going farming just then; also he felt guilty every time his eye fell upon Spud Murphy going cheerily about his work, helping everywhere, doing two men's shares, still with the shadow of that murder charge over him.

The night was drawing on, and the small boat had made its trip to the ship, bringing away rope, boat sails, stores and water. The mate worked hard putting the longboat in shape, patching the rent and raising the gunwales with canvas in readiness for stormy seas. The apprentices labored with him gleefully, youthful enough, in spite of the recent death of their shipmate, Tompson, to see the romance of boyhood dreams realized in shipwreck. One of them, a boy of more than ordinary polish, perhaps, had composed a clever musical chantey from Shakspere, which made the saltiest seaman grimace with disgust at the old ones.

"Oh, a great while ago the world begun,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
And they builded the Ark for the West Coast run;
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

The boyish voices shrilled the whimsical lines to the sky, and the frowning face of Ramirez caught them and flung them back in mellow echo. The boat was rolled to the water edge, and stores were stowed while Captain Wandless checked off the men and calculated the available space. He had to decide whether he would better care for his men by taking them in the longboat or by dividing them and taking the small boat too. He concluded the small boat to be a frail bark in such uncertain seas. He tallied numbers again, and shook his head.

"Can't understand where the stored boat can be," he said to the mate. "I always believed the government had put a cache of stores and a good boat here for just such an emergency. Can't be helped, though. Blow yer whistle, Mr. Adams. Two men are adrift yet. We'll shove off as soon as they come."

The mate's whistle shrilled out; the boys started their rousing chantey again as they stepped the boat's two short masts.

"Oh, Noah struck a calm forty days on the Line,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
Jonah's whale gave him a tow to the coast of Palestine,
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

"Here they come!" announced the mate, putting up his whistle. "Get a move on, my sons."

The two ordinary seamen dashed helter-skelter down the rocks to the boat and their faces were convulsed with mingled fright and fury.

"Get in the boat! What's biting you men?" snapped the skipper angrily. "Tumble in. Shove off there. What have you two yahoos been doing to look that way?"

The men glanced at each other uncertainly, gulped, and one of them blurted out rapidly: "Boatswain and Lamps got off in a boat they found hid in the rocks! 'Twas him, th' boatswain, as stuck the Doctor's knife into the mate, sir!"

Wandless glared at the man in amazement. A glance at the other suggested that there was truth in the unexpected statement.

"Even so, what's gnawing at you Flemish-eyed yaps?" he demanded.

"I knowed he done it, sir. He knew I knowed. Chips and the Doctor both thought each other done it. But the boatswain—I mean him as was made second mate," the man hastily explained, catching a red eye glaring at him out of the scowling face of the new boatswain—"the old boatswain 'ad a second mate's ticket, y' see, sir, wot he never could git to use because o' drinkin' up all his paydays every v'yage. He knowed as Murphy and Chips both owed Mr. Jones a black eye; so he ——"

"Yes, yes," the skipper cut in irritably, "but what has that to do with you two getting adrift and tumbling down here half paralyzed with funk?"

"He told us Murphy'd murder us for sayin' 'twas him, if we passed the night here along with him, and he said we could go in his boat. But when we went to git aboard —— 'S trewth! His eyes! Bli'me, sir, I'll take my charnce along o' Spud Murphy!"

Spud grinned just to make the precious pair feel at ease, and the boat sailed out beyond the cove, taking the fresh cold night breeze, heading up for Magellan entrance.

A dancing speck on the waste of waters, dead ahead, speeding fast, another boat sailed, manned by two men who believed the Combermere's boats too badly damaged to be safe for sea that night.

XII

THE calm that had succeeded the fog in which the Combermere struck on the Ramirez culminated in a starker calm that lasted all night until red dawn. Then a rolling sea began to yeast, in between whiles a tremendous sigh came from the southwest, and full daylight flooded sea and sky, bringing black running shadows to the sea and hard, greasy, cold gray clouds to the sky.

Far ahead of the longboat the other boat fled fast. Already she felt the borning breeze; farther from the lee of Ramirez she felt the weight of the gray seas sooner than did the Combermere's boat.

All through the night crazy Chips had muttered and moaned and howled. At dawn they stood him up to stretch his legs, propping him against the foremast. He saw the dancing speck of the boat ahead and broke into a gale of mad merriment.

"Dance mit you, dance!" he yelled, and rattled his irons on the mast until the boat shook with the vibration. "I bet you dance to goot tune pretty quick. Old Stiff gets you. He gets us. He gets everybody. Dance, leetle boats!"

"He'll git you, av ye don't sit still!" growled Spud Murphy, dragging the crazy man down and forcing him under a thwart. The comparative cheerfulness that had come over the shivering men with dawn was all dissipated by the weird ravings of Chips. And Captain Wandless tried in vain to arouse it again by a judicious ration of rum.

Until midforenoon the boats sped over a sea rapidly becoming too steep for safety. The wind began to shriek, and the leading boat staggered perilously. Ramirez slipped out of sight astern, and sky and sea took on the aspect of utter stark chill desolation, which is the prevailing complexion of Cape Horn seas. Icy spray stung faces and hands, water poured over the low gunwales of the deeply laden boat.

"She would do better with less sail, sir," the mate said, frowning as his canvas gunwale extensions ripped away all along one side under the weight of a chuckling comber.

"She must sail," the skipper returned.

He steered himself. No man could do more with a boat than he was doing. Mr. Adams knew it, but he was uneasy. Few square-rigger men ever became clever small-boat men, except whalers and man-o'-war's men. Spud Murphy crouched forward, keeping an eye on the jib and foresail gear, with ever a calculating glance for the staggering boat ahead.

"She would be easier off the wind, sir," the mate said. In the boat ahead water was being flung out in bucketfuls; and she had but two men for freight, half the sail the longboat bore.

"She must follow that boat," the skipper replied.

Wandless was lumped in a corner by the tiller. His eyes were deeply sunk in his flabby face. Every line of his body seemed to bear out his avowal to Towhead that the sea had sickened him; that his heart was in the land, in sheep, in cows, in anything that could exist far away from salt water. Still in those deep-sunk cloudy eyes fires flashed now and then. There were moments when the loose mouth seemed to lose its flabbiness and settle into stern purposeful lines.

Ten minutes after he had answered Mr. Adams, ten minutes in which no man had uttered a sound, all gloomily watching the racing seas, waiting for the cold gray fingers of it to reach up for them, the skipper

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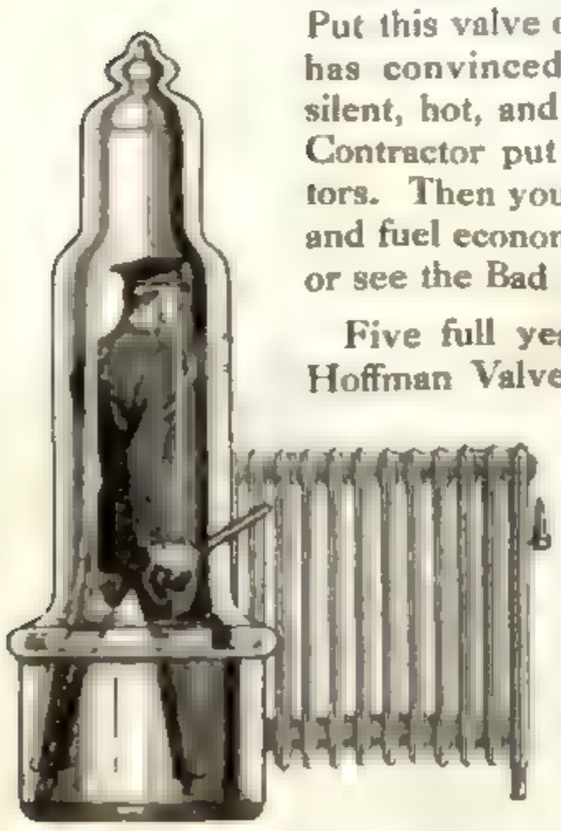

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exclaimed as if continuing an unbroken speech: "Murder's been done in my ship, Mr. Adams. That boat has one o' the murderers. I want him. No man murders in my ship and escapes if I am man enough to carry him to justice."

"Ha, ha!" howled Chips, struggling out from under his thwart and trying to rise. Murphy shoved him down, but the madman's strength was terrific; had he been on his legs while his frenzy was fiercest upon him Spud never would have handled him; being on one knee it needed a struggle, but only a struggle.

"Ha, ha! Murderers!" Chips laughed, fighting with Murphy while rocking with evil mirth. "In his greasy face der hammer I stuck it. Shoosh! it went, like dot. He killed der mate, und said it vos me. Ja! Murderers! Der Old Man, too, is murderer! Ouf a fine ship he is der murderer! Ha, ha, ha! Soon old Cape Stiff murders all ouf us!"

Wandless went ashen again; the fires in his eyes leaped up to sudden intensity, then died down to black embers. He avoided Chips as he peered ahead, concentrating his gaze on the laboring boat he followed.

Before the light gray of day began to turn slaty towards the night the longboat was kept afloat only by incessant bailing. Two men whimpered in the water, stretched on the floor boards, complaining that they were freezing. Men reached down between motions of bailing to thump the whimperers with bitter cursing. Mr. Adams took off his boots and stockings to rub his chilled feet, anxiously glaring from the stolid figure at the helm to the windward sky and the ever-reaching seas.

"Give the men a tot o' rum, Mr. Adams," Wandless said.

The rum stopped much of the muttering for a time. Night came; the mate took the tiller, calling Spud Murphy aft. He tried to persuade the skipper to curl up on a thwart and sleep. Wandless shook his head stubbornly, peering out from under drawn brows for sight of the boat ahead. At midnight two more men sprawled in the bottom of the boat, crying with sheer stark misery. Snowflakes began to fall; something in the hiss of the sweeping seas seemed to say it was madness to sail a boat as the longboat was sailed.

"Shall Murphy tuck a reef in the fores'l, sir?" the mate asked again, trying to conceal his anxiety.

"When I have the second mate aboard this boat, Mr. Adams!"

The skipper lay back, his head against the mizzenmast, and folded his white hands across his stomach. Little by little his tired eyes closed. The mate glanced down at him continually.

After a while he nudged Spud and whispered closely in his ear: "Rouse Towhead and stick a reef in the fores'l. He'll never notice it. He's half demented over losing his ship."

"I won't do ut!" retorted Murphy. "Yander's th' man as done th' killin' Ou'm char-rged wid, an' 'tis meself as wants to have him wid me here."

"You're right, Murphy," said the skipper, opening his eyes wide. "I'll take in sail when that boat's overtaken, Mr. Adams. Obey orders if ye want to benefit by my misfortune later on. At present I hold command."

Mr. Adams steered on. He was abashed by the suggestion that he was seeking to set aside the captain's authority. He was far too fine a seaman to possess that fault. Only out of the wisdom of that very seamanship had he thought to take in sail against the skipper's orders.

An hour after midnight a snow squall blotted out the dark sea. Men bailed like automatons, insensible to cold and wet, numbed beyond feeling so long as they kept moving. When a man dropped his bailer or bucket he dropped, too, and lay in the icy water. Some lay with clenched teeth, silent as frozen corpses; others cursed the sea; some cursed the skipper, the mate, the crazy carpenter; one of the boys raised a wavering voice in shivering song, oblivious of the beating of his young mates:

"Oh, Noah took a sight jual to find where he was at,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
And he stuck his ship ashore on the rocks of Ararat,
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

"Mr. Adams, please stop that boy," the skipper said.

The song ceased.

When the snow squall passed, Spud Murphy stood up on a thwart to look around. The snow, slowly flying in the wake of the squall, rendered the night less black for a few moments.

"Look!" he shouted. "Port beam, sor! 'Tis the boat, capsized, cap'n."

Captain Wandless stood up in the staggering boat, holding by the mizzen runner, peering at the dark blur which Murphy said was an upturned boat. To identify it required sharp vision, for the snow was passing, the night growing dark again.

"Run down towards her," he said, and the mate put the helm up. The seas hurled the capsized craft across the longboat's bows; the mate sheered away to avoid collision; the longboat soared on a crest, rushed down before the wind, and fell hopelessly to leeward of her objective.

"We can't beat up to her against this, sir!" shouted the mate. He had felt the attempt was madness at first.

"Bring her to the wind. Try her," retorted the skipper, hauling in the mizzen sheet himself.

A sea curled over the gunwale, floating the men lying in the bottom. One man stayed where the sea left him, in a queer position, face downwards. A boy put a hand to him to help him up, and drew back with a piercing cry of fear.

"He's dead, sir!"

The man had drowned as he lay asleep.

"Won't she lie closer than that?" the skipper cried impatiently.

"Try her yourself, sir," retorted the mate.

Wandless took the tiller. The boat came near the wind, leaned dizzily, and took in a ton of water.

"Bail her!" he snapped, and brushed the spray from his eyes.

The boat drifted away from the upturned craft, but every waking eye had seen two men clinging desperately to the keel. Towhead shivered as he sat, but there was a speculative gleam in his eyes as he heard his pal, old Spud Murphy, praying vehemently that those men be secured and brought into safety.

"Hee, hee!" snickered Towhead in spite of his chattering teeth. "Passon used t' tell us t' forgive our enemies. Ain't gettin' pious, are ye, Spud?"

"Hell an' red-hot brickbats!" growled Spud savagely. "Oi'm thot pious Oi won't even see an inimy drowned—if he ought t' be hung!"

"Keep your eye on the boat," the skipper shouted above a fresh squall. "Can you see her? Oh, damn the snow! Can't you see her?"

"Y' won't in a minit or two, sor," roared Spud. "Hey, where y' goin'?"

Towhead was standing up, groping around the gear box by the foremast. Without answering he seized a heaving line, took an end in his teeth, and dived cleanly into the roaring seas in the direction of the other boat. The line whizzed out, so powerfully did he swim. Spud Murphy caught the meaning of Towhead's seemingly mad act the instant he recalled those few words just spoken. With a lusty shout to the skipper to look out for them, he plunged after Towhead and struck out into the teeth of the cold black seas.

Breathless they reached the two clinging men, Towhead's rope out to its bitter end.

"Send one av thim in on th' line, an' we'll tow th' other," gasped Spud. They tied the line about the lamp trimmer. He made no protest. Their shouts went hurtling down the wind to the boat, and the line was drawn in, dragging the lamp trimmer. They turned to the second mate.

"Leave me! Let me alone!" he snarled as soon as he recognized his would-be rescuers by their voices.

"Aisy now," Spud soothed him, tugging at his hands to get him free from the hard-gripped keel. "Shure, we won't let ye drown."

"I want to drown! Leave me, Murphy!"

"'Tis cowld to drown here," Spud persisted. He freed one cold hand and let Towhead grip it while he pulled at the other. "I wouldn't see ye drown, me son. Oi'll save yer loife whither ye want ut or not."

"Then you'll drown along with me!" yelled the shivering wretch, wrenching free and rolling into the sea. Towhead was after him and got a grip before the man went under; Spud rolled after them, joining up on the other side. Fighting every inch of the way, they went down the wind to where they could hear voices hailing them.

(Continued on Page 80)

Save a day for
Richard Barthelmess
The Week of OCT. 9-16

RICHARD BARTHELMESS can act. The boy who might have chosen handsome hero parts, chose instead to play the subtle Chinaman of "*Broken Blossoms*," the old-fashioned boy of "*Way Down East*," the never-to-be-forgotten soldier of "*Sonny*," the sailor lad of "*The Seventh Day*," and that remarkable character study, "*Tol'able David*."

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• •

At the left are the names of prominent theatres coöperating in the Clean and Better-Picture movement by participating in "*The Bond Boy's*" country-wide premiere, beginning October 9th. Save a day or an evening to attend. And take all the family—*all!*

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Baltimore	Rivoli
Buffalo	Shea's Hippodrome
Birmingham	Trianon
Chicago	Chicago
Cleveland	State
Cincinnati	Strand
Columbus	Colonial
Chattanooga	Rialto
Denver	America
Dallas	Hope
Dayton	Strand
Des Moines	Des Moines
Duluth	Garrick
Davenport	Capitol
Erie	Strand
Evansville	Victory
El Paso	Ellaney
Fort Worth	Phillips Egypt
Fort Wayne	Orpheum
Houston	Strand
Indianapolis	Circle
Kansas City	Newman
Knoxville	Strand
Los Angeles	Kinema
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New York City	Strand
Newark	Branford
New Orleans	Strand
Nashville	Knickerbocker
Norfolk	Wells
Omaha	Rialto
Oklahoma City	Empress
Peoria	Madison
Philadelphia	Stanley
Pittsburg	Grand Opera House / Liberty
Portland	Liberty
Providence	Strand
Paterson	Regent
Rochester	Eastman
Richmond	Broadway
St. Louis	New Grand Central
San Francisco	Tivoli Opera House
Seattle	Coliseum
St. Paul	Capitol
Syracuse	Strand
San Antonio	Rialto
Salt Lake City	American
Spokane	Clemmer
Schenectady	Strand
Savannah	Odeon
Sioux City	Princess
South Bend	Blackstone
Sacramento	T & D
Toledo	Valentine
Tacoma	Colonial
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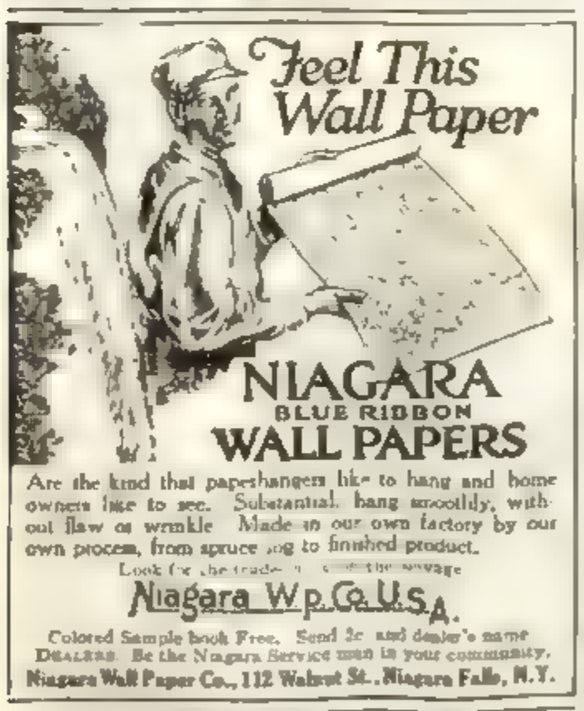

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(Continued from Page 78)

"Niver fear, me son. Ye'll niver drown this trip," Murphy said as they battled with the obstinate man and the hungry seas. "'Tis an iligant hangin' was fixed fer Spud Murphy. 'Tis yerself'll be guest av honor at the same now. Come on wid ye!"

XIII

A WATER-LOGGED, ice-covered longboat sailed sluggishly up to the wharf in Punta Arenas and came to rest. The boat was half full of mushy ice; across the thwarts lay seven frost-bitten, sea-scarred men. A crazy man, ironed by the wrists to the foremast, cackled incessantly, shaking his irons. Two crouching figures in the bows dragged down the jib. Another figure, recumbent in the mush ice, cursed and wept and babbled of red decks and a drunken cook's knife. A gaunt ghost of a man smothered the foresail with wrists that were frozen and deeply cut with icy gear. Beside the tiller a hollow-eyed man with a baggy blue face stolidly rolled up the mizzen, unshipped the tiller, and then opened a locker under his seat. From a small rum keg he poured a pannikin of rum; from a tin box he took hardtack.

"Feed the sick lads," said Captain Wandless to the gaunt ghost. "Prisoners first."

Mr. Adams took the hardtack and rum, soaked the biscuit in the liquor before giving it to the nearest prisoner, and held the cup for the man to drink. Then he passed the ration along to Spud Murphy, who again passed it on.

"Here, take ut. Ye need ut more'n thim louse-bound sojers," Spud urged Towhead. Towhead looked as if he needed something. The cold bitterness of the Horn had eaten into his being until little remained of the carefree farmer boy. He was gazing at the skipper, and a light danced in his eyes in spite of his suffering.

"Go on, pass it along," he said. "I'll not eat until the skipper is fed. Everybody has called him a fat sow, a barge sailor, a pasty-faced cowson, but if he's the sort o' man the sea makes ——"

"He'll be a farmer soon, me son," retorted Spud. "Howiver, av ye won't ate ——"

He fed crazy Chips, drawing back his hand barely soon enough to escape a savagely playful bite. The others were fed, and he had to pass back the pannikin for more rum.

"Wan more stiff, sor," he reported. "'Tis th' young boy as made th' purty songs." He hesitated before taking the pannikin. "Will ye not ate an' drink yerself, sor?" he said. "'Towhead'll not bite nor sup until ye do."

Wandless shook his head irritably.

"Get the meal over," he ordered.

He saw the mate busy on his ration, then painfully hauled himself to his feet, staggered up to the dock, and tottered on his frozen feet into the arms of a curious Scotsman hurrying to the wharf to see what the icebound craft was.

In two minutes a braw Scottish yell went up. In ten minutes more the longboat was taken under the crane, slung, and hoisted up on the dock with all her gruesome freight. Police took care of two raving men; the hospital received the rest, some for burial, some for healing.

Bits leaked out from one and another, though not a word would Captain Wandless say except that he had cast away his ship on the Ramirez; but before night the town buzzed with the breathless story of a bitter boat voyage, and of a skipper, full-fed of the sea, soft and incapable to the eye, who had brought his boat and his men through a frozen hell to harbor.

Towhead was first able to get about, and he found amazing interest in the town at the tip of the continent. Dugal McCleod, the Scot who first greeted the boat, carried the farmer around with him, showing him the place, filling him full of stories of the riches to be made.

"Sheep, lad—that's the game," said Dugal. "Back yonder I ha' nigh a meel on acre o' grass, an' the sheep thrive fine. Twa hounderd bale o' wool I shipped last steamer. I can gi' ye war-rk if ye ha' done wi' the sea. Didn't ye say ye were a far-rmer? Then ye ha' no business wi' square riggin'. I tell ye. Wasn'a I a full-rigged secon' mate mesel'? Ye ha' no gear t' bother aboot. Ask th' Old Mon f'r yer wages an' go sheep far-rmin' wi' me."

"I ain't so sure I want to," said Towhead thoughtfully. "I've seen things lately. I'll talk to Captain Wandless, though. He wants to go farmin'. Maybe he'll go partners with you."

It was some time later that Captain Wandless was able to see about business. He had advised Towhead to take a temporary job on McCleod's sheep range until he could attend to the matter of wages for the survivors. He cabled to his owners, and on the day his instructions arrived Towhead went to sound him regarding the future. He found him paying off the men, and marveled to see the faces of them as they came away from the table counting over their money. He waited until last, conning over in his mind the little speech he had decided upon. He was not quite clear about his own preference for sheep raising now, but recalling everything that had passed he knew beyond doubt that Captain Wandless would rush into partnership with Dugal McCleod and his woolly sheep. No man as weary of the sea as the skipper was, with such a bitter memory to nurse as that boat voyage from the Ramirez to the Straits, would think twice about it. Besides, there was the home inquiry to face.

The last seaman was leaving the table. The first, Spud Murphy, had already liquidated part of his wages, and now returned, merry of face with a rolling eye, to whack Towhead smartly on the back.

"G'wan, me lad, go git y'r money an' buy ye a bloody far-rum," said Spud. "Th' Ould Man's waitin' fer t' talk far-rmin' wid ye."

Towhead faced the skipper across the little table, and marveled as he had marveled at the faces of the men. Haggard and wan he certainly was, the skipper; his clothes, mended and pressed, hung from his shoulders and hips like sacks half empty; but there was a light in the eyes that Towhead remembered seeing there only once before, a firm line at the mouth that utterly changed it from a loose, unstable feature to a mark of real strength. The firm line softened in a smile as Towhead came to a stand. Outside the door the last man could be heard voicing some still inexplicable surprise.

"Give me a hextry three mont's' wages, the Old Man did, an' sez, sez he, 'Ow 'd y' like to sail wiv me nex' ship?' Bli'me, he ain't gorn loony, is he? I thought he wos going to grow little baa lambs."

Towhead took the handful of money Captain Wandless was holding out to him.

"There's a bit extra for all hands, Towhead," the skipper remarked. "It's not from the owners. I want to as far as I can make up to the men who stood by me for the hardships I brought on them. What do you intend doing, my son? Thought any more about staying with me?"

"I wanted to, sir. Will you come with me now and see Dugal McCleod? He has a fine sheep farm. You'd want to go partners if you saw it."

Towhead's words failed to accord with his tone. The skipper followed him outside, through the still-wondering seamen, and along the waterside street to an office building. The day was cold and clear; the sky had that rare gleam of sword steel seen through silk; out in the Straits the sea tide swept in forceful yet tranquil grandeur, brown over the shore kelp, vivid green on the shallows, blue as a summer sky in the channel. There was tang enough in the crisp breeze to set the blood of a sailor tingling.

"So you have made up your mind to go back to farming?" the skipper queried at the office entrance. "Well, no doubt you're right. The sea life is a hard life. It's bitter as hell; it demands all of a man, and pays back ——"

"But ain't you goin' farmin', sir?" Towhead wanted to know, and his tone brightened a bit.

"Me?" Captain Wandless uttered the single word in such a note and with such a raising of the heavy brows as to suggest that never in his life had he considered such heresy.

"I thought—from what you said ——" Towhead stammered.

"I have a fine ship lying aground, my son," the skipper said. "She can be floated. I told the owners so in my cable. They say I am to go ahead. Mr. Adams is standing by me, Murphy goes boatswain, and the men say they want to stand by me. I can't blame you for being fed up with the sea, though. I've often thought I'd like to go farming ——"

"Blow farmin'!" shouted Towhead. "Ain't nothin' in tendin' pigs and cows and pitchin' hay. Ain't you got a job f'r me, sir?"

So far had the sea's magic entered into the bones and blood of Towhead. Forgotten were the dark cruel nights, the red horror of murder, the menace of the frozen seas, the stark grim threat of eternal Cape Stiff.

Only the glory of the wide ocean remained, the pride of the clipper, the thrill that went with the hope of floating her and yet sailing her proudly into her destined port.

Captain Wandless glanced up at the farmer's eloquent face.

"Glad to have ye, my son," he said as they entered the office of the people who were to attempt floating the Combermere. "Glad to sign ye on, able seaman. 'Twill be fine to have somebody aboard who knows oats from hay. Be at the consul's office with the others at four, my lad."

Towhead strode off with a nautical swagger, and challenged the world of sea, sky and shore with his first independent effort as a chanteyman:

"Oh, a great while ago the world was begun,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
And they builded a ship for the West Coast run,
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

Far along shore Combermere sailors gathered, drank, parted, and sang too:

"She's a Liverpool ship wiv a Liverpool crew,
Leave 'er, Johnny, leave 'er!"

They sang of leaving her. Tomorrow they would sail to rejoin her. Spud Murphy, peacefully inebriated in solitary state, waiting for his chum, Towhead chuckled at both songs, adding his own to the harmony:

"Oh, Shanadore, Oi long to hear you,
Away you rollin' river,
F'r you Oi'd cross th' stor-rmy wather,
Ho-ho, we're bound away,
'Cross th' wide Missoury!"

Dugal McCleod—waiting in vain for Towhead to bring along his prospective partner—heard, and shrugged his shoulders. He uttered a forceful "Bah!" and went back to his farm and his sheep.

(THE END)

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BURNED FINGERS

Continued from Page 19

At the very best of times the shipping game, with the ancillary lines of importing and exporting, is as full of holes as a cheese and as full of pits for the feet of the unwary as a prairie-dog village. In other business endeavors the ignorant, the ill-advised or the reckless can stop when they find things going wrong, but in the shipping line the victim finds himself presently with a tight hold on the bear's tail which, by the very nature of the struggle, he is precluded from letting go.

Stephen sought his old-time friend and bitter commercial rival, George S. Willing, in the premises.

"It amounts to this, captain," he said. "If we don't make it mercifully swift Mayhew will go down in the wreckage, taking with him his restaurants, his apartment houses, his hotel, his first and second mortgages, his stocks, his bonds, his manservant and his maidservant, his ox and his ass!"

"Not to mention his good-looking daughter."

"Oh, Benda could take care of herself! She was in business during the war and she could go back at any time."

"She might, of course, even marry a business."

Kane flushed and laughed.

"When you come to that, and just between ourselves, captain, I'm in a jam. If her father is allowed to go on with this financial suicide of his Miss Benda would be too proud to marry anyone with even a little—er—money, for instance; on the other hand, if I throw a monkey wrench in his gears she assures me that she will never speak to me again."

Captain Willing chuckled.

"As long as Lloyd's won't insure you on either risk your best course to steer is to keep your name out of it. Put the old man on the reef, but let it seem to be me that shifted the buoys on him."

"Would you do that much for me, captain?"

"I'm not thinking of you, my boy. I'm thinking of that mule-headed old landsman breaking into my business, that's what! I advised him to keep out and he slammed my door on me, my own door! If you don't scuttle his ship for him I'll have to, and you can be sure of that!"

The conspiracy thus hatched matured with time. Some two months after its inception the captain spied Matt Mayhew on the floor of the Merchants Exchange. The new shipowner was standing importantly before a blackboard on which were chronicled the positions of all the ships bound from or to the port of San Francisco, and even from a distance it was plain to be seen that the line engaging his attention was the one beginning:

"Schooner—Matt M. Mayhew; Bound—Sydney; Cargo—lumber; Position ——"

"Well, Matt," Captain Willing said quietly in the other's ear, "I understand you're looking for a loan on that new Post Street apartment house of yours."

Mayhew whirled about, his face red.

"Nothing to it!" he snapped angrily. "Out-and-out lie! Don't need any loans!"

"Yet, eh? Well, you will. In the meantime, you don't want to consider another schooner, do you?"

"Schooner? I might. If business continues to pick up the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company will need more bottoms. What have you got?"

"A first-class four-master, about two thousand tons dead weight, new copper, two new sails, and hot and cold running water in the cabins. She's a bargain."

"How much?"

"Call it twelve dollars a ton. Twenty-four thousand."

Mayhew looked at him suspiciously.

"I paid more than that for the Matthew M. Mayhew."

"You what? Ah, Matt, Matt, I was afraid of this! If you had only consulted me now ——"

"Confound you! What's the matter with the price I paid?"

"I'm telling you. I can turn the Agatha Teller over to you tomorrow, at your own dock, for 20 per cent less than you were stung for. And she's a better schooner than your old hulk ever was."

Mayhew flushed and wriggled uncomfortably.

"See here, Willing, are you telling me the truth? What's the matter with this Agatha thing that they want to give her away?"

"There isn't anything the matter with her. It's the market that's wrong. It's going lower, too; in a month you can buy a fleet at seven or eight dollars a ton."

"Nonsense!" Mayhew cried pompously. "You're all bears here on the Street. That's what Atcheson says is the trouble."

"'A spaniel come to judgment!'" Willing misquoted. "Or was it spaniel? How is your child-prodigy partner anyway?"

"Very busy, of course," Mayhew snapped. "Buying more ships for you at marked-up figures?"

Mayhew was studying the board again; pretended not to hear.

"Our schooner is reported two hundred miles off Sydney, I see," he remarked. "So I guess it's safe to tell you what Atcheson is up to. We're cleaning up on the biggest lumber deal Australia has seen for years."

"It must be quite a deal then."

"You'll agree that it is. Atcheson—oh, he's a wonder, that boy is!—discovered that the Australian lumber business is hogged by a cutthroat gang operating in the big cities and shutting out competition. So Atcheson rigged up a scheme for getting all the independents together."

"You're going to bust the trust, is that it?"

"We are. The Matthew M. Mayhew carried out two million feet of merchantable Oregon pine for immediate delivery to the little fellows. Next trip Atcheson is going down to attend to the details in person, and inside sixty days we'll be shipping around five million feet a month."

Captain Willing looked down his nose, restraining his raucous laughter with an effort.

"That's a start anyway," he admitted. "By the way, Matt, who sold you your pine?"

"That was slick, too," the other chuckled. "I know something about Coast lumber markets, of course, with my apartment-house experience, and I put that over. Happened to run across a young fellow who was peddling three million feet of first-class stuff for a song. Boy named Whims."

Captain Willing started. This was news to him.

"Not Jimmy Whims?"

"I think that's his name."

Willing roared, then sobered and shook his head sadly. Mayhew glowered at him.

"What's the joke? What's wrong anyway?"

"Nothing but this, Matt: Whims has been working both sides of the Street for thirty days trying to saw that lumber off on someone. It was odd-length and odd-size material nobody would take for a gift. But, of course, in Australia, where they don't know any better, it may go great."

Mayhew hemmed, hawed and blustered, but it was apparent that he was hard hit. Captain Willing chose to let the iron sink in of its own weight.

"Well, let me know if you want any more schooners at a fair price, Matt," he said. "I'll be moving along."

He moved, seeking a quiet corner where he could release the pent-up laughter within. Jimmy Whims, the lad who had sold the Mayhew Company its lumber, was a junior clerk for Mardewell & Kane, of which firm Stephen Kane was the active head. The Australian lumber trust was a leak-proof association of dealers who imported and exported for themselves, on a wholesale scale, but who had no interest in fixing prices. What they did have an interest in —— Well, the chuckling captain said to himself, there was about as much chance of young Nestor Atcheson's organizing a combine of the fly-by-night and shoestring speculators for a *coup* as there would have been of organizing the Irish to break the grip of the street-organ monopoly. What was coming to Matt Mayhew through his plausible young partner was going to be, Willing saw clearly, more than plenty. He felt entitled to his laugh, and he had it.

Two days later, having made careful calculations, he decided that it was time to check up on his surmises. Not to be selfish about it he dropped into the offices of Mardewell & Kane and took Stephen along with him. They entered the small, somewhat dingy suite occupied by the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company; Matthew Mayhew greeted them effusively.

"Come on in, knockers!" he cried enthusiastically. "Welcome to our city! Thought you'd drop in to a live house, eh? Well, you couldn't have arrived at a better minute. Look here!"

He handed them a telephone-message pad, on which a stenographer had penciled:

Merchants Exchange reports schooner Chimes of Normandy off the Farallones. Due Pier 47 at 2 P.M.

"That's your second vessel, isn't it, Mr. Mayhew?" Stephen inquired.

"It is. She will sail out of here registered as the Nestor Atcheson. And now look at this."

The second item was a long, single-sheet document headed "Grain Charter—Form 7A—Barley." Stephen glanced at it with practiced eye. There was set forth in it the fact that the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company, as owners of the schooner Nestor Atcheson, agreed with the Sacramento River G. & R. Company "to carry in the said vessel a full and complete cargo of barley in sacks from San Francisco to Hamburg or as near thereto as said vessel may safely get," at a rate of freight which would insure the Mayhew Company, Stephen reckoned, a fair profit on the voyage. He ran down the page and among the fine-print clauses found what he hoped and expected to see. He made a mental note of a date therein; glanced at the calendar. Then he returned the papers to Matt Mayhew.

"Well," he said, "you certainly are a live bunch here. Why didn't I handle that grain deal for you if you had to have a broker?"

"Broker?" Mayhew snorted. "Broker, me eye! I was my own broker."

"I see Elmer Newhouse's name on the corner of the charter party."

"Just a matter of form. I swung the deal, and if Newhouse was paid anything it was by the grain people."

"I see," Kane said.

He did, too, because Elmer Newhouse had been put up to the grain business with Mayhew by Stephen himself, and had been enabled thus to rid himself of a white elephant with only a small loss when he had been fully expecting to take a heavy one. So Kane said "I see," and kicked Captain Willing on the shins for revealing the premonitory symptoms of a hearty laugh. "Well, you do seem to be doing yourself plenty of good, Mr. Mayhew, and I'm surprised and pleased."

"You're as disappointed as a wife cut out of a will, you mean!" Mayhew growled, punching his young friend in the ribs with his short thumb. "You told me I was going to fizzle out—all of you—and now you're sick because I haven't. Wait a minute."

A girl entered with a cablegram, to which was attached a long typewritten translation of the code. Mayhew snatched at it. Captain Willing looked at Stephen Kane and winked. The expectant grin on the face of the amateur shipping man froze as he read. Weakly then he passed the decoded message to Willing.

"Just when everything was going good too!" he groaned. "My Lord, what'll I do?"

The two conspirators, with their countenances held straight and their straining mirth leashed, read this:

Per orders delivered half million feet cargo Matthew M. Mayhew to Sporgel, Sydney. Balance of cargo on hand because Sydney and Suburban Lumber Dealers' Association refuses touch it account our delivery to Sporgel and no other market here. Cable orders immediately.

BALCOMB, Master.

"H'm-m!" Captain Willing mused, stroking his nose to conceal twitching lips. "Sporgel, eh? That name has been mishandled in transmission, probably. It's Spragle. Remember Spragle, Kane?"

"Wasn't he the Dutchman who had to leave Tahiti?"

"That's the bird. And Hong-Kong before that, and probably other places. I hope you got cash money from him for your half million feet, Mayhew."

"I don't think we did. Nestor handled that end of it. What's wrong with him?"

"Except that he's a liar, a crook, a swindler, a second-story man and a bunco artist, not a thing in the world. If you've consigned your cargo to him you might as well write that five hundred thousand feet O. P. off to profit and loss, mostly loss, now as any time." It was Steve Kane who replied. (Continued on Page 85)

SUNOCO
MOTOR OIL

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No matter how ungentle you are to Corbin-equipped doors in your rush, they are always considerate of you, assisting you to catch your train, never resisting, never talking back, never ceasing in a steadfast service of keeping out the cold, saving coal and eliminating noise.

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Think of the doors in your own home that ought to have the same supervision. The kitchen door leading to the cellar—the door at the bottom of the back stairs—every screen door and service door—bathroom doors and certain closet doors—all unruly, slamming doors—all doors that should be kept closed.

There isn't a door that cannot be subdued and made to perform as it should, by the particular Corbin Door Check designed for the purpose. The Corbin Door Check is a striking example of what is meant by the term "Good Hardware," of which P. & F Corbin make a complete line

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P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 82)

"What's more," Willing said, coming up with a rush, "the balance of your cargo is deader than your skipper suspects. Not only Sydney is closed to him but the rest of the Australian ports, because the association there has a rule that if part of a cargo of lumber is delivered to one of the independents in the business there they will not take the remainder themselves, even as a gift. It's their way of protecting themselves, you see, Mayhew."

"Of course," Kane said thoughtfully, "he might take it to any of the South Sea Island ports if he wants to be laughed to death, because the market is glutted when a two-masted steamer arrives there with a bunch of laths and nine pieces of scantling. Or there's Java, or Sumatra, or Timbuctoo, I suppose ——"

"Not for those odd sizes," Willing interrupted. "My advice to you is to get someone in Sydney to burn the stuff for you, Mayhew."

"About your second schooner, too, Mr. Mayhew," Stephen put in. "If I'm not mistaken she is reported coming in by way of Guayaquil. Is that correct?"

"Yes. She stopped there to deliver a jag of cargo for the account of the Shipping Board."

"Well, it might be worse if she had gone on a reef or burned to the water line," Stephen said, looking out the window and beginning to whistle.

"What the devil do you mean?" Mayhew roared. He was coming to the end of his rope. "How better? Better than what?"

"Nothing much," Kane replied soothingly. "Only there happens to be a quarantine here against Guayaquil—bubonic, or yellow fever, or something. It's odd your paragon of all the shipping virtues—this Hector Ashburton, or whatever his name is—didn't know of it. He seems to know everything."

"Oh, dry up!" Mayhew spluttered. "Let Atcheson go, and tell me what the quarantine has to do with us."

"Simply this: I notice that you have a canceling date in your barley charter. If you aren't ready to load by a certain day —— When is it, exactly?"

"Wednesday. Go on."

"Ah, Wednesday; and today is Friday. Pretty narrow margin even without inspection and fumigation and getting your pratique over from Angel Island to the Customs House. No, Mr. Mayhew, I'm afraid you won't quite make anything on your barley deal."

Mayhew was purple and perspiring. He could stand no more bush beating.

"Drat it, I'll punch your head in another minute, you imp!" he bellowed. "Tell me what you're driving at or I'm going to commit murder."

Kane turned from him to George Willing.

"I hate to do it, captain," he said. "You hit him; he's your friend!"

"Well, I guess I see what Kane is driving at, Matt," the dean of shipping men observed slowly. "It's too bad you didn't hook up with a man who knew this game instead of with your child wonder. The point is that your schooner probably won't be able to take on a pound of barley until she's fumigated, and fumigation and all the red tape that goes with it is a slow process. I wouldn't leave it to the starry-eyed blond child of the shop now; if I were in your place I'd get out and hump myself. The chances are you can't make it anyhow, but a man can always try. And I've got to be running along now. Coming, Steve?"

III

BENDA MAYHEW had been noticing symptoms of worry and irritation in her father for some days, but when she overheard him one morning telling Mrs. Van Riven, that charming hostess and society leader, over the telephone that if she did not like the way his apartments were run she could move, Benda became alarmed. Once really aroused Benda Mayhew could cover a good deal of ground, and she was really aroused now. She canceled an engagement with the hairdresser and had herself driven directly downtown.

Quite suddenly she remembered that her sire had been about to engage, a few weeks since, in a new enterprise, against which Stephen Kane had warned him. It was something about shipping, that was it! That young Atcheson, who had made a favorable impression on her at first, and whom she had seen once or twice since, had been involved. It couldn't be, of course, that anything had gone wrong. Stephen had threatened ——

The girl's lips tightened. Stephen, interrogated, had told her that, as far as he knew, her father was getting along swimmingly. But certainly now her father was not himself!

He was not in his handsomely appointed uptown offices; and she was a good deal shocked at the ramshackle den to which she finally traced him. It didn't look prosperous or even healthy. It was all very strange. But she would certainly make short work of finding out all ——

A roar that she recognized as emanating from her paternal ancestor in a rage suddenly filled the building. With her hand almost on the knob of the door blazoned with the sign of his navigation and commercial company she drew back appalled.

"Didn't know it!" Matt Mayhew was bellowing. "Didn't know it! Do you know your perishing name? Do you know straight up, you ivory-headed walking stick, you? You ought to have known about this fumigation business! You ought to have known about that cancellation clause in the charter from those infernal barley people! You ought to have known what day it was! You ought to know enough to pound sand in a rat hole, if somebody showed you the hole, but you don't! Get out of here before I throw you through a window!"

There was a rush of feet within; the door was jerked open violently and through it sped Nestor Atcheson. He made for the head of the street stairs and disappeared.

Benda Mayhew entered the office.

"Such language, dad!" she exclaimed, interrupting.

Mayhew wheeled.

"What the —— I beg your pardon, my dear! But that four-ply jackass ——"

She took his arm and led him across the room to a seat.

"You sit down and cool off, dad," she said imperiously. "You're too old to make such a scene and too fat to get so angry. Hush; not a word, my dear! . . . That's better. . . . So this is your cave! Now, when you get your breath you may tell me what it's all about, please."

He tried to bluster through with it, but she was cool, clear-eyed, inexorable. As much as he knew, and he only knew the half, he told her. When he had finished Benda Mayhew's cheeks were flaming.

"So far, then, as I understand it, these wolves on California Street have completely checkmated you. Tell me one thing more—is Stephen Kane in the conspiracy?"

"Not that I know of. Of course he's quite superior, and he will have his little joke about my enterprise ——"

"I'll make him dance for that."

"Oh, I don't mind Steve. He—he has given me some good advice, at least. But Willing and Newhouse and the rest! And now this barley business is driving me mad!"

"You say your boat has to be fumigated?"

"Before we can take on the grain, yes. It was only yesterday we had official notice of it. And since then this blockhead of an Atcheson has bungled everything he has touched. He didn't know about this, and he forgot that, and he thought he could sidestep the other, and now—oh, Lord!"

"What now?"

"When we finally get her over there so they can put the stikerinium, or whatever it is, in her insides, the quarantine office calls up to tell us that there are twelve vessels there for fumigation and that they can't get to ours until tomorrow. That means we won't be ready to load tomorrow noon."

"But what of that? What difference would a day or so make?"

Mayhew groaned.

"It makes all the difference between a profit and the everlasting dump heap for this firm, my dear. If we are five seconds late at the pier at noon the charterers can cancel."

"But if you explained to them?"

"Explain? On California Street? You might as well try to explain to a bear that had just come out from a winter's sleep! Freights have dropped eight shillings a ton, as they say here, and it's a lovely excuse for them to leave me high and dry. So there you are!"

The girl contemplated the situation swiftly.

"Isn't Doctor Glavis the head of the government quarantine service here?"

"I think that's the name."

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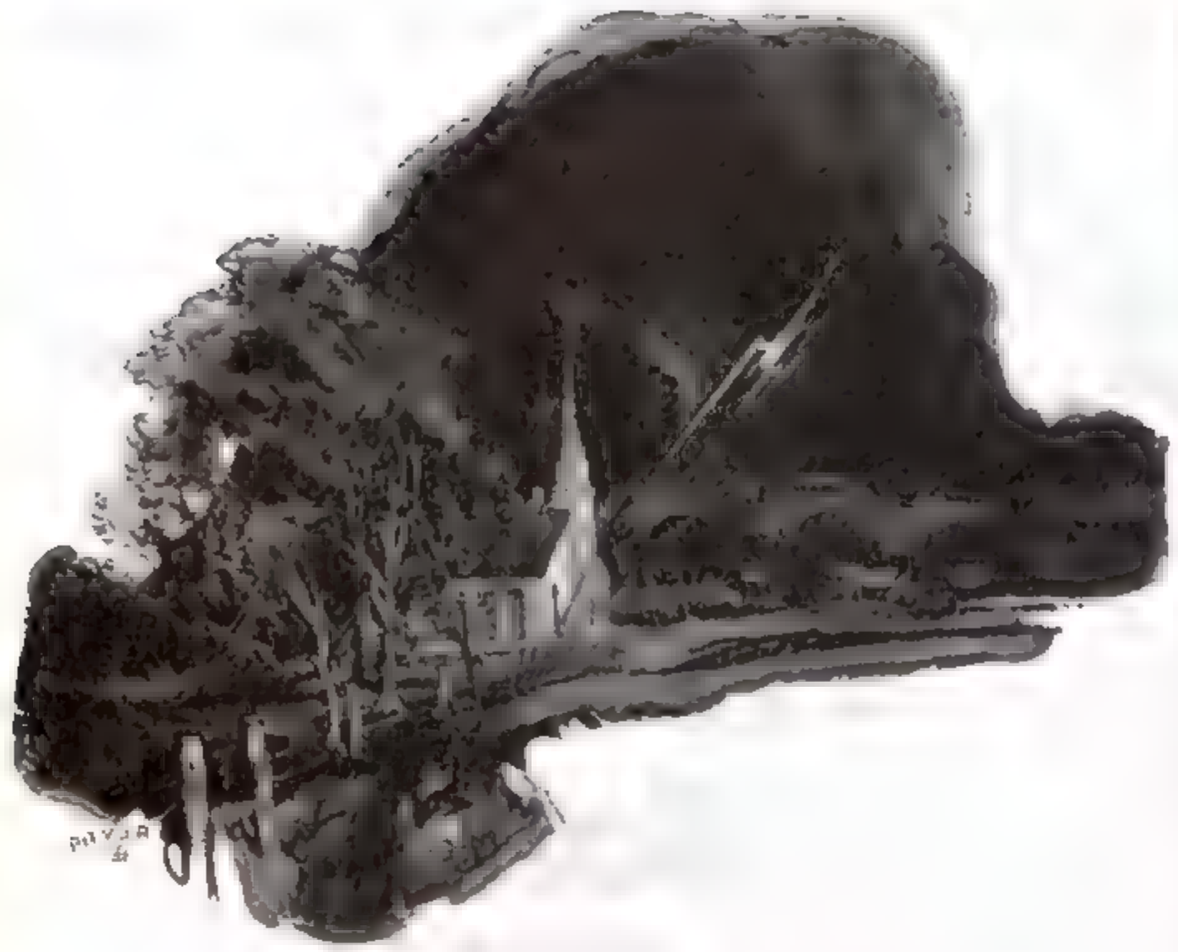

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Columbus, Ohio

"I know it is. I've met him, at the Presidio and several places. Now listen, dad. Get me a launch and have it ready to take me to Angel Island. While I'm gone find Ray Benjamin and see what influence will do. Tell Ray I asked you to—I believe he is the United States Government in California when the Republicans are in office. Go to your barley people and offer to come down on your freight rate if they will extend your time a few hours. And move fast, dad. I'm going to take a hand in this myself and show California Street a few things!"

"But, Benda ——"

"You save it, dad," she interrupted from the doorway. "I can't stop for you to but around now. Telephone for the launch. Good-by!"

Half an hour later she sat in the stern seat of a powerful launch as it rounded the southern point of Angel Island and carried her into view of the immigration and quarantine stations located on the eastern side of the island. Anchored just off shore were eleven ugly, half-painted, dreary-looking hulks that gave the little cove the appearance of a ships' graveyard Such names as they bore were so faded and scratched as to be undecipherable; apparently there was not a living soul on any one of them. Then she saw, tied up at a little wharf, a four-masted schooner the stern of which bore the legend, brightly painted: Nestor Atcheson, San Francisco.

She landed, hurried up to the office. The young officer on duty jumped up with beaming face.

"Miss Mayhew! This is an unexpected delight!"

"Hello, Doctor Winchell. It may be unexpected, but it isn't any delight. Where is Doctor Glavis?"

"He is on a leave of absence."

"Oh, really? And are you in charge?"

"Of the quarantine office? I am."

Benda favored the young doctor with a melting smile.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said. "There's a little thing I want someone here to do for me."

"I can't think what it might be. But if it isn't absolutely forbidden ——"

"Oh, I'm sure it isn't. You see, my father is head of the shipping company that owns the Nestor Atcheson."

"I didn't know that."

"And he has a contract or a constitution, or whatever it's called, to take a load of barley ——"

"Yes, I know that. But we have to fumigate because this schooner just came in from Guayaquil, and there is a quarantine against that port. The trouble is that some lunatic has suddenly discovered that he wants those old hulks out there fumigated and he had them towed over in a fleet. The last of them arrived day before yesterday—before your father's schooner came in."

"But you could surely let them wait until the Atcheson was released."

"I don't see how we can. Our orders are positive to take these jobs as they come."

Her face fell.

"If I knew whose boats they were, perhaps I could induce the owners to wait."

"You might try, of course. But as I understand it Mardewell & Kane ——"

She caught him up.

"Did they send these boats to you?"

"They are the agents."

"Stephen Kane? I knew it! Oh, the coward! Will you let me use your telephone?"

"Of course. May I get your number for you?"

"Please. I want to speak to Mr. Kane personally."

But Mr. Kane was not in. He was nowhere to be located. An hour passed. Benda Mayhew fretted and chafed. Another hour, and no success. Doctor Winchell glanced up as the ship's clock rang eight bells.

"Twelve o'clock," he said. "I'm afraid it's too late to do anything more, Miss Mayhew. The fumigation requires twelve hours at least and it would be the middle of tomorrow afternoon before anyone could get into the hold of the Atcheson to line her, let alone to load barley."

Benda stamped her foot.

"Please try Mardewell & Kane once more," she said rather sharply. "It will be some satisfaction to tell Mr. Kane what I think of him."

This time the connection was made; Kane's voice came over the wire.

"Who? Oh, yes! Hello, Benda!"

Her tones were cold.

"I have been trying for two hours to reach you, Mr. Kane. I wanted to ask whether you won't let the quarantine officers fumigate father's ship ahead of yours? It means a good deal to dad, therefore to me."

"I'm sorry I can't, Benda."

"Don't call me that, if you please. I see your whole plot now, Mr. Kane. You heard about father's barley business, and you had these miserable old scows sent over here to delay him purposely. I might have known you were capable of that sort of—of cleverness! Hereafter I wish you would not speak to me when we meet, if some bad fortune brings that about. I think you're perfectly hateful and—oh, Steve, please don't be a business man, just for this once! Be my friend and dad's! He's terribly worried and I'm sick about him!"

Stephen Kane's voice was sympathetic and tender enough, but his words were as businesslike as a mortgage foreclosure.

"I'm really sorry, Benda," he said, "but it can't be done. And it wouldn't do any good now if it could. The Atcheson couldn't be at her pier for loading by noon tomorrow, and as barley has gone up three points in the last few days Elmer Newhouse has just given me an option on that grain your father was to handle and I am making arrangements to ship it to Liverpool by one of Captain Willing's steamers."

"You brute!"

"I suppose I seem to be, Benda. But, my dear, this shipping game is a hard one unless a man knows it from the ground up, and your father would be much better off, as I told him at first ——"

Benda Mayhew did a most unladylike thing. She hung up on Steve Kane!

Ten days later Captain George S. Willing walked into the office of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company and saluted the head of the firm with his usual slow smile.

"Morning, Matt! How's the life on the rolling deep by now?"

Mayhew, drawn, irritable, lined, looked up at him crossly.

"None of your business!" he snapped. "What do you want this time? Come to gloat, I suppose."

"Me, gloat? Why, Matt, you never heard me gloat a gloat in your whole life, man! I came by to tell you that sailing ships have dropped about three dollars more a ton and that I could get you a first-class brigantine of two thousand tons deadweight for about half what you paid for any of yours. Of course, if you're not in a hurry they'll go lower. They haven't reached bottom yet by a long ways. But if you must have a ship ——"

"Oh, dry up!"

"What's wrong, Matt? I thought you were going strong."

"Wrong? Everything's wrong. The harpies and bloodsuckers on this street would break the Bank of England! They'd knock a man down for the matches he carried, and they'd murder him for a telephone slug! I wish this was the early fifties; there would be about four of your fellows in the coroner's hands by night!"

"Oh, come now, Matt, you surely don't mean that!"

"I mean more than that! Look what you've done to me! My first schooner is on her way to Tahiti carrying the lumber Kane sawed off on me as ballast. For a wonder you knew what you were talking about when you said I couldn't sell it in the South Pacific. I net a dead loss on that trip to date."

"What's she going to Tahiti for?"

"Atcheson thinks he can get her a cargo of copra."

"Well, he can't. But there's no use telling you anything, Matt. As long as that Atcheson barnacle hangs on you're done by the head with your towline parted."

"I'm giving him just this one more chance, but if he doesn't get us something from the South Seas, out he goes from here for good!"

"It's all very sad, Matt. What's the rest of the story?"

"All of a piece. The Nestor Atcheson, ever since Steve Kane stole that barley from me two weeks ago, has been tied up at Alameda with nothing to do, and now they tell me she's developed a leak. Let her leak! I don't care if she sinks."

(Continued on Page 89)

Clean Cuffs!

How a man dreads to face critical eyes with desk-soiled cuffs! Think how many times you have wished for a shirt with "turn-back" cuffs which could be turned neatly and smoothly! Wilson Bro's shirts have cuffs* that solve your problem. Just regular cuffs with the unique advantage that they can be turned smartly

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* . . . the cuff isn't the only feature. The neckband, for example, will hold its shape without starching and will not develop a "saw tooth" edge. Finally, the signature, Wilson Bro's, whether on shirts, garters, belts, underwear, hosiery, cravats, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., is your guarantee of satisfaction. *Patent applied for

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"The Lady" was Florence Nightingale.

From the far-off day—
of the Crimea—down through the years—her beautiful spirit has shone undimmed. It was the light that illumined the way for the first training school for nurses. It was in the glow of her inspiration that the Red Cross was founded.

And it is to Florence Nightingale—
that the world owes the knowledge that in terms of national power, prestige and wealth it pays to nurse men in times of war. But even with that knowledge it was not fully realized until a few years ago that it would pay to nurse men, women and children in times of peace.

Then came the Great Light—
what the world needed was to make health, instead of disease, *catching*. The Light pointed the way—the visiting nurse.

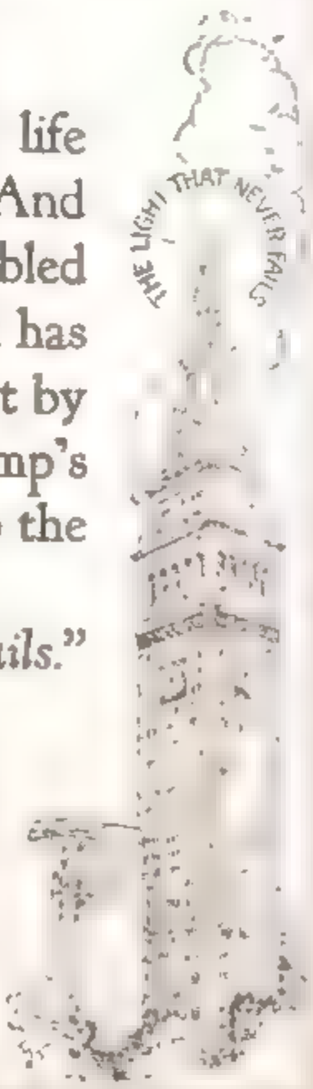
For who could take health into the home as she could? Who could come into such sympathetic relations with the family? Who else could so completely gain a mother's confidence? Who could win such love and respect that big men obeyed her as little children? Who could bring such a sense of security as this self-reliant woman in her trim uniform—a badge of service that even the lowest criminal respects?
And in whom else could be found the tenderness of a woman and the courage of a man? Often in rural districts where the doctor is miles away—she fights alone through the long night. In the slums of the city she hurries through darkened streets and up foreboding stairways on her errands of mercy.

10,000 Public Health Nurses—
are at work today, in towns, in cities and in rural districts. Still there are not enough to go round, for there are few business, educational, civic or religious bodies that do not *now* recognize that it pays to nurse people—few that do not recognize the need for extending the service.

And the Home Cry for Help—
comes from every quarter. From the lonely mountain cabin, from the factory settlement, from the crowded tenement; wherever there is sickness—they are calling for the visiting nurse.

"Angels"—
the president of the world's greatest life insurance company calls these nurses. And angels they are in thousands of troubled homes—ministering angels whose work has come about because of the example set by "The Lady With the Lamp." The Lamp's symbol today is the great lantern atop the Metropolitan Tower—

"*The Light That Never Fails.*"



The Metropolitan began active efforts to prolong human life many years ago.

The mass of evidence piled up by Metropolitan agents unmistakably proved the *need* for nursing, while carefully conducted surveys indicated that if wisely managed it could be made to pay Metropolitan policy holders.
As proof rolled in, nursing service was established and rapidly expanded. Today it covers 3,500 towns.
Last year nurses made 2,116,875 free visits to Metropolitan policy holders; in eleven years they have made 14,000,000. Their reports are carefully compiled.

They show many instances where lives have been saved by timely calls of visiting nurses and cases without number where their instruction should prevent recurrences of disease in the future. A request will bring to you, without charge, our booklet entitled:—"The Lady With the Lamp."

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 86)

"That comes of buying through anyone but the George S. Willing Company. How about your third schooner?"

Mayhew groaned.

"Did you ever hear of buying ships 'as is and where is'?" he countered.

Willing nodded, with a grin he tried to conceal by stroking his nose.

"Atcheson bought that way. He took on the Lester Leeds 'as is and where is.'"

"Well, how and where is she?"

"I've just heard. She's a thousand miles off Manila, en route to Portland, Oregon, with sugar, and she's got nine feet of water in her hold. A Dollar boat sent a wireless reporting her this morning."

"Um-m-m!" Captain Willing decided that the moment was unpropitious for laughter. "Too bad, Matt; too bad! Of course, she may come in all right. I wouldn't worry if I were you. But wait a minute. What did you say this sponge of yours is called?"

"The Lester Leeds; and you don't need to strain yourself any being funny about it!"

"Excuse me! The Lester Leeds. Let's see. Have you a copy of the Guide here. Oh, yes!"

He picked up the huge blanket of a newspaper which is the maritime and water-front Bible of San Francisco and ran his eye down the page.

"I thought so. Maybe you didn't happen to see this."

He pointed to a brief item, dated Portland, Oregon, and Mayhew read:

Barlow & Barlow, fir exporters, are awaiting the arrival of the schooner Lester Leeds, from Manila, to ship to Barcelona, Spain, 1,500,000 feet fir and a deckload of heavy timbers. Since this charter was made the Lester Leeds has been sold to a San Francisco shipping firm to which she will be delivered after completion of the charter.

He looked up, rather hopefully.

"Well, that won't be so bad," he said. "Atcheson was a little hazy about details on that buy; but if she's due to take a cargo for us to Spain ——"

"For you? Man alive, she isn't going to take it for you. She's going to take it for the old owners, and they will be paid in full for the voyage three months before you ever see your new vessel. You took her 'as is and where is,' which means with all her previous charters and undertakings to be carried out before you can as much as go aboard her."

"Then I won't get that freight money?"

"You will not. What's more, you will have to refit her for the trip, and if she is running with nine feet of water in her hold you'll have a pretty job discharging the sirup that's left from the sugar your skipper hasn't already heaved overboard to keep himself afloat."

"Oh-h-h!" Matt Mayhew groaned in agony. "I won't do it! She can go to the bottom of the sea for all I care. I won't give her as much as a coat of paint!"

"Exactly what I would advise, Matt," Captain Willing replied, unmoved. "How much did you pay for her?"

"Forty thousand, I think."

"Well, that's twice what she'd bring today, even without her seams opened and her hold full. But forty thousand is less than the seventy-five thousand she will cost you if you don't give her to the Salvation Army in Portland."

Matt Mayhew was vitally hurt this time, and Captain Willing went from him straight to Stephen Kane.

"The old man's going fast, Steve," he reported. "One more smash and he's through."

"Well, we'll give him a good one when the time comes," Kane said savagely. "It's costing me a lot besides money. Miss Benda won't let me see her, she won't read my letters, she won't answer the telephone. I can't convince her it's for the old man's own good. And if I don't make it swift and certain now the project will cost me more than can be put down on a ledger."

Captain Willing grunted.

"Don't let it ride you too hard, son," he advised. "If I know that breed they'll recover quickly. Now what's the next move?"

"I'm going to Portland tonight to have words in the ear of Jim Barlow, the fir man. While I'm gone you can do whatever occurs to you; but scuttling Mayhew's Nestor Atcheson, with the man she is named for in irons in the hold of her, is what I would suggest!"

Stephen went to Portland, saw his old friend, Jim Barlow, spent two hours in earnest conversation with him, interrupted by an occasional guffaw of laughter from Barlow, and returned to San Francisco on the second morning. On the train Steve composed what he thought was an effective speech, and from the station was driven directly to the Mayhew home, where he proposed to deliver it.

At the door the maid informed him that Miss Benda Mayhew was not at home to visitors.

He insisted; the girl left him in the library and went upstairs. Presently she returned to inform him, at Miss Mayhew's request, that she was not at home to him at any time, nor under any circumstances, and never again would be.

With his ears red Steve Kane walked out and drove away.

Benda Mayhew watched him go. Her face was white and her little fists were clenched. But when he was gone and she was sure of it, she threw herself on her bed and burst into a fit of weeping, and they were not altogether tears of rage. Not by any means!

IV

THE Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company had been in business less than six months, and the whole Street was watching for its collapse, when Stephen Kane one morning received the surprise of his life. Into his private office walked Benda Mayhew, with wan cheeks and circles under her beautiful eyes. Instead of reproaching Kane she held out a hand, as though beseechingly, and a big tear rolled down her face.

Kane leaped to greet her.

"Benda, darling!" he cried, "what's wrong? Sit down! Why didn't you send for me? Don't cry. Do you want a glass of water? Or a little finger of very best private stock? Or won't you let me telephone for Doctor Terry?"

Through her tears she laughed at him.

"Don't be extravagant, Steve," she cried, shaking herself slightly. "I'm all right. It's father."

"Oh! Will you let me explain ——"

"You don't need to, Steve. I've just come from talking with Captain Willing."

"What did he say?"

"He told me everything. He convinced me that you were right. Dad had no business coming down here, and if I hadn't been an obstinate little fool I would have understood from the first. Only you made me cross when you threatened father, and I believed him and that rascal, Atcheson, when they said you only feared their competition."

"I could have proved to you ——"

"I know. But Steve!"

"Yes, dear."

"Can't you let up on dad now? He's actually sick. He's in so deep that he can't very well quit ——"

"That's where you're mistaken, Benda. Excuse me, darling, but that's just what he isn't. He is in deep, but every minute he stays in this game is going to get him in deeper. I know it hurts to drop money, but it would hurt worse to drop his whole roll. I give you my solemn word of honor, honey girl, that if he doesn't break off short this enterprise of his will take everything he has in the world."

"I'm afraid he won't be willing to quit now. You know how father is just as well as I do."

"He's stubborn; but he must be cured. Heroic treatment is the only kind he will respond to. Will you stand by and not whimper when it hurts him?"

"Does it have to be that way, Steve?"

"It has to be exactly that way."

"All right, I'll trust you. But make it as easy as you can—Dad's an old man, Steve."

"Do you want to be there during the operation?"

"I'd feel better about it, I think."

"Then be at your father's office in an hour."

"I will, Stephen. And I'm sorry I've been such a fool!"

"You've been loyal and true to him, and that's why I love you more than ever I did, Benda. I wish I had had these partitions of mine fitted with ground glass, because I want ——"

"They are very admirable partitions as they stand," Benda interrupted with great dignity, but she threw him a kiss as she swept out.

At the appointed moment Steve and Captain Willing climbed the dusty stairs to the offices of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company and entered its dingy portals. The place was heavy with gloom and apprehension. In his inner sanctum sat Matthew M. Mayhew, looking weakened, worn and broken. He greeted the visitors listlessly; kept his eyes turned away from those of his daughter, who sat beyond his desk, holding herself tightly.

"Job's friends!" Matt Mayhew bleated. "You scent trouble as buzzards do a dying coyote! Come in and enjoy yourselves, if you must."

"You have us wrong, Matt," Captain Willing objected. "All I came for was to tell you that I can get you eight schooners, if you act quick, for about one-half ——"

"You can take your perishing schooners to the bottom of the sea and go down with them!" old Matt blazed. "I never want to hear of a schooner again!"

Stephen Kane interrupted.

"I'm afraid I've come on an unfortunate errand then, Mr. Mayhew," he observed. "My business is connected with all three of your schooners."

Mayhew squawked.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I said so all the time! You've been behind this whole plot, and I've got you to thank for ruining me, Steve Kane! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Why couldn't you pick on somebody your own age?"

"I'll tell you why, sir. A man of my own age could go as far as he liked in this game and burn his hands off at the wrists in it, for all me. But you are not only too old to be starting out in a strange business, you are also a friend of mine."

"If you are a friend, then give me enemies!"

"You won't feel that way about it when the smoke has cleared away, Mr. Mayhew. I have tried from the beginning to keep you out of the game. You came in at the wrong time, you had bad luck, you had bad advice and assistance that was to say the least a liability."

"If you are talking about Atcheson, I'm through with him. I told him last night that he could pack up and git."

"That's something, Mr. Mayhew. But I want you to pack up too and git, as you call it. If you don't ——"

"Oh, you think you can dictate to me, do you? You imagine that I'm flat; but I want to tell you, young man ——"

"Read that!" Steve interrupted, and he laid a cablegram and its translation on Mayhew's desk. The old restaurant man read:

From Papeete, Tahiti.

To Mardewell & Kane, San Francisco.

Answering your inquiry Schooner Matthew M. Mayhew beached Tae o Hae. Can be salvaged at reasonable figure. No cargo here for her unless you care buy her for part cargo vanilla beans and send Mary Lee on to Calcutta in ballast. If interested I advise offering Mayhew owners maximum of six thousand for her as is where is. RITTENHOUSE.

"Beached?" Mayhew exclaimed. "Why haven't I heard of it then?"

"I suspect that your master was drunk when he beached her and has stayed so since," Steve said. "But before we go into details on that matter do you care to read this one?"

He extended a telegram. It was from Barlow & Barlow, the Oregon fir exporters, and read thus:

Mardewell & Kane,

San Francisco.

Acting as our agents please see Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company and advise them their schooner Lester Leeds under charter to us for Barcelona is docked here from Manila and now reported in unseaworthy condition stop surveyor refuses certificate until recaulked waterways topsides and decks stop surveyor orders two new masts and master agrees but includes foremast rotten and broken in deck stop must insist immediate action as cargo must go forward at once.

"You see, Mr. Mayhew," Stephen observed, "there are some of the results arising from buying a pig in a poke. Do you want us to order the Leeds refitted in Portland?"

"How much would it cost?" Matt asked weakly.

"I can only guess. From the telegram I'd say $20,000."

"Too conservative, Steve," Captain Willing objected.

"Twenty thousand dollars?" Mayhew shouted. "I wouldn't put twenty thousand cents into her. Would you in my place, George?"

"Matt," Willing responded, "in your place I'd trade that schooner for five pounds of niggerhead tobacco."

"Perhaps I could sell her up there," Mayhew suggested hopefully.

"Yes," Willing said, "I think I noticed the other day that the Prince of Wales or some place is looking for a new yacht. Matt, I've got twenty schooners and barkentines and brigs on my list right now that could be bought for about what it would cost you to give this hulk of yours three good coats of paint!"

Mayhew knotted his hands in his lap and his shoulders sagged. Steve Kane gave him the final barrel.

"Speaking of schooners," he said, "reminds me that the water-front authorities of Alameda are going to notify you today that you must have the Nestor Atcheson towed out into the stream, because they consider her too much of a fire risk. That will mean towage, permits, a watchman, probably a new anchor chain."

Mayhew almost sobbed.

"I'm through, gentlemen," he said. "Sell me out, and make it quick! I guess I owe money to everybody on the water front and the Street. If I could just lay my hands on Nestor Atcheson ——"

A clerk, apparently summoned by a nod from Stephen Kane, entered the office.

"Mr. Mayhew," he said innocently, "do you know where Mr. Atcheson can be located?"

"I do not. I wish I did. Why do you ask?"

"There's an officer outside wants to speak to him."

"What kind of officer?"

"I think he's a private detective."

"What the perishing sons of men ' Pardon me, my dear! Wait a minute."

As though impelled by a sudden thought Matt Mayhew jumped up and crossed to a safe in the corner. He twirled the combination knob and flung open the door.

The safe was empty.

Without a word he returned, took up the telephone and called his bank.

"Hello! Mr. Durand, please. . . . This is Matt Mayhew, Durand. Will you tell me how the balance of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company stands? . . . What? . . . You mean twenty-one thousand, don't you? . . . Oh! . . . No, don't bother. When you do look you'll find that the last check was drawn by one Nestor Atcheson, I imagine. G'by. Thanks!"

He walked towards the outer office, his eyes averted from those of his daughter and his friends. They heard him address the waiting caller:

"You want Nestor, eh? Well, so do I. The Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company goes out of existence at noon today, but Matthew M. Mayhew, apartment house and hotel builder and owner of restaurants, is offering a five-thousand-dollar reward for Nestor's arrest. So if you'll hump yourself, my friend, you may make a good thing out of it."

In the inner room Benda Mayhew, whose eyes were full of tears but whose lips were smiling, reached across and caught the hand of Stephen Kane. Captain George S. Willing became intensely absorbed in a chart of the Pacific Ocean that hung on the wall.

Possibly he had never seen anything like it before. At any rate, with his back squarely to the young people, he studied it with profound interest. There came a sound, as of the pulling of a cork, but it did not cause Captain Willing to look around. Instead he searched the map, stroking his nose in order to conceal a smile.

Outside a door banged and a curtain was pulled down. Matthew M. Mayhew addressed the employes of the navigation company.

"You heard the news, I suppose, folks," he was saying, and in his voice was a new note, almost of joy. "We're through here! You'll each get an extra month's pay and this excellent advice: When taking a new job look for one in the undertaking business or somewhere where they manufacture the holes in bone buttons, and keep out of the shipping game. It's no better than it should be, but it costs money to find that out!"

He was evidently doing some sort of barbaric dance, for his feet shuffled and his breath began to come fast.

"By golly, it's good to be loose again!" he cried. "Whoops, my dear! Ra-la-ai-a-dee! Steve! Benda! George Willing, you old thug! Come on, you mourners! We're going to the funeral of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company! It's to be held at Tait's Restaurant. Let's go!"

HART SCHAFFNER

From the Painting by Samuel Nelson Abbott

R MARX CLOTHES

These overcoats will give you a new respect for clothes; the quality is as fine as money can buy You'll be proud of the fabrics and needlework You'll enjoy the style

Copyright 1941, Hart Schaffner & Marx

Just try one!

ALMONDS *in*

ZAY-TEK

BLENDED MILK CHOCOLATE

***Say* "ZAY-TEK"**

When you buy milk chocolate, say "Zay-Tek"—coined from "Aztec," the name of the tribe of Mexican Indians who first understood the use of cocoa. The strength of pure "choco," which made this early people so vigorous, is held for you in every piece of Zay-Tek Milk Chocolate.

GET a new slant on chocolate deliciousness. Taste crisp, meaty almonds in smooth, luscious Zay-Tek milk chocolate. Here's the same blended chocolate you get in the big red tubes of Zay-Tek Eatmors—the blend made especially to suit the American taste.

For real purity and goodness you can't beat the Zay-Tek blend. Red-brown cocoa beans from tropical South America, seal-brown cocoa beans from the islands of the Southern Seas; roasted and blended with fragrant vanilla beans, sugar and *full-cream* milk—that's Zay-Tek Chocolate!

Then combine Zay-Tek Chocolate in all its fine, smooth flavor with big, crispy almonds—that's a Zay-Tek Almond Bar!

Zay-Tek Almond Bars are always healthful and refreshing. Eat them during a long morning in shop or office. Carry them to the football game—on the days in the woods—on the train. Have them in the home. Nothing could be more wholesome and nutritious, whenever hunger craves a tasteful, satisfying snack. Good for grown-ups and children alike.

Buy Zey-Tek Almond Bars at the nearest counter. 5c everywhere.

Have you tried Zay-Tek Eatmors from the big red tube—5c everywhere? And Zay-Tek Cocoa, which comes in 1-lb., ½-lb. and ⅓-lb. cans? Each is blended to suit the American taste.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Penna., U. S. A.

ZAY-TEK

REG U.S PAT OFF.

ALMOND BAR

VENTURES AND ADVENTURES IN DRESS REFORM

(Continued from Page 15)

robbed the animal kingdom to serve fashion, using everything they could think of from leg-of-mutton sleeves to elephant's-breath gray, had now picked on the horse and produced the hobble skirt. It was this cramping of my style which awoke me to an appreciation of the ridiculousness of women's clothes. I had borne with equanimity, even with interest, the advent of the straight-front corset. I had looked calmly upon row after row of tiny hooks and eyes outlining the spinal columns of thousands of women, and clawed with stolid patience at such a row down my own back when there was nobody home to help me in or, as the case might be, out, of the confounded dress. The torture of tottering around on a pair of three-inch heels which were lashed to my masts by eighteen inches of lacings, nine to a boot, had up to now appeared as merely one of the inevitable difficulties of living.

Hatpins, which sometimes missed the hair and met the head, but in either case went right through and stuck out on both sides of the crown of every feminine hat, were, to me, an everyday danger of modern civilization, like those dreadful new horseless carriages. You ran the risk of being rammed by one or the other every time you went out on the street. Why, girls, do you remember that but a few short years ago the blinding of male passengers on cable cars through encounters with unsheathed hatpin ends was so common as to have recognized status as a gag on the vaudeville circuits? And that, after hundreds of fatalities, the terrible question of what to give mommer for Christmas was greatly alleviated by the introduction of hatpin guards? They came in pairs, didn't they, huh? Little button things that you slipped on the sharp end of the hatpin when it came out on the far side of your skull.

Well, anyway, I had accepted all these outrages without protest. But when they tried to force me into a hobble skirt, to deprive me of what, although, of course, I was not yet a voter, was nevertheless considered to be my inalienable rights under the Constitution—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—I revolted. For believe me, my life was most certainly in danger while I wore that crippling garment; I was by the mere donning of it automatically deprived of my liberty, and as far as the pursuit of happiness goes, say, listen, I couldn't have pursued a lame snail with any success while wearing what the dressmaker had cynically termed my new fall walking suit.

A Lone Revolutionist

Tying up my legs like that certainly did affect my mind. I suppose forcing them to be inactive sent all the blood to the brain, see, so that I thought more clearly than usual. At any rate, I for the first time in my life took a good look at my wardrobe with a cold fishy eye—even fishier and colder than if it had belonged to another woman. The sum and substance of my conclusions regarding what I saw was that I'd be darned if I'd wear 'em just because They did!

Of course you must realize that such a decision in a woman is as radical as a Democratic leader supporting the tariff. It was a momentous step, my determining to ignore what They wore, because everybody knows that They have a strangle hold on the styles. And They don't stop at styles either. What They will say worries a whole bunch of people out of acting natural on three hundred and sixty-five days of every year. Personally I hope sometime to meet They in a convenient dark spot and crown Them with a meat ax, so's to put a stop to all this nonsense about They say forcing the populace into all kinds of foolishness just because They are doing it this year.

Well, you get the idea. And once having decided that They was in the same class with the *x* of algebra I felt better.

Now if a woman starts in to be really reasonable about clothes and determines to carry the matter to a logical conclusion the censors had better sit up and take notice, for there is no telling what will be left, if anything, by the time she has come all the way down to brass tacks. And so, when I determined to clothe myself in reason, for a while it looked to me as though reason would be all I'd have left, and I wasn't a bit sure that the police would be able to see it. Also, though I sincerely believe that a lot of this mind-over-matter stuff is absolutely sound, still and all winter was coming along.

So, first of all, it was necessary to decide just what constituted reasonable logical clothing. Upon doping out the sheet I came to the following rash conclusions:

First—that corsets were all wrong for the average healthy female. If a corset around my feet, even when called a hobble skirt, so congested my system that I couldn't breathe properly while wearing it, what on earth was a regular corset in the regular place doing to my innards? It seemed a cinch that a certain amount of stoppage must be occurring somewhere, and I, as a brain worker, was consequently penalizing myself by wearing said alleged garment. I tried going without it, and the utter relaxation resulting was adorable. For many years previous to this I had of course said "Uh-huh!" to my doctor whenever he explained the same thing, and endeavored to make me look at pictures of sweetbreads and such, which he claimed I possessed duplicates of, insisting that I ought not to serve them *à la mode*. But not until I actually went without a corset did I get what he meant. After a week of perfect comfort I abjured the curse of the corset forever, but this forswearing necessitated an entirely new brand of outer dress. The corset had been the molder of my fate where gowns were concerned, and in abandoning it I had temporarily forgotten that the annual convention of the Dress Manufacturers' Association used always in those days to be opened with the singing of that grand old hymn, How Firm a Foundation.

A Dress Reform Pioneer

Even though I now considered myself an intellectual I wanted to look attractive. And one difficulty about accomplishing such a result lay in the fact that there was a good deal of me to look at. I was, as the saying goes, an eyeful, for if I happened to be standing in front of it I completely hid the landscape. And so in order to show myself to the greatest possible advantage I had to conceal myself as much as possible, if you gather the idea. And thus it came about that I invented the first chemise-model gown worn in America.

Like the original of most epoch-making inventions it was a trifle crude. Just think of Fulton's first steamboat as compared to the Mauretania! Or think of the early chain-driven, handle-guided so-called automobiles, and now lookit the darn things! Consider, I beg of you, the feeble nasal lisping of the infant phonograph and the flickering flyspecks of the cindery young cinema! And then gaze upon me in my 1914 one-cylinder hookless model, so palpably the forerunner of our latest, most lengthy, sleeveless gowns! Doesn't it bear exactly the same relation to the 1923 stuff that those other great inventions of the early part of the century do to the newest factory showings? I ask you! Note the sandal on the modestly protruding toe, and consider the flights of the modern flapper as she flops along in her sally-sandals! Yes, sir, I beat her to it, although in those days I couldn't walk into a Fifth Avenue store and buy sandals. I had to keep a puppy especially to bite 'em up for me! Nowadays, I am given to understand, there has been a great exodus of Swiss cheese manufacturers who have left their native Alps flat and come over here to enter our shoe factories, where their special line of open-work commands a high salary. And I claim I started it. At least things have turned out so's I can throw a line about it, and photographs cannot lie. Those sandals of mine had low heels. For once I had abandoned the corset an uncorseted dress had to follow, and with draperies high-heeled shoes looked too much like Mary Anderson as Cleopatra. Beside, if I was going to be a dress reformer I couldn't afford to leave any weak points. So I evolved a low-heeled sandal identical with some of those now retailing at something around fourteen dollars a pair.

When it came to hooks and eyes—why, for me they were out. Of course on the old styles of dress they used frequently to be out—sometimes embarrassingly so. But once I began to perceive how funny women's clothes were I couldn't help but notice that the comic supplements which throve on the husband-and-the-dress-to-hook joke were perfectly safe from libel suits. I wonder if you men readers realize that the modern dresses are practically devoid of hooks and eyes. Snappers, possibly one to a shoulder, where the woman herself can easily reach them, are about the only fastenings to the average modern gown, while literally hundreds of models slip on over the head and have no fastenings of any sort. Now I don't claim I did it, but I can and will insist that I was probably the first woman in the country actually to wear such a garment in public, and everybody thought I was cuckoo for doing it. But such has ever been the fate of those who suffer for an ideal. I won't say my early Wilsonian model was ideal, but I'll say I suffered for it just the same, because no woman likes to be laughed at even when she knows she's right. I was the first of my generation to have a dress slip on over the head without any fastening, and now when I look around me at the millions of gowns fashioned with the same idea I feel very much like the man who could have bought that lot down where the drug store is for twelve dollars, twenty years ago, yes, sir, that's a fact—and didn't buy it. If only I could have known how the demand for hookless, buttonless dresses was going to increase I might have cornered the market. Well, no, I suppose not, but I might have unloaded a lot of hook stock and got out of buttons without being left in a hole. Apparently the only use for buttons nowadays is to sew a line of 'em around the edge of an eyeless pocket or to tack them on men's soft shirts just under the points of the collar, or in some other equally absurd place.

Since I was determined to be logical about clothes these new garments of mine had to be washable and easily ironed. One of the unpleasant truths which now presented themselves with all the push of a parvenu was the fact that germs inhabited most conventional garments. They beat one to it, in fact, and actually wore the ulster, skirt or muff long before it was ever palmed off on me as new. If I was to develop a sensible form of clothing, especially a loose floppy one, it must wash physically as well as intellectually, or be no more than a rank pretense. Well, I wasn't going to have my things rank, not even though they trailed on the ground, and finding a line of goods that would wash was no cinch, because, as you can see by again looking at the pictures, portières made up so tastily, and portières don't generally come in wash goods.

Making a Dress in Half an Hour

Another of my ideas about reforming the mold of fashion was to refrain from wasting hours and hours shopping, but instead, to get hold of some simple fine piece of cloth, and then cut only such holes in it as were absolutely necessary. In my case one was the sum total of said holes. I took a piece of cloth twice my own length, preferably with a complete design upon it, folded it once and cut a slit in the fold long enough for my head to come through—much as the Mexicans punch their ponchos. Next I sewed up the sides of this laboriously cut-out pattern, as far from the bottom upwards as was proper, leaving unsewn spaces at the top for my arms to come through. At this rate it took me fully half an hour to make myself a dress, and all the try-on I had was slipping it over my head once to see if the slit was big enough. Hems were as a rule unnecessary, because portieres generally come with the hem already in them. As for how the dress hung—well, hanging didn't worry me, except now and then when the idea flitted through my brain that perhaps the neighbors might resort to it. How the skirt hung and why bothered me not at all, because it didn't—it simply lay where it fell. And that is all there was to my invention. Certainly simple, if nothing else! But its effect was not in the least what I had anticipated.

By the wearing of this dress I seriously believed that I had annihilated man's chief source of caustic humor; that I had crippled the comic sections of the Sunday papers, or would have, had they not for the most part been crippled at birth, and that I had deprived my husband of his greatest

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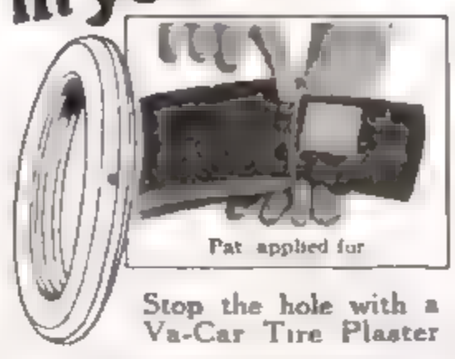

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grounds for kidding. Here I was, dressed intellectually in a washable garment which took half an hour to make, whose cost was the lowest possible, and which was not, like most garments, the result of several intrinsically beautiful sound lengths of cloth being ruthlessly cut up into silly little odd-shaped pieces and laboriously sewed together again as unreasonably as a crazy quilt. My garment had those classic lines put on the map to stay by ancient Greece, than which the most daring vandal must admit there is no whicher; it was comfortable, healthy and safe, because the one thing you couldn't do in it was the modern dances! It was colorful and not unbecoming, and man, that much-advertised as reasoning creature, should have approved. But did he? I had rid myself of every feminine idiosyncrasy except hairpins and a dislike of spiders, and all it got me was shrieks of mirth.

Where the commercial garments known to every husband's charge account had merely provided a convenient subject for masculine gibes, my obliteration of these same foolish conventions of dress now appeared to my particular husband almost as grounds for divorce. According to George my costume, to put it mildly, was a fool idea; it was ridiculous, it wasn't done, it was too unusual, and therefore practically indecent.

Now I was a mighty serious-minded young radical in those days, and made the mistake, common to such, of believing I could force the world to face about on any subject where I had the right of the matter, provided I shouted aloud about it sufficiently and was given the chance to be a martyr to the cause. You know how it is with radicals and children both—give 'em half a chance to be a martyr and won't they jump at it, though! My form of martyrdom was to wear those portières of mine in spite of everybody. No one was with me—not even the intellectual females of my acquaintance who in those days numbered among them even such bold bad women as equal-suffrage advocates. When it came to reform they all drew the line somewhere, and dress was the line. When it came to free speech, that was O. K. But free waistlines were unthinkable. One might be dowdy, but never artistic!

In vain I presented horrid truths about dress manufacturers who ruthlessly sent out new styles each year in the selfish interests of their business. Uselessly I called attention to the waste in hats of yesteryear or the madness of abandoning sound boots at the command of the trade. I might be reasonable, but I was a freak, and if I wanted to be crazy enough to be that monstrosity, a logically dressed woman, why, it was plainly a field in which I should never be crowded. I was welcome to play alone and take all the glory.

Our Debt to the Flapper

Now it's not much fun being a leader in any movement unless somebody follows you, and all the following I ever got was a few bad-mannered small boys. I knew I was right about the silliness of female dress, but there was something wrong with my method of reform. I had got hold of a profound truth, but I had caught it by the tail and it had turned around and bitten me. Darius Green had a sound farsighted hunch about aëroplanes, but when he insisted upon putting the thing to a test he was in wrong immediately. I had hit upon a real discovery concerning a fact of importance to society with a capital S. But I was in the same class with D. Green, inasmuch as society was not yet ready for our dope. I'm afraid old Greenie passed out before they got around to the place where he could say aha, I told you so! But from certain signs and portents I believe that I am to have better luck.

For in the dress of the overcriticized flapper I see much that is good. Not only has she had courage to do what I merely dreamed but she has got away with it in spite of clacking tongues and censorious writings. Even They, the indomitable, unconquerable, all-governing They, have ended by accepting her costume, which in so many ways embodies my general principle of sartorial sanity; accepted it with a shrug, perhaps, but the thing has gone over, nevertheless. They are now wearing what her desire for freedom has decreed, and Dame Fashion, that unreasonable but extremely powerful dowager, has backed her up, until many of the critical matrons are turning out uncorseted, in low heels, their heads adorned by hats that stay on without hatpins and dresses that drape, hookless, in comfortable semiclassic lines. And for the comparative hygiene and good sense of modern dress our dubious debs are undoubtedly largely responsible. Their impatience of sound social forms we may sincerely deplore, but we are greatly indebted to their impatience of silly irrational clothing. If I am not mistaken their dress reform is the one recent revolution that will have a permanent effect upon society at large. Society that is not at large will doubtless continue to wear stripes as heretofore.

There is another development in modern clothing, also directly traceable to the younger set, which I had abandoned all hope of ever beholding, and that is the strange new habit of dressing for bad weather in bad weather. The lady Eskimos, and even nearer at home, the Canadians, have developed charming and distinctive costumes in which they can face the rain or cold confident that their appearance is all that it should be. But down around New York we have always hitherto acted as though bad weather was a personal insult, not likely to be repeated with impunity. We refuse to recognize that occasionally, dog-gone, it will rain or snow, and that the streets will consequently be wet and mucky and the atmosphere damp, sooty and hard on white shoes, gray stockings and pastel clothes. On any bad day the women of Manhattan might have been seen soggily sopping about in thin shoes, damp clothing, bedraggled hats and occasionally an umbrella—carried under protest.

More Woman's Cravings

Then along comes the flip flapper, who has too much pep to stay in when it rains, or maybe not sense enough to go in when, etc. Anyhow she appears in short skirts, strong gay tweeds, bright knitted muffler, and high arctic overshoes, prettily and successfully defying inclement weather, and the only penalty she pays is receiving the ha-ha because she simply won't hook up those galoshes!

On the other hand I will admit there are certain disadvantages incident to some of our modern styles, and I personally know of a case where a young girl suffered agonies all one afternoon because she needed to scratch her eyebrow and couldn't because she had her hat on.

But take it by and large, women are getting mighty sensible about their clothes almost as sensible as modern man, who, outside of wearing hot, germ-collecting woolen suits all summer, and a type of straw hat that is only fit for use as a letter basket on his desk; who voluntarily fastens a cast-linen band around his tortured throat, calling it a collar, and puts on his heaviest suit to dance in—well, outside of those and a few other things, we will admit he is sensible, and that modern woman is now, where her clothes are concerned, only a very little more foolish. We as a nation have certainly come a long way from the bungalow aprons of Babylon, which I believe were so called because, owing to their heavy metal construction, one could easily make a bungalow out of them in an emergency. The Elizabethan ruff is a thing of the past, thank goodness, and nowadays when you get it in the neck it is usually from a rough who can be turned over to the cops. Things are undoubtedly a lot better in our sartorial world of today, and I am proud to remember I was a pioneer in the great movement for better clothes and fewer of them, even if I did abandon the battle ere 'twas well begun.

Yet I am not so completely cuckoo that I think the millennium in dress has arrived. Nor do I hope to live to see it. Quite to the contrary, I hope most sincerely to be dead before any such awful thing occurs. I am quite weak-minded enough to consider gauze fans as practical and bead necklaces as necessary garments. As for chiffon underwear, tulle hats, georgette opera cloaks and fur-trimmed bathing suits—these arouse in me a mad instinctive longing, an avaricious ecstasy, a wild desire beyond the power of my feeble typewriter to describe. Indeed that instrument shakes and trembles like a secondhand jitney with eight passengers at my impassioned attempt to convey my delight in such frivolities. But I realize that it is the mere woman in me who is victim to these cravings. May she never—in the language of our well-known juvenile authoress—may she never grow less mere!

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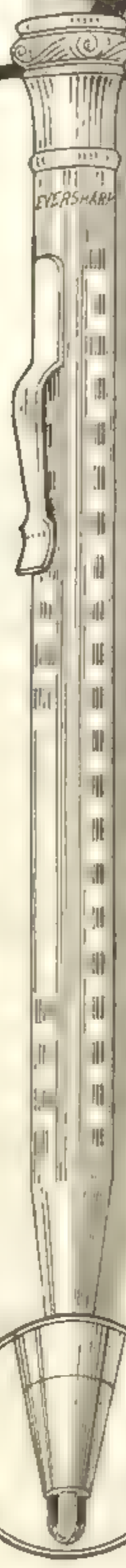

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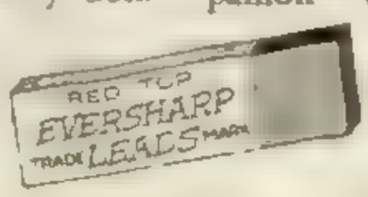

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USUAL

(Continued from Page 10)

to take in the situation; looking from one face to another for some clew to the De Chaillevois attitude toward Jim. I gathered little. The De Chaillevois were nothing if not correct.

The talk went on, and then Jim lit a candle and took me to my room. As we turned in from the passage the man I had seen in the garden was depositing my bag on the floor. He went out without speaking and I heard his heavy boots clattering down some back stairway. I looked at Jim inquiringly.

"That's Jake." He touched his head significantly. "Shell shocked. He's got a bug about restoring the land. He'd work all night if we didn't tie him up. While we're on bugs," he added, "don't say anything about the photograph on the table when the old lady's around the guy in the French uniform."

"A son?"

He nodded.

"André. He was killed. She thinks he's coming back some night. You'll see her jump if the door opens. Two or three times during the evening she'll sneak over and look out. Nobody takes any notice of it."

"I understand."

Jim looked about the room solicitously.

"There's hot water in that pitcher," he said. He drifted toward the door and paused. "If you brought one of these dinner coats you'd better get into it. We glad up for supper."

"I understand," I said. "Jim," I went on after a pause, "where did you meet your wife?"

He smiled.

"Remember the time she came to see you at Neuilly?"

"Yes."

"Remember what she said about soldiering with a broom?"

"In a way."

"Well, that was the beginning. When I got hit with the French she was nursing in the hospital they took me to."

"When did you get married?

"Last spring."

"So you went home and stayed two years?"

"Yes."

I waited for details, but he was silent.

"She's a wonderful woman," I said vaguely.

"That's right."

"Well," I said, "I'm glad you're happy. It's a great thing to be happily married."

He stood for a moment, gazing at me. There was a wistful look in his eyes, something new. I felt that he wanted to talk, but he turned suddenly and went out. I stood staring at the doorway through which he had passed, half expecting his return, half resolved to call after him. But the moment slipped away and he was gone. I went on with my unpacking, washed, and hurried into a dinner jacket, pondering on that look in his eyes.

Had his marriage gone wrong already? It would not be surprising. The surprising thing was that Yvonne de Chaillevois had married him in the first place. It is all very well to talk about love and war and hospital psychology, but Yvonne de Chaillevois was not that kind. She was the last thing in civilization. And she had not married him on the spur of the moment. It was two years since she had nursed him. He had gone home and come back for her. This meant something big working in Jim, doubt and uncertainty in the girl. His social status would not have meant very much, nor the fact that he had been a private. Any French swell may serve in the ranks, and it was an asset that he wore the Medaille Militaire. But he was penniless, and that did matter. The De Chaillevois were broke or they wouldn't be living on this farm. Under such conditions it was doubly up to the girl to marry money. As she hadn't done so, the only other theory was love—love that amounted to something like a grand passion; and if that were so, why had it burned itself out so soon? Well, I should see what I should see. I was glad I had come. If Jim needed a friend, I was glad to be on hand.

I finished dressing, and putting out my candle went down. The stairway led into the living room, and for a moment I stood unobserved. They were all there, waiting in silence for dinner: Madame de Chaillevois in her chair, her hands folded, her haunted, melancholy eyes gazing into the fire; Jean at the card table with his interminable solitaire; Jim idly looking over his shoulder. But it was his wife that challenged my attention. She was standing to the right of the fire, her shoulder against the mantel, her head bowed, her mouth, habitually a little hard and disdainful, drooping pitifully at the corners. If ever there was a woman whose face and pose proclaimed her defeated, hopeless, numbed by some inward war of spiritual forces, it was Yvonne de Chaillevois.

The scene I had stepped into vanished with my footfall. Yvonne started into the mask that she habitually wore. As I came forward she smiled. Madame de Chaillevois shook off her abstraction. Then a white-haired maitre d'hôtel announced dinner and we went into the little dining room.

At dinner and during the evening more and more I felt the effort that was made for me. Under some brooding shadow each member of this strange household seemed oppressed. Was it this marriage? Was it something else, or was it various things? I could not say. There seemed to be no restraint, no resentment in their attitude toward Jim or in his toward them. They seemed to like him, rely upon him. Even Yvonne was uniformly civil to him, kind at times, affectionate almost, as a sister might have been; but never a word or a look that would have told what the bride of a few months might be feeling. It was a perplexing atmosphere. And the thing that did not seem strange was the one thing I should have expected to marvel at—that the raw, spiritless youth who had gorged peppermint drops and played the mouth organ in the open country of Wyoming should be sitting there at home in the family circle of one of the great families of France.

The next morning when Jim was showing me about I had my chance to talk to him. We were in the cobbled courtyard surrounded by the quadrangle of huge stone barns and buildings.

"I'm putting in two silos for a starter," he began. "This is a wheat-and-sugar-beet proposition, but we've got to carry stock to build up the land. Nobody's ever raised silage corn in this country, but it can be done and I'm going to show 'em."

"Jim," I said, "why are these people living here?"

"It's all they got. The old lady had a château and a farm over to the westward. The Heinies blew them up when they went out in '18. They blew Yvonne's house too. Nobody knows how this dump got by. It's Yvonne's. There's about four thousand acres with it, and there's another three of the old lady's to the west. We're trying to run it all with this set of buildings."

"And they're all broke?"

"Nothing but this land and the taxes. The tenants got killed and their families moved south at the beginning, so it's up to us."

My eyes wandered to the little town car that was parked under one of the great sheds.

"Building silos and getting a dairy herd cost money. Have you placed a mortgage?"

He shook his head.

"You didn't hear about me?"

"Hear what?"

"I'm rich."

"Rich?"

"Remember that Texas land I tried to sell you?"

"The worst in Texas."

"It was poor on top," he said slowly, "but there's a heap of oil underneath. There's sixty producing wells on it now, and they're still drilling."

So this was it! Usual Jim Sinclair married by Yvonne de Chaillevois for his money! This was what he had waked up for! Could the irony of the gods go further?

Then Jean came out and the three of us climbed into a flivver and drove out over the plateau to inspect a working party that was filling in trenches and taking down wire. As we went down the lane I caught a glimpse of Jacques digging furiously in the garden.

We saw the work party and went on to the ruins of the Château Chaillevois. Jim and I got out, leaving Jean in the car, wrapped in an old poilu's blue overcoat.

"Ruins don't amuse him much," said Jim.

We climbed over the heaps of stone and came out upon what had been a terrace giving on the bank of a wooded ravine.

"You see that piece of timber?" Jim pointed to a little woodland a few hundred yards to the west. "That's where André got touched off. Funny, wasn't it?—right within a stone's throw of where he was born and raised. Still, things like that happened right along, artillery officers having to shell their own homes.

"But that wasn't the funniest part of it. Jean and that digging fellow, Jake, were in the same class, as they call it. They were both poilus in the same platoon. Their lieutenant got killed in the course of time, and who should be sent up to take his place but Brother André, who was a regular? Well, one night, as I get the story, there was a hell of a barrage laid down on that bit of timber where the company was in trenches, and Jean and Jake were the guys that saw André go west. Can you beat it?"

"If they saw him killed," I said, "how is it that his mother thinks he's coming back? She isn't crazy."

"She holds to that because they never found a button of him. Of course there was lots like that. A smoke box dropped on him and he vanished. Over in the Argonne I saw a captain and two men go up that way just at noon. They say it was that night that put the wheels in Jake's nut. He went on till the show was over, but he was queer, and when he got back it took this form of digging and getting the *patrie* cleaned up. 'Removing the pollution of the boche,' he calls it. He dug one up in the garden a while back, and I'd hate to tell you what he did with it."

Jim moved off, but I stood there contemplating the mangled woodland, the ruins of the house of Chaillevois and the strange web that fate had woven about the place and the family that had lived there for five hundred years.

We got into the car again and drove eastward over the brown plateau, bleak and forbidding under November skies. They took me as far as Laffaux and I saw the Devil's Mile again, the great tract at the westward end of the Chemin des Dames so churned by shell fire that the torn earth seems to roar like the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara. Then we went back a few miles and entered another park whose great trees had been torn by shrapnel. The fallen branches had been cleared from the drive, and we came out upon the ruins of another great house.

"The Château Bellegarde," said Jean laconically. "Jeem's house."

"This was where your cousin lived?" I found it hard to call her Mrs. Sinclair.

"Yes. It is fitting that it should come back to Jeem," he went on, "for it was a house of the De Sainte Claires that came to us by marriage."

"When?"

"About three hundred years ago."

"Do you hear that?" I said to Jim.

He grinned.

"The Sainte Claires were from Normandy in the beginning," Jean went on. "Look at Jeem. He is Norman. He might have stood by the side of Guillaume le Conquerant."

Jim grinned again.

"Way back my people were French," he said apologetically. "Now I'm becoming French again."

"Getting naturalized?"

"Yes."

"I think you're sensible," I said. "If you're going to live here you ought to be a citizen."

"That's right," he said gravely; "but there's more than that to it. My people went to Texas because it was the frontier; well, it ain't the frontier any more. Mexico's nothin'. This strip of country is the frontier now. This is where the trouble will begin."

"You're not looking for more war?"

"I'm fed up for the time being. But look here! You and I know the boches are coming back. It'll be Russia and Deutschland against us next time. They's got to be some folks here with two hands." He nodded toward Jean. "If we had about a hundred thousand he-boys from the West there'd be nothin' to it."

"That's your solution of the European question?"

"Sure!"

"Well, there might be worse," I said. "The trouble would be to get 'em to come."

"There aren't many Yvonnes," he said thoughtfully.

I looked at him in surprise, but either he failed to note it or ignored it.

"But this is the country to farm in," he went on. "You get modern methods in here and there isn't anything you can't do. And, after all, why shouldn't some of us come back? We all come from over here in the beginning."

"That's true," I assented; but I was thinking of his remark about Yvonne. He was hooked hard.

They say the novelists overemphasize the theme of sex. How can it be overemphasized? What else but this woman could have waked him into life and planted him body and soul on the Ferme Bellegarde? Not all the world's kings and parliaments and armies and wise men. And what would be the end of it? I couldn't get away from that.

Jean rejoined us and I fell to speculating on what he thought about it all. Doubtless it amused him. He had a cynical humor under his grave, repressed manner. He could never understand the tragedy, the pathos of the thing. Men of his kind and class may love, but they also gather the flowers by the way. He could see no reason why a smash was inevitable. It would seem natural to him that Jim should console himself, and Yvonne likewise. He didn't understand our West.

"Jeem says he is going to rebuild this place," he observed presently.

"We're going to rebuild them both," said Jim.

"The Germans are supposed to pay for it," I put in.

Jean shrugged his shoulders and an ironic smile parted his lips.

We got into the car and drove home. After lunch Jim went out to superintend the work on his silos. Jean began his everlasting game of solitaire. Yvonne was standing before the fire. She yawned idly.

"Can you walk?" she said to me. "I must get some exercise. It is a great mistake, but I got the habit in England."

"I should like to walk," I said.

She disappeared and came back in a tweed skirt and a sweater. We struck off across the barren fields, and presently I realized that she was bearing toward Château Bellegarde. She seemed not to want to talk and we went on in silence. In twenty minutes we entered the park. She left the driveway, struck through the woods by a footpath and presently we came out on the ruined house.

"Jim says he is going to rebuild," I said.

She seemed not to hear, and leading me around the tumbled masonry seated herself on a bit of balustrade fencing the terrace that gave upon the little valley.

"This is a rotten world," she said suddenly in English.

"You people in the north have reason to think so."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't mean that. I was born there"—she pointed to an imaginary room. "This was a beautiful place and it was my home. Now it is gone, yet it means nothing to me—nothing."

"You were unhappy here?"

"I was very happy here."

"You miss the war," I said; "your nursing. A great many do."

"I hated it all," she answered. She sat in silence, poking her stick into a crevice of the stone pavement.

"Tell me," I said, "why did you marry Jim?"

"He seemed to want it," she answered.

"It began in the hospital?"

"Yes; he had no money then, but that was not all."

"I can understand," I said.

She flashed a look at me.

"You misunderstand entirely!" she cried fiercely. "Weren't you in this war with us long enough to know that our old values have changed? Is there anything finer than a man who could fight and kill like Jim? Would a French woman forget that? You Americans call him a roughneck. I tell you he is a great man, a great soul; such a man as founded the great families of France. And he is a De Sainte Claire. You can see that. There was a dead crusader carved in the church there who might

(Continued on Page 101)

The Mark of Quality

Antonio Stradivari, who lived and worked at Cremona two centuries ago, left to the world more than the marvelously toned instruments, still the wonder and despair of violin makers. His lifetime devotion to his craft, his undaunted striving for perfection are a heritage of inspiration for all who work with the ideal of service

Fire

IMMORTAL CRAFTSMANSHIP

THE romance of creating and building takes strong hold on men's imagination. The bridge builder, the automobile manufacturer, the tire-producer are actuated no less by the ideal of service than the maker of swords, the weaver of tapestries or the designer of violins.

The highly practical industry of tire-building has afforded opportunities for vision, for faith and determination that future generations will recognize and respect.

Because tires are a utility "Most Miles per Dollar" is a worthy expression of the high standard of craftsmanship back of them. It is the pledge that accompanies Firestone Cord Tires from the organization that for twenty-two years has worked and thought and planned to make the name Firestone mean the utmost in tire value.

That Firestone Cords are available and economical for all who drive cars everywhere only emphasizes the important contribution they have made to safer, swifter and more comfortable transportation.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

stone

GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES
The World's Best
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Garland Heating Assures *Better Heat from Less Fuel*

The Garland name is already known and valued in 4,000,000 American homes; and in many of these, and thousands of other homes, Garland Warm Air Heating is rapidly supplanting other and less efficient methods.

For these thousands of users, Garland Heating is burning fuel more thoroughly, giving better heat, and saving money.

Manufacturing standards, which for 50 years have given weight and meaning to the Garland name, reach a fuller and finer development in Garland Warm Air Heating.

Every Garland is built to last, and does last, a lifetime.

A type of Garland Heating unit is built for basement installation in every home —however large or small.

Selection of the type best suited to the building is advised, and installation is made, everywhere, by Garland Authorized Installers.

The purchaser is further safeguarded by a Policy of Assurance—a definite guarantee in black and white, signed by Garland officials and by the Garland Installer.

This guarantee is positive assurance that the Garland Warm Air Heating System will give you the same long service that has made the Garland Gas Range, the Coal Stove, and the Three-Fuel Range pronounced favorites all over America.

Illustrated at the left is the Garland Furnace used in connection with the popular Multiple Heating System. Other types of Garland are the Ready-to-Install and the Pipeless Furnace There is a Garland Warm Air Heating System built for every home, large or small. If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to us, because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

Makers of the Famous Garland Line of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, and Pipeless Furnaces, for Coal, Wood, Gas, and Electricity

GARLAND

WARM AIR HEATING

(Continued from Page 97)

have been his father. But if he had not been it would have made no difference. In my set we did what we pleased. We were rotten, but we married whom we pleased."

I looked at her in amazement. I had expected nothing like this.

"Then why do you not love him?" I blurted out.

"Can one love whom one wishes?" she answered.

"But if you admire him," I said, "perhaps in time ——"

She shook her head.

"No," she answered. "I thought it might be so once; that's why I did it; but I know better now. It is a ghost that divides us."

"A ghost?"

She nodded.

"Is De Caze-Fernay dead?"

"There was no truth in that silly story," she answered. "I never would have married him even if he had not been an *embusqué* and a coward."

"Then what can be done?"

"What can be done?" she echoed. "It is terrible! This man who has fought for France, who has defended this soil, who has avenged us, he is in the ruins with me because of me."

"He knows about the ghost?"

"I told him at the beginning, but that does not cure the trouble. He is very fine, he is very patient, very gentle; but a man like him cannot go on mated to a dead woman. Some day something will happen. Perhaps he will kill me. It would be the best way."

"If he kills you he will kill himself also."

"Yes," she said, "he probably would do that, and that ought not to be. France needs him; needs her strong sons."

"Have you ever thought of going away with him?"

"Where can one go?"

I made no reply, for I knew what she meant. There is no country so far away that ghosts will not follow.

"Besides," she went on, "this we can do and must—put these lands in order, make these farms produce food again for France. You see underneath we are all like Jacques."

"And you never go to Paris?"

"It is a dead place for me. Besides, you saw the car. I wept when he brought it home to me." She shook with laughter. "How could I ever explain to him? And if I drove in it, which I should not mind for myself, and some man bowed to me Jim would kill him."

"I might clear that up," I ventured. "We could exchange it."

"No! No!" she cried. "It is his gift to me. He is proud of it."

She rose and started along the terrace toward the graveled court where the drive came in. Her color had heightened as she laughed. She was superb.

I went back across the fields by the side of a different woman from the one with whom I had come. Whether she had brought me out there to reveal herself I could not tell. But I could never see her again as first I saw her. All hardness had gone. I knew now what that world-weary mask of discontent was hiding. But that a great and unhappy nature was there beneath it did not help matters so far as I could see. If she had been nothing but what she appeared, Jim might have accepted disillusionment as other men have done. He was still young and sane beyond the average. But things being as they were, it was a dark outlook.

One thing I resolved to know—the identity of the ghost. Presumably Jim knew. When the moment favored I would ask him. It was possible that if he would talk frankly, as Yvonne had done, the pressure under which he was living might be eased. But sooner than I expected and in a different manner the information came to me.

Tea was served in the living room at five, in the English fashion. Yvonne was in her room changing. The two men had not come in and I found myself alone with Madame de Chaillevois.

"You are a friend of Monsieur de Sainte Claire?" she said abruptly. This is what she always called him.

"Yes."

"You knew his parents?"

I said no, that they had been dead for some time; and added, "You know, I come from a different part of the country."

"But he has some uncle or aunt that I could write to?"

"Really, I don't know."

She seemed at a loss.

"This has all been very irregular from our point of view," she went on. "Of course, the war has changed things; but in this case something terrible has happened which might have been avoided if the *convenances* had been observed."

"You mean this marriage should never have taken place?"

"Exactly."

"But if Sinclair's parents had been alive there is nothing they could have done to prevent it. He knew what he was doing."

"He did not know," she said vehemently. "Understand me, I do not blame him. It was natural enough for him. My own son Jean is most to blame, for he counseled Yvonne to accept him. If only they would have listened to me! But now—what can be done?"

"Pardon me, Madame de Chaillevois, if I fail to understand. All that I know is that my friend married your niece, knowing that he possessed only her respect, her friendship; knowing that she still loved a man who was dead."

"But he is not dead!" she cried. "What will happen when he comes back?"

"Comes back?"

"Exactly! André is not dead."

I knew then that I was talking with a mad woman, but the ghost was identified.

"You do not know André," she went on. "When he comes back he will not brook this marriage. He will not understand why the woman he loved would not wait for him when he was a prisoner, fighting for France."

"I don't think we need worry about that," I said sympathetically. "All Sinclair wants is to make Yvonne happy. If she loves your son, as no doubt she does, and he comes back—why, then I am sure that Sinclair will give her up and go home."

"You think so?" she said eagerly.

"I do." I spoke, humoring her as one might a child and arranging Jim's conduct with an airy confidence. "I am sure it could be arranged," I said.

She looked at me gratefully, and then Yvonne's step was heard on the stair and she urged a second cup of tea upon me. Except for this delusion about her son, she was as sane as anyone.

Yvonne came without speaking and seated herself by the fire. I handed her the tea that Madame de Chaillevois poured and she took it in silence. I suspected that the ghost was very near and her battle raging. Except to the mother, how little it mattered that André was but in fact a ghost. If he had been there in the room, warm and full of bodily life, he could not have more completely stood between Jim and his wife. And it seemed to me that as a ghost there was less hope of removing him than had he been flesh.

I had intended to leave next morning, but during the evening Yvonne drew me aside and urged me to stay on.

"You do us all good," she said. "We are here so alone, and Jim—he needs you. You must cheer him up."

"But what can I tell him?" I answered. "He is not a child. Can I tell him that time and patience and gentleness ——"

"No," she interrupted. "Everything in me tells me that would be false. Tell him to go back with you, to make a new life, to find the woman that he believes I am."

I looked at her blankly.

"I mean it," she said. "You must try."

I stayed the next day. In the afternoon Jean went off to Soissons to shop. Jim and I drove out over the land alone. We visited the working party that was gathering up the wire and filling trenches and shell holes.

"It goes slow," I said.

"Blamed slow," said Jim. He seemed moody and depressed as he turned the flivver homeward. For a couple of miles we drove in silence. The rain had set in with the twilight and he switched on the lights.

"I wonder if I'm a fool," he said suddenly.

"We're all fools most of the time," I answered. "But, Jim, I'm afraid you've bitten off more than any man can chew."

"Perhaps you're right." He knew what I meant. Perhaps Yvonne had talked with him.

"Why don't you take your loss like a sensible man and come back with me?"

He squared around and looked me in the eyes.

"I would," he said; "honest to God I would if I thought it would make that girl happy. But it wouldn't. Nobody can do that but me. She needs me," he went on. "She doesn't know it, but she does."

I had heard that kind of thing before.

"There's just one way to help her find out," I said. "Come home and leave her to herself."

It was a full minute before he answered. Then he said quietly, "No, I'm a lot of things, but I'm no quitter. Besides, think what I owe her!"

"Think it over. It's for her sake as well as yours. I'll wait for you two weeks in Paris."

"I'll think it over," he said, and laughed.

As we drove into the farm courtyard I had made up my mind to be off in the morning. There was nothing I could do.

"If I can get a lantern," I said, "I'd like to look over my car a bit. I suspect I've got some dirty plugs."

"Going to leave us?"

"Yes, if you won't come with me."

He put up the flivver and led me toward the old tower that stood in the center of the court. Originally it had been a keep, a last stronghold of the defenders. In later years shelving had been put up on the interior and it had been used to store apples and pears. Now that there were no fruit trees, it served as the farm tool house. Jim struck a match, found a lantern and lighted it.

"Can't I help you?" he asked.

I said no and he went off to the house.

Perhaps twenty minutes passed with my tinkering and I started across the court with the lantern. As I neared the house I glanced into the living-room window. Madame de Chaillevois was sitting in her accustomed place, dressed for dinner, her hands folded in her lap. I cleaned my boots on the scraper and went in.

"They have all gone to dress?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "André is here."

It was rather startling, for she seemed normal.

"Indeed!" I said. "When did he arrive?"

"Soon after you and Monsieur de Sainte Claire went out. He came by train from Paris."

I could see now that her calm was assumed, for her voice grew tremulous.

"You must get De Sainte Claire away."

"Hardly before dinner," I said.

"Naturally, not till after dinner. We shall dine together; but at once afterwards. André intends to kill him if he does not go. You have a car; you must make some excuse."

"I'll manage that," I said confidently. "I must go up and dress now."

I started upstairs with the idea of stopping in at Jean's room to apprise him of the acute phase his mother's delusion had taken. Obviously something had to be done. I knocked; no answer. I looked in; there was no one there. He had not got back yet. As I went down the passage a door on the right that had always been closed stood half open. There was a light in the room and I heard a man's voice humming a music-hall tune. I must have slowed my step unconsciously, for the song stopped and a man appeared in the half-open doorway.

"Ah," he said, "you are the friend of Monsieur de Sainte Claire. I am André de Chaillevois." He held out his hand and I took it dumbly.

"Won't you come in?" he said.

It was, of course, a politeness merely, the veiled Gallic manner of speeding me to my own quarters; but I was too startled to heed *nuances*. I stood a moment trying to realize the situation. Then I mumbled a clumsy thank you and went in.

The room was a litter of clothes that De Chaillevois had been unpacking. A gold-mounted toilet set was dumped upon the dressing table, together with gold-mounted toilet bottles, all marked with the De Chaillevois crest.

"This is hardly a place to receive one," he said apologetically. "I collected some necessaries from my apartment in Paris; and as I have no servant, I must needs be my own *valet de chambre*. *C'est la guerre*," he added gayly.

It took but one glance to confirm what I knew of André de Chaillevois. Handsome he undoubtedly was, with his violet eyes against a swarthy skin, and blue-black hair. Hardly one could have found a better type of the prewar Frenchman of fashion a pigeon shot, duelist, gambler, polo player, and, of course, redoubtable with women.

"You must forgive me," I said, "for blundering into this situation."

"Situation?" he repeated.

"Let us be direct. I have had the confidence of your family extended to me and I am the only fellow countryman at present in a position to represent my friend Sinclair."

"Ah, if you represent Monsieur de Sainte Claire," he said quickly, and his manner changed, "that, of course, is a different matter. You are entirely correct."

I caught his meaning, but ignored it.

"A painful and extraordinary situation has arisen," I continued, "for which no one can be held to blame. Now, the obvious thing to do is to exercise what in English we call common sense."

"And, according to your ideas, monsieur, what would common sense dictate?"

"Frankly, I don't know; but some reasonable solution must be worked out. Perhaps the thing should be left to Madame Sinclair. After all, it is her decision which should control."

"Possibly," he said. "And yet with equal frankness I must tell you that in principle I am opposed to bringing a lady into a matter which, after all, primarily concerns two men."

I wanted to tell him that was old stuff, but thought better of it. After all, I was in no position to suggest a solution, for I had no authority to speak for Jim.

"Have you a solution?" I asked.

"It is very simple," he said. "I am told that Monsieur de Sainte Claire is a soldier and has fought for France. That in the present day and under the existing circumstances would satisfy me. The thing can be arranged correctly. My brother will act for me and you for your friend."

"But why should you kill each other?" I demanded. "What would it prove? What good would it do? Neither of you has wronged the other."

André smiled.

"Pardon me," he said, "but is there no sex in America?" He laughed as if the idea was too funny for self-control. "Forgive me," he went on. "I do not mean to be rude; but how could two men wrong each other more fundamentally? So naturally there is only one solution. And," he added, "you must agree that the sooner it is reached the better."

There was nothing more to say. Until I had had time to think, until I had seen Jim, I could frame no plan.

"Well," I said, "we shall see."

"Excellent!" he said. "Permit me to say that I appreciate your evident honesty and right-mindedness."

We bowed to each other and I withdrew. With my candle, I continued down the passage to my room. As I pushed open the door I saw Jim sitting on the bed.

"You've heard?" he said.

I nodded.

"Do you know how he happens to be alive?"

"No; it doesn't much matter. Well," he went on after a pause, "there's hell to pay now."

"How is Yvonne?"

"All to the bad."

"We've got to keep our heads, Jim, you and I."

"Sure!"

"It's up to you to do the big thing, old man. This afternoon I was telling you that a live man didn't have a chance against a ghost, but I'm afraid this André living is a harder proposition than dead."

He nodded.

"What you want most, as I understand it, is to make this woman happy."

He nodded again.

"Well, you've got your chance. She loves this man."

"It isn't as simple as that," he said moodily.

"You mean she doesn't want you to go?"

"Hanged if I know what she wants," he answered. "I can't make out."

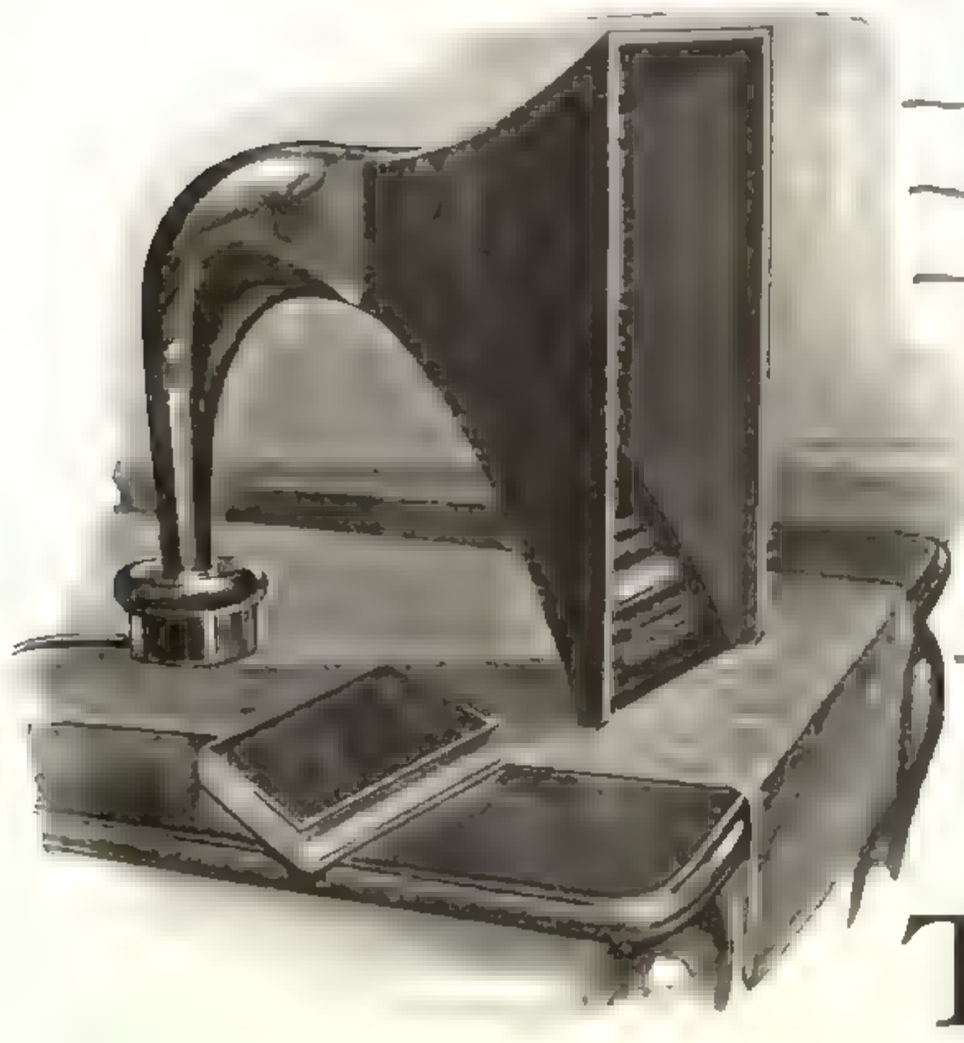
"There are women," I said, "who love two men at once, and want to hold both. And it's possible that she cares for you more than she thinks; but there is only one way of finding out."

"How?"

"Clearing out. If it's you that's it she'll come after you. If it isn't, why, then you're well out of it and she will be happy with André."

(Continued on Page 105)

The Master-Baldwin



Uses Improved "Master" Baldwin Phone

This Amazing Radio Feature

—a new step in radio enjoyment for the entire family

YOU who are familiar with radio equipment know the Baldwin Phone—the phone that made the Baldwin Head-Set famous.

United States War Vessels use Baldwin Head-Sets in connection with their radio equipment. Practically all ocean-going vessels of all kinds use them.

United States Army radio stations are likewise equipped.

The Baldwin Head-Set received practically every radio order that was given by our officers during the war in France.

The Government commandeered the factory and built this phone throughout the war in order to secure absolute control of so valuable a product.

Today hundreds of thousands of Baldwin Head-Sets are in use throughout the world on land and sea.

Because the Baldwin, by every test and in continuous service, has proved to be the world's standard radio phone.

Now the Combination
A Clarifier, Not An Amplifier

NOW this amazing phone at an amazingly low price is available (to everyone owning a radio set) in the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, which enables a *roomful* of people instead of merely one person at a time *to hear the radio as they have never heard it heretofore.*

You tune in with the Master-Baldwin Phone. One does the work of two ordinary phones and does it better.

—hear every sound more clearly, every intonation and modulation of the voice, every intaking of the breath, every note of music, including the harmonics and the overtones, the lowest bass-drum notes and the highest pitch of Galli-Curci's voice.

—hear almost as if the voice or the instrument itself were there.

—hear no rasping, buzzing, breaking or any other noise, save that which your receiving set may cause.

—hear any broadcasting in this way that your receiving set is capable of getting clearly. And hear it more perfectly than with any other type of phone.

You'll want one of these instruments as soon as you hear one—especially at this unusually low price.

Try It At Our Risk

SO sure are we of its immediate appeal to you that we are making you the final judge of the merits of the Master-Baldwin Clarophone, although there is ample evidence of its success.

Make a 10-day, unrestricted test of it at home on your receiving set. If not satisfactory in every way, return it within that period to the dealer of whom you purchased it and get your money back.

Our responsibility will be verified by the First National Bank of Los Angeles, one of the strongest financial institutions on the Pacific Coast.

So don't hesitate to try one. The Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone must sell itself to you.

It will do it by providing features that are unobtainable in any other radio equipment.

We know that. That is why we can afford to make this unrestricted guarantee.

A *Clear*speaker

THE Master-Baldwin is not a so-called "loud" but rather a *clear*speaker.

It "speaks" or "sings" or "plays" more *clearly* so the sounds, just as they are broadcasted, are *heard* clearly throughout the average size room by as many people as the room will hold.

No changing of the head-set from one person to another. No one misses any part of the program.

The whole family or a roomful of friends enjoy it all—concerts, lectures, the latest news from your home town or city, or from Seattle, New York, Los Angeles, or New Orleans, and even messages from ships at sea, if your receiving set is powerful enough.

You who are not yet enjoying radio should get a set at once and attach the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, especially since now each receiving set with this equipment can entertain a roomful at a time.

A Marvelous Mica Disc
A Horn Like a Throat

THE secret of this instrument—protected by basic patents—is a vibrating mica diaphragm, unaffected by heat or cold or electric currents, which is actuated at the same speed in both directions by an armature tone arm superimposed in a magnetic field.

This disc is the "vocal chord" of the Master-Baldwin Clarophone.

Then the final touch is given through the Master "*Throatype*" Horn, also patented

So an almost human throat sends out the words or notes that the mica "vocal chord" speaks, sings or plays.

Made of special wood and non-resonant metal, the "*Throatype*" Horn follows almost exactly the shape of Caruso's throat.

Singers open their mouths wide and square-shaped to get the full resonance from the roof of the mouth.

The "*Throatype*" Horn has the same "roof of the mouth" and wide, square-shaped opening, to reproduce, as nearly as artificial means can do so, the perfect human instrument and its results.

The disc and horn even occupy the same relative position, as they work in the Clarophone, as do the human vocal chords and throat.

Thus the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone follows simply but scientifically the most perfect model ever made.

Don't you want to try an instrument built on such interesting lines—an instrument that will get from your receiving set the very best that that set can provide?

"Throatype" Clarophone

PATENTS PENDING

Now a Roomful Can Hear Every Word or Note

$22.50
An Amazing Price
—Due to simplicity and large-scale production

THE *price* of the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone is not the least of its uniqueness. Compare its cost with other radio equipment of the kind.

Hear any instrument of this type at any price and make your own comparisons. The Clarophone will be selected by you on its merits.

Expensive power amplifiers are not needed with a *clarifier* such as this which will fill the average room.

A Standard Phone

HERE'S the reason for the low price. The main part of the Clarophone is the famous Master Baldwin Phone, a standard article widely used for years and already in large-scale production.

Manufacturing, therefore, has been brought down to a basis of real cost.

Then the Master-Baldwin Phone is simple in construction, which saves expense.

Simplicity and large production due to widespread demand are the sole reasons for this wide difference in price.

For Baldwin products are the highest quality that the world affords, as attested by U. S. Government selection of Baldwin Head-Set Phones.

Those who seek effective service buy, regardless of a price, what experts recommend. Where the most exacting work is required from radio there you invariably find a Baldwin Phone.

Thus Baldwin effectiveness has been proven for you, and prices have been made on the basis of actual cost and a fair profit, which is all you need to pay.

Make It *Everybody's* Radio

So we suggest the Master Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone for *all* radio sets. The most expensive and the cheapest sets are made better by it. And *all* can afford it.

But best of all the Clarophone makes it possible for whole families to enjoy the radio—groups to hear entire programs instead of snatches by one person at a time.

It's *everybody's* radio with the Clarophone attached.

Run a wire from your receiving set and use the Clarophone in the living room, the dining room, the sick room, or anywhere you wish. One receiving set will operate one Clarophone or twenty in the same house. Several rooms, therefore, can receive radio simultaneously from one set.

Secure One Now

THIS announcement of these Clarophones meets an immediate demand of large proportions. For hundreds of thousands have been waiting for the Master Baldwin Phone.

As these phones are sold separately as well as in connection with the Master Baldwin Clarophone, our production of the latter may be comparatively limited for several months.

No dealer probably will have enough to supply all who want them. So we urge an early purchase if you want one right away.

Try it at our risk, remember, and get your money back if not completely satisfied.

Ask your dealer. If he has not secured his stock of Master-Baldwin "Throatype" Clarophones on the time you call, send price to us and we'll ship one direct by parcel post, prepaid, insured.

Above all, don't miss getting one. Get one now and begin enjoying it this week. Don't wait several months.

Be sure to get the *Master-Baldwin "Throatype" Clarophone*. Not an amplifier but a *clarifier*, and not the genuine Clarophone unless a *Master-Baldwin*, so look for that name.

Unequalled Low-priced Offer

$22.50 *The Master-Baldwin "Throatype" Clarophone*, described in the main announcement on the opposite page.

$ 9.00 *The Master-Baldwin Head Phone.* A single *improved* Baldwin Phone, called "The Master-Baldwin," which now does for ordinary radio what the double head-set has done heretofore, yet costing $7.00 less.

$16.00 *The Baldwin Head-Set.* The standard supersensitive head-set for those who want the double phone.

To Retailers of Radio

IN the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, the Master-Baldwin Head Phone and the Baldwin Head Set, we now offer all dealers handling radio equipment the greatest retail opportunity in radio since the beginning of its use.

You know the demand for Baldwin Head Sets. Hundreds of thousands of home-radio enthusiasts have been unable to secure these sets.

Now increased manufacturing facilities permit supplying others besides those stations. And the demand is going to be active in great volume and at once.

We are supplying this equipment to retailers direct, not through wholesalers, and in restricted allotments for the present to insure even distribution.

If not already supplied, get in touch with us as early as you can and secure your stock. We are now completing 250,000 unfilled orders and probably will be forced behind again as the result of this announcement.

Therefore, if you want your profit on this business order your supplies at once. All orders received henceforth to be filled in the order of their coming. Telegrams save several days from most parts of the United States.

MASTER RADIO CORPORATION, Address Dept. 109, 631 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Master Radio Corporation
Dept. 109, 631 So. Spring St.,
Los Angeles, California

Send this if your dealer cannot supply you.

Enclosed is $22.50 for one Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, charges prepaid. My money will be returned if I return the instrument within 10 days to you, in case I am not satisfied.

I buy my radio equipment from

Dealer's Name _____

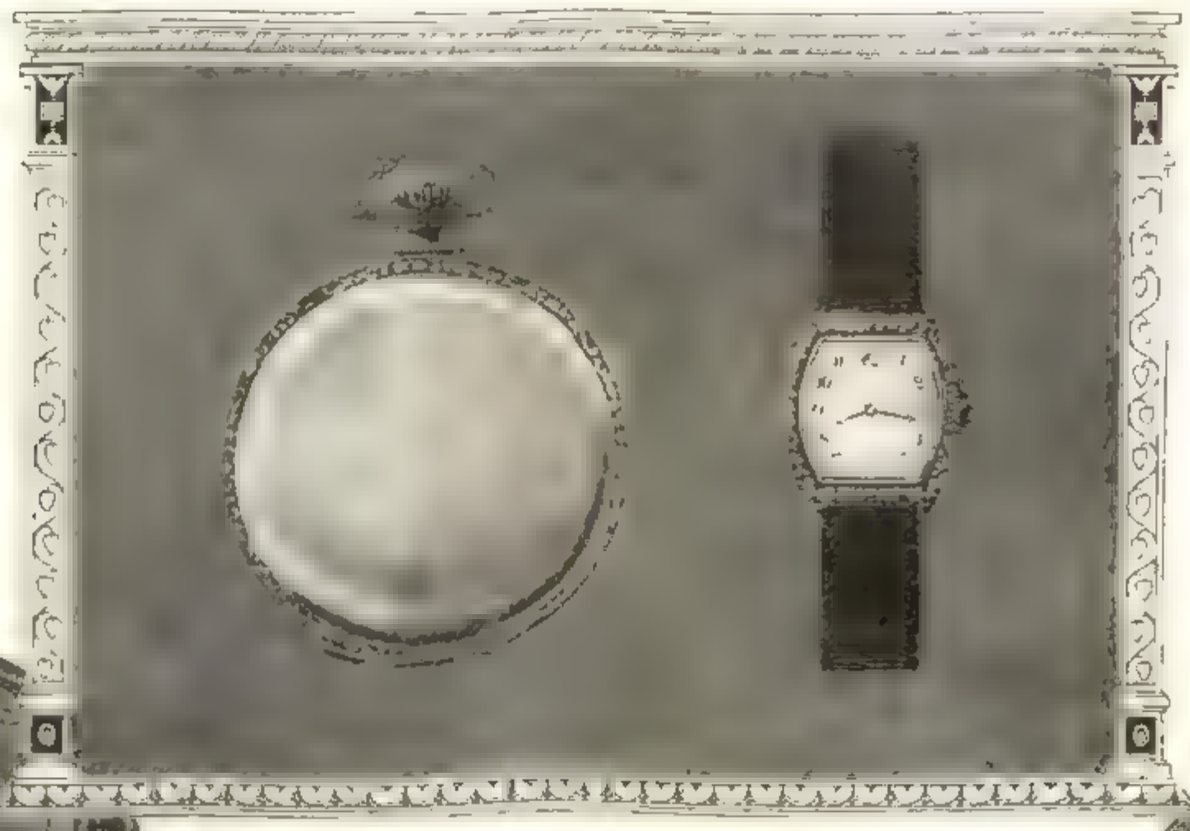
Address _____

Your Name _____

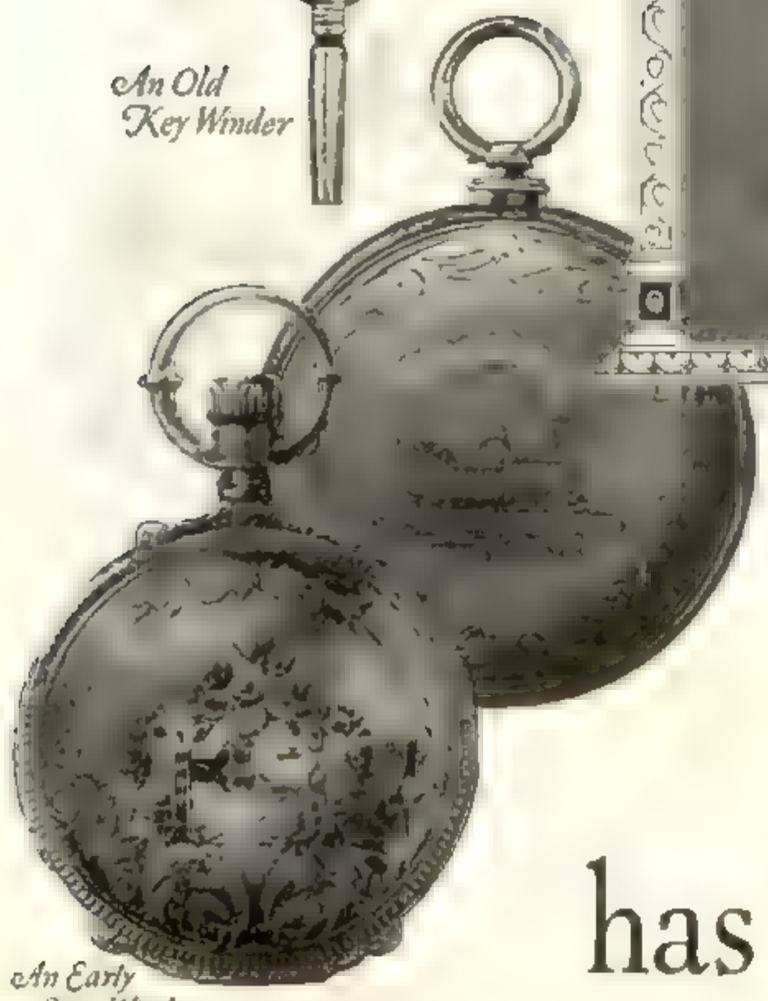
Address _____

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



An Old Key Winder



An Early Stem Winder

Ladies Watch Civil War Period

Ladies Chatelaine Watch

Modern Examples of Watch Case Artistry *by* WADSWORTH

What a half century has done *to beautify the watch*

LITTLE more than a half-century has passed since the old key-winder watch burdened your grandfather's pocket—since your grandmother wore on a chain around her neck a timepiece as large as a man's watch of today.

Heavy, ornate, cumbersome, they were the height of style and convenience in their day.

With the Civil War came the man's stem-winder, still of unwieldy proportions, and then the woman's chatelaine watch. Gradually, toward the dawn of the present century, the modern thin watch was evolved, together with the smaller movements which made the strap watch and the woman's wrist watch possible.

In the phenomenal development since the early stem-winder, movement makers have achieved thinness, small size, dependability and lower cost for their timepieces.

But for the protection of these movements and the creation of style and beautiful design in the dress of the watch, Wadsworth has played a most important part.

For more than thirty years Wadsworth Cases have dressed and protected the leading watch movements. Wadsworth white gold and green gold cases, now the popular vogue, are accepted among jewelers as the standard by which others are measured.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and see that it is dressed in a Wadsworth Case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance of correct design, finest material and perfect workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, suburb of Cincinnati, O.
Case makers for the leading watch movements

© The Wadsworth Watch Case Co.

(Continued from Page 101)

"No," he said. "If I go away she'll marry him and stick to it."

"What if she does, as long as she doesn't care for you?"

"The trouble is," he said shortly, "he won't do."

"Won't do?"

"I've seen him. He was downstairs when I came in. He's a counterfeit."

"You can't tell about a man you don't like in ten-minutes' talk about the weather."

"I can tell counterfeits as far as I can see 'em, and this guy's one. And what I ought to do," he went on as if talking to himself, "is to take him out behind the barn and wring his neck and put him in a hole."

"But you can't do that."

"No," he said, "I can't do that, not exactly." He was silent for a time. Then he said, "Do you suppose this André knows gun fightin'?"

I tried to escape an answer.

"You're crazy," I said. "Don't you know that if you killed him that would finish you with Yvonne?"

"Not if it was a fair fight."

"That would make no difference. If he stood between you when she believed he was dead, what would it be after you'd killed him?"

"He might get me," he said shortly. "It would be a fair fight."

"Look here," I said, "we've got to stick to the main proposition. You want to make this woman happy if it's a possible thing. Surely you can see that murder, whoever is the corpse, isn't going to help."

He sat a long time, staring at his boots. Then he got up and began to pace the floor. Finally he squared about and faced me.

"This is all bunk," he said. "I don't know much about women, but I know this one. Underneath she's a roughneck, like me, and this giving-up pulpit stuff won't do. This fellow and I have to settle it and what comes she's got to take."

"Then you won't go?"

"No."

"Well," I said, "it's your affair. I wish you'd promise me, though, that you won't do anything hasty."

"I won't promise anything," he said.

He went out and I heard his heavy tread on the hewn oak flooring of the passage, disappearing in the direction of the rooms that he and Yvonne occupied in the wing. What Yvonne had waked up was still fundamentally a savage. He had not gone on as far as I thought. I had no hypersensitive objection to his dueling with André and killing him if he could, but as I pointed out to him it could only bind Yvonne irrevocably to her ghost. When a woman has to decide between two men let her make the decision. It is one of those responsibilities which no one else can assume. She may decide wrong, but the consequences are more endurable than if someone else decides and decides right. But Jim couldn't understand. He hadn't got that far. Probably he never would. Not many men do. Only exceptional character, the intuitive wisdom that belongs to great spirits could successfully solve the situation that confronted him. He would have to take his bumps, lose and learn, like the rest of us.

I heard a clock strike and knew it was seven. I dressed hurriedly and went down. André and his mother were in the living room. As she greeted me I read the question in her eyes, had I seen Jim? Would he go with me? And I think she divined the answer, for her mouth tightened and a shade of anxiety crossed her face. André began making conversation, plying me with questions about America.

Motor lights flashed outside. Presently the door opened and Jean limped in, his greatcoat sodden with rain. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing at André; then swishing the water from his dripping hat, without speaking, he turned toward the door leading to the rear of the house.

"Jean," cried Madame de Chaillevois, "do you not see your brother?"

He made no answer, but kept on through the doorway. There was a tense moment. Then André said, "He takes me for a ghost."

"It must be that," said his mother, but I knew that she did not believe what she said. She looked sharply at André as if to say, "What is this between you and your brother?"

He answered with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders.

What might have come next I do not know, for Jim came in. Then the maître d'hôtel appeared and announced that madame was served. As we started for the dining room Yvonne stalked in. She was white but collected, and carried herself proudly. As the soup was served Jean appeared and took his place without speaking.

It was a strange dinner. An old champagne was served from the beginning in the English fashion, and after the roast we had partridges that Jim had shot earlier in the week. The prodigal was being fêted. He drank freely, and after his tongue was loosened he told the story of his capture in a boche *coup de main* that eventful night hard by the Château de Chaillevois; how he had escaped into Russia and had been held there by the Bolsheviks after the revolution; how, a few months before, he had made his way across the border into Latvia and had eventually reached a Swedish port.

All during the narrative Jean sat with his deep-set eyes fixed on his plate. That there was some strange quarrel between him and André only the four of us knew. The tension for Jim and Yvonne lay only in the fact that André was alive and had returned. But if André had been taken in a German raid, why had Jean and the demented Jacques reported that they had seen him blown to bits? The conviction grew upon me that it was a fabrication, not an honest mistake. What then was the motive? What was the nature of the quarrel? Whatever it was, it was something which had taken André by surprise, for he had spoken confidently of Jean acting as his second in the proposed duel. Whatever it was, it would at least postpone such a meeting, for now André had no one to act for him. For this I was grateful.

The impression André made in the recounting of his adventures was distinctly favorable. Such a narrative could not have been told more simply. Certainly the man was both brave and modest. That he had much heart or depth of character I doubted, but these qualities do not weigh with women when they are young. I could understand the hold that he had upon Yvonne. How Jim saw him as a counterfeit I could not figure out except through an antipathy that blinded his judgment.

But if Jim misjudged André, as far as I could judge, André failed utterly to perceive the formidable character of the man pitted against him. His patronizing politeness, his air of confidence may have been a pose, but certainly he misread Jim's mild and somewhat absorbed manner. If anything disturbed him it was Jean. Twice I caught him glancing at his brother, perplexity and something like apprehension in his eyes. What were Yvonne's thoughts and emotions throughout the meal I could surmise but could not read. She sat pale and inscrutable behind a mask of pride and self-repression. As the dinner came to an end Madame de Chaillevois rose and we filed back into the living room. For another hour, at least until the ladies went to their rooms, we must go through the farce of making conversation. What would happen after that was on the knees of the gods. The tension was getting on my nerves.

Jean was the last to come in, dragging his maimed leg, his deep-set eyes sunk even deeper in their sockets, his sallow face paler. He closed the door behind him and stood facing us. My pulses quickened. Something I knew was coming, but who could have been prepared for what came with such crude, undramatic abruptness?

"My mother," he said harshly, "we must have an end of this. If André is dead to shame he must take the consequences."

Madame de Chaillevois started.

"Shame? Consequences?"

André stepped forward.

"You are a cripple," he said, "but you presume too much."

"My advice to you," Jean retorted, "is to disappear before the police come."

"Police?" Yvonne echoed.

"What he has told you is lies," Jean answered. "He was never captured. He deserted to the German lines during the drum fire on the wood. There is no doubt about it, for Jacques and I saw him go. For the honor of the family we said he was dead. But the government has known, even before the armistice. He was seen in Russia by French agents. He had become a German spy."

"This is impossible!" said Madame de Chaillevois.

André turned ashen. He seemed to shrivel, to age visibly before us. No one spoke. Yvonne clutched the mantelshelf. A moment passed, then Madame de Chaillevois drew herself up. "Is this true?" she demanded. André made no reply. His features began to work. He began to cry noiselessly. Another dreadful moment and Madame de Chaillevois crossed to the door and flung it open. André made no move, but Jim had followed her. With an air of authority he closed the door.

"You couldn't turn a dog out into a night like this," he said quietly. He turned to André. "Come," he said, and led the broken creature up the stair. Then without a sound Madame de Chaillevois fainted. We put her upon the couch; Jean hobbled to the dining room for brandy. Yvonne stood by, dazed and unsteady. Before Jean came with the brandy Jim came down again.

"Go up to him," he said to Yvonne.

She looked at him dumbly, and then like one walking in sleep began to mount the stairway.

Brandy failed to revive Madame de Chaillevois. Ten minutes later I was on my way to Soissons for a doctor. It was a wild drive through the rain and wind and darkness, but the engine ran sweet, my lights were bright and there was peace in my heart. Jim had made good.

Many besides him knew what concentrated shell fire meant; had seen men go mad, break for enemy lines, grovel in the mud. They could have understood and felt pity for André's breaking. After all, it was a matter of nerves. But for what followed—the yielding of a soft, pampered nature to the hardship of prison camps, the moral degradation that offered escape and comfort—they could have had no pity. Only Jim, who felt that he had once been capable of everything ignoble, could understand and pity that. And it was that, I think, rather than any conscious gesture of renunciation, that had bid him send Yvonne to André. She had given him his soul; she could do as much for the wretch who had cast his away.

But it seemed to me probable that his sending her had been in fact his renunciation of her. The probabilities were that with her passionate nature she would cling the closer to André, now that he was an outcast, pressing his disgrace like a thorn against her heart. But what did it really matter? Jim had found himself. Not all the fates and furies could crush or embitter him now.

It was past midnight when I drove into the farm with the Soissons doctor. The house was still lit and I noticed luminous spots on the old tower. Evidently there was a light inside that trickled through the ground-floor embrasures. I thought nothing of it and drew up before the living-room door.

Jim met us. Madame de Chaillevois had come to, he said, but was still very low. He led the doctor upstairs. I took off my wet coat and was warming myself before the fire when he came down again.

"Don't you want something to drink?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, and we went into the dining room. "Jim," I said, "I want to shake you by the hand. You did a big thing."

"Shucks!" he answered. "You couldn't turn the poor devil out into the rain."

"His own mother was for doing it."

"That's their way of looking at it. For hundreds of years they've had to fight for their lives."

"Where is he now?" I said. "Has he quieted down?"

"He's dead," Jim answered.

"Dead!"

Jim nodded.

"Did he kill himself?"

"I reckon so."

"Don't you know?"

There was a troubled look in Jim's eyes. Then he told what had happened. For nearly an hour after I had started for Soissons, Yvonne had been with André in his room. They were heard talking. Then Yvonne came out and went to her room. A few minutes later André came downstairs with overcoat and hat, lit a lantern and went out. From the window of his mother's room Jean had seen him cross the courtyard to the tower. The *bidons* of gasoline were kept there, and Jean inferred that he was going to take a car and go away. Ten minutes passed, and Jim was in the living room putting wood on the fire when he heard a shot and its echo or two shots. He was not sure. He dashed out and ran into Jacques, carrying a rifle. He was much excited; said that he had avenged France and the honor of the De Chaillevois family. He had fired from the outside through one of the embrasures and had killed André.

Jim went on to the tower and found André dead on the floor with an automatic pistol beside him and Yvonne standing there gazing at him. She had a golf cape about her, but no hat. As Jim came in she passed him without speaking and went out. The body had two wounds in the breast and a rifle and a pistol bullet were found on the floor at the foot of the wall.

"He shot himself, of course," I said; "the one decent thing he ever did. Jacques' part in it was incidental."

"Well, it's all fixed that way," said Jim. "There's two pistol bullets on the floor and two empty shells. The rifle bullet is in my pocket. There's only one phony thing about it."

"What's that?"

"It's my gun on the floor."

"Good God!" I cried. For an instant my heart stopped beating.

"They can't trace it," Jim said quietly. "It's a Lueger I got from a German."

But it was not that, of course, that startled me. My mind was flashing pictures of Yvonne crossing the dark rain-swept courtyard with Jim's gun. What had she gone through before she reached this decision? What things had been said in the room overhead and then in that dim-lighted, ancient keep? France and honor had been stronger than love, but how had it come about? I fancied that the blundering fool had made love to her, touched a false note. And then what was the end? Had André taken the proffered weapon, or what?

It was probable that I should never know. After all, it was unimportant compared to what would follow. I could understand her coming through the storm of her emotions to the view of Jacques that even the mother took. This passion for country was elemental, but could there be any place now in her racked life for Jim? In spite of anything that reason might dictate, would he not be always linked with the tragedy? I sat looking at him, wondering at his calm.

"Jim," I said, "have you thought where all this brings us?"

He nodded.

"It's pull out, I reckon, as soon as it's decent."

He saw it as I did.

"We'll take a trip," I said. "We'll go home by China and Japan."

"Could you spare the time?"

"I can spare the time."

As I answered the door opened. Yvonne came in. She made a despairing gesture and put her hands to her head.

"I can't sleep," she said. "Such dreams!"

Jim rose. "Do you want me to come?"

"Yes."

He went toward her. Suddenly she began to tremble as if a chill had seized her.

"Such dreams!" she muttered. She looked at him piteously. "Save me!" she whispered, and threw herself into his arms, pressing closer and closer to him.

I slipped out through the pantry, up the back stairs to my room, but not to sleep. There was little sleep that night for any of us, but I did not care. Yvonne had gone to Jim at last.

The police came toward three. We were all interrogated, but there was no trouble. A hint was dropped to them that a motive for the suicide could be found at the war ministry.

The weather cleared toward dawn and the day broke clear and bright and bracing. The world seemed made over and new. Madame de Chaillevois was better. The day after André was buried she came downstairs again. She looked very old, but was unbroken.

The morning I left, Yvonne and Jim said good-by to me together. As I took her hand our eyes met. She read the question in mine and answered it with her lips.

"There is no ghost," she said. "It is as if there had never been one."

"You will come back?" Jim said.

"I usually do," I answered.

He smiled; I started the car. My last glimpse of him was as he waved to me, standing beside his wife. The memory of our first meeting flashed back. That first radiant impression of him had been prophetic. Had it been chance? Or had I been clairvoyant for the instant? Were these high possibilities in all of us? Did it need only the right stimulus to make them germinate? And the stimulus—was it war, or the right woman, or the genius of America? I had no answer. I drove through the gate, turned into the lane, and as I passed the garden I saw Jacques still digging, but I noted that he dug less feverishly.

UPSON

America's love for beautiful homes has built this world-wide business

Surpassing quality has made Upson Board the acknowledged leader among all wall-boards

IN NEARLY EVERY INDUSTRY some one product stands pre-eminent. Day after day, the public rejects that which is cheap, shoddy or selfish—and selects that which is *good*. Thus the product which serves *better* rises above its contemporaries.

Upson Board is now unquestionably the dominant wall-board.

Its leadership is best evidenced by the new Upson Plant built by the buyers of Upson Board—the largest and most completely equipped factory in the world under one roof devoted exclusively to the manufacture of wall-board.

Its leadership is likewise evidenced by a wide-spread imitation of appearance and quality, for every *successful* product is the target of an envious few.

As "every great enterprise is but the lengthened shadow of a man," so the enviable position of Upson Board is simply a reflection of the ideals of its creators, who said when it was first conceived—"Our Board *must* be *better*."

So today, Upson Board is harder, stiffer and *stronger* than ordinary wall-board. The new pebbled *Super*-Surface also makes it more beautiful and saves the user several dollars per room in cost of painting as compared with plaster or average absorbent wall-board. With this thought of better quality always uppermost, new and original qualities have been added to Upson Board from year to year. In fact, practically every improvement made in wall-board in the past ten years was *first* incorporated in Upson Board—the board with the famous *Blue*-Center.

As each new home, store or factory has been Upsonized—as old walls and ceilings with their shabby plaster have been made new and permanently beautiful with the big, stiff panels of Upson Board—the demand has steadily grown—and *grown*—and GROWN until Upson Board is known to thousands as the nearest-perfect wall material.

Even during the abnormal years of 1920 and 1921 the demand for Upson Board continued to expand.

To have perfected a product which from the very first gained and held its place as *the* quality board—

To have grown not too rapidly but steadily and solidly—

And finally, to have had the leadership of the industry conferred upon it, is an achievement of which any organization can feel proud.

The dealer who sells Upson Board has the distinction of handling the most dependable board on the market, and the user who buys it enjoys the satisfaction of a time-tested material.

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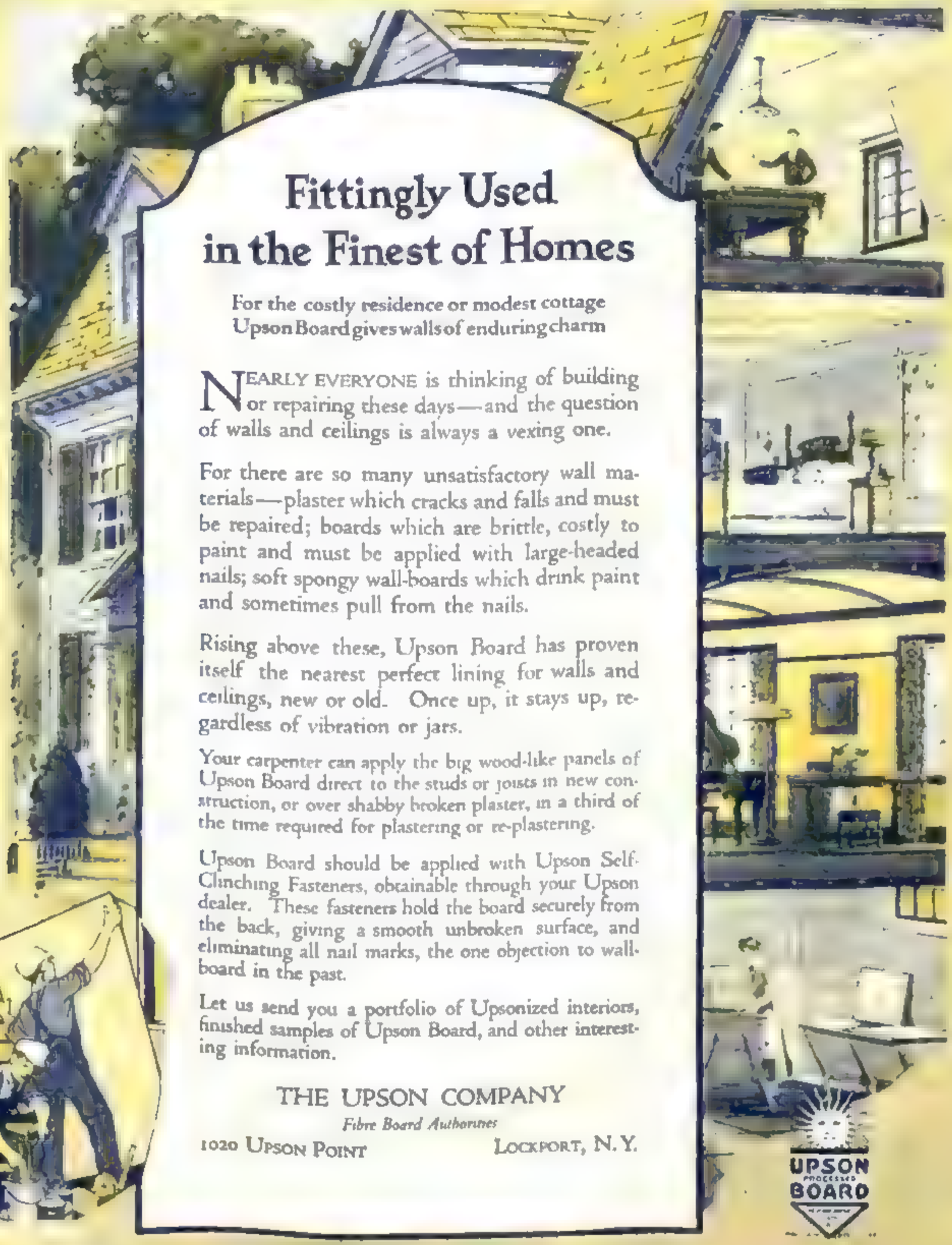
By Invitation Member
Rice Leaders of the World Association
Representative High Standing in NAME-PRODUCT POLICY

UPSON

You can identify genuine Upson Board by the famous Blue-center

BOARD



Fittingly Used in the Finest of Homes

For the costly residence or modest cottage
Upson Board gives walls of enduring charm

NEARLY EVERYONE is thinking of building or repairing these days—and the question of walls and ceilings is always a vexing one.

For there are so many unsatisfactory wall materials—plaster which cracks and falls and must be repaired; boards which are brittle, costly to paint and must be applied with large-headed nails; soft spongy wall-boards which drink paint and sometimes pull from the nails.

Rising above these, Upson Board has proven itself the nearest perfect lining for walls and ceilings, new or old. Once up, it stays up, regardless of vibration or jars.

Your carpenter can apply the big wood-like panels of Upson Board direct to the studs or joists in new construction, or over shabby broken plaster, in a third of the time required for plastering or re-plastering.

Upson Board should be applied with Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners, obtainable through your Upson dealer. These fasteners hold the board securely from the back, giving a smooth unbroken surface, and eliminating all nail marks, the one objection to wall-board in the past.

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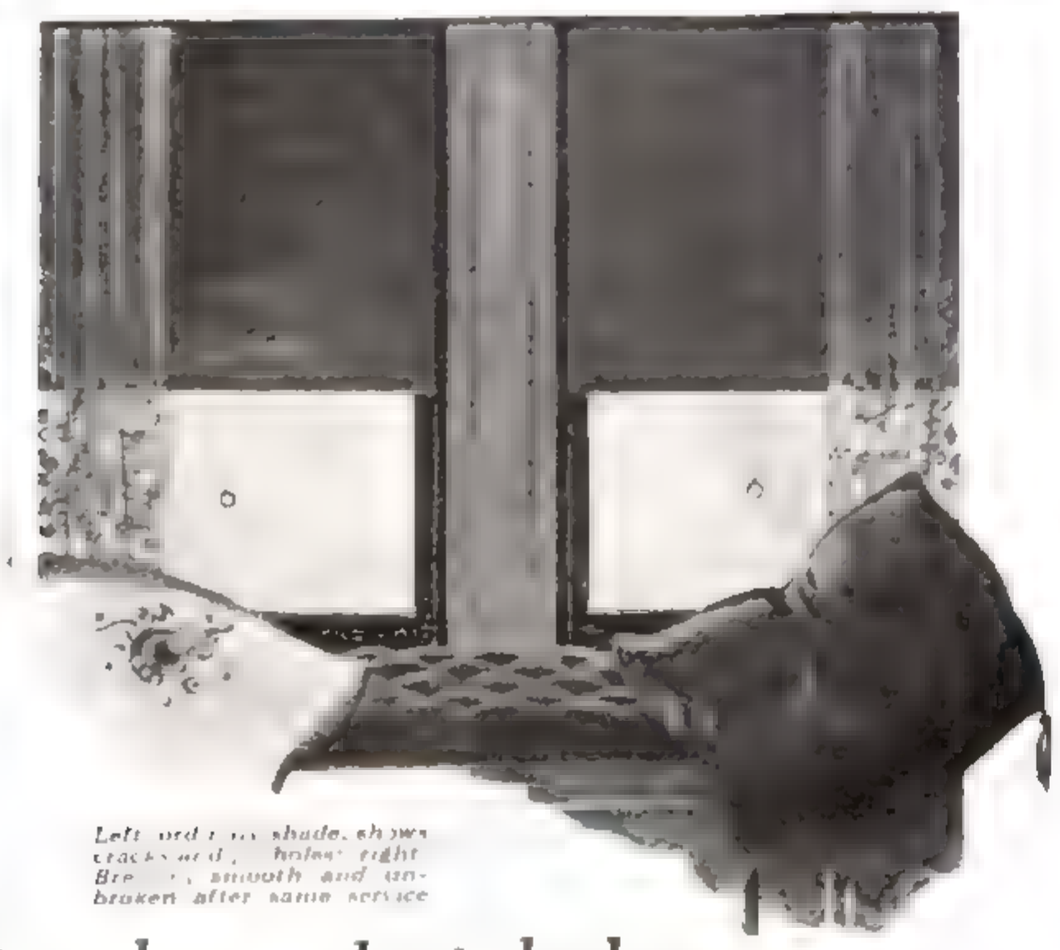
You can identify genuine Upson Board by the famous Blue-center



Left and right shade, shown cracked and holey right. Brenlin, smooth and unbroken after same service

Cracks and pinholes —but not in Brenlin —Brenlin KEEPS its beauty

LONG after the ordinary window shade has become ugly with cracks and pinholes, wrinkled and sagging, Brenlin retains its smooth, unmarred beauty. It outwears the ordinary window shade two or three times.

There is long wear in the finer, stronger material from which Brenlin is made. In every bolt the number of threads to the inch is counted to insure its being closely woven enough, fine and strong enough, for Brenlin shades.

Such material needs none of the chalk or clay "filling" that crumbles and causes cracks and pinholes in ordinary shades.

There is lasting beauty in the high-grade colors applied to Brenlin *by hand*. Colors that resist fading and will not show water spots.

And rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Its endurance will surprise you.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out BRENLIN *has no filling*

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to Shade and Decorate Your Windows Correctly"—Free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, INC., CINCINNATI, OHIO
"The oldest window shade house in America"

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE
Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

THE YANKEE KILLER

(Continued from Page 13)

the luckily rare type which used to act as a drag on the rest of us Southerners when we began to build up our section and make it the banner region of this country. And he's quite capable of carrying out his threat. He relies on his better relations, as usual, to help him out for the sake of the family name. We're a clannish lot, we Southerners, and we're still too prone to divide the whole world into cousins and non-cousins. He'll try to bully you or nag you or shame you into fighting him. Failing that, he'll seek occasion to shoot you. He is a crack shot, of course. He won't kill you. Homicide is too risky even for the sake of so-called honor. But he'll plant a 32-caliber ball in your shoulder or in your leg and trust to luck that the jury will call it by some mild name and let him off with a suspended sentence. That will satisfy honor and — "

"Honor!" blazed Mrs. Hilyer. "To maim a man old enough to be his father! Honor!"

"And I'm either to stay cooped up in my rooms or else be turned into a target?" asked Hilyer as coolly as might be. "I came down here for outdoor exercise. I came——"

"Oh, if Mrs. Hilyer goes walking with you," explained the bank president, "he won't attack you in her presence!"

"I suppose that's another phase of Southern honor!" put in Mrs. Hilyer.

Dandridge winced.

"Don't call it Southern honor," he pleaded. "That is a sacred term with us. The real article, I mean; not the Marcus Farquhar brand of it. His kind of Southerner has become as rare as the dodo bird. He's not representative of the South or of Paignton or of anything at all, except his worthless self. His own family detest him. He has kept his head above water in this patient community by dint of bullying and by his gun-fighting tactics. But we — "

"Well," complained Doctor Hilyer, "if I can't stir outdoors without hiding behind my wife's skirts, or else without getting potted—that finishes Paignton as far as I am concerned. I'm not going to have my wife worried into a nervous breakdown. We'll go back to civilization and to the twentieth century."

The following morning the Hilyers left town, bag and baggage. They declared they were through with Paignton forever. They were not.

Their antiques were shipped to Philadelphia in their wake. Their half-renovated house was put up for sale. The goodly sum on deposit in the Paignton bank was withdrawn. An option on a seventy-acre timber tract was allowed to lapse. The tract had been designed for a residence park for certain of the Philadelphia friends of the doctor and his wife.

Three other Northerners—intimates of the Hilyers—left Paignton a few days later; nor did they return.

Hiram A. Dandridge would have torn his hair had he had any left to tear. His financial associates stormed. Like all decent Southerners, they abhorred the rare Marcus Farquhar type. They were trying to make Paignton a second Asheville; and, further, to interest Northern capital in the town's infant commercial enterprises. Now one of the richest and most enthusiastic and most influential of the Northern residents had departed, taking with him his well-to-do and interested friends—all because of a bully whose own townsmen despised him.

But joy was in the heart of Marcus; joy and a calm triumph. He had been affronted. He had punished the affront by driving his insulter out of town and out of the state. He had put a Yankee in his right place. He had vindicated his own honor and that of the historic Southland by forcing a Northern interloper to turn tail and run. He had upheld what he considered the traditions of the ancient Farquhar clan.

The adulation of the two less advanced kinsmen who had acted as his seconds, and a few of his plantation servants, was bliss to him. He reveled even more in the grave reproaches of his other relatives and of all the better element of Paignton. He reveled in them as might a mischievous child in the disapproving frown of a nurse. And—also like a mischievous child—he was not content with one escapade. He yearned for a repetition of the thrill that went with the praise and the blame of his fellows.

His quadroon overseer spoke of him jubilantly as "Mark, the Yankee Killer." Marcus warmed to this. He was resolved not to let such a nickname die out for lack of foundation.

The Hilyer exploit had occurred during the second week of the five-month tourist season. A fortnight later Marcus took up his wonted lounging place one hot morning on a marble bench in the corridor of the bank. It was cool there, and the shimmer of the sun on yellow dust did not tease the eye. In addition to this, all sorts and conditions of folk drifted in and out—scores of them—every few minutes. It was a pleasant and interesting place for a man of contemplative or curious or sedentary taste to while away a bright morning.

A tourist of middle age stepped briskly past Marcus' post of observation and made his way toward the president's room. With him was a fourteen-year-old girl in gay sport clothes. The two chanced to be passing the bench at a moment when Marcus' quid of chewing tobacco had reached its 106 per cent climax of humidity. Precipitation was due. Marcus alleviated the quid's surplus moisture in characteristic fashion. He had not observed the oncoming man and girl. They passed in direct range between him and the nearest cuspidor.

The girl gave an exclamation of disgust as she looked down at the splotch upon the rough white silk of her skirt. Marcus sprang to his feet with exquisite Old World courtesy.

"Madam," he declared, bowing low, "most profoundly I regret that I should have been the innocent cause of your mishap. If you will accept my contrite amends ——"

"You—you pig!" cried the girl, surveying half tearfully the wreck of her beloved new sport skirt.

In a flash the chivalric demeanor of Marcus Farquhar changed. His florid face darkened to magenta.

Wheeling on the man at the girl's side, he demanded, "Are you any kin to this young — this young lady, sir?"

"This is my daughter," said the man shortly, and in an unquestionable New England accent. "You've ruined her dress. If you've got to chew tobacco—a filthy habit at best—look out next time where you ——"

"That'll do, sir!" interrupted Marcus sternly. "You admit you are her father. Therefore you are responsible for her words and actions. She has insulted me most grossly. She has referred to me, here in public, as a swine. I am waiting, sir, with commendable patience to hear her apology — and yours."

"I like that!" shrilled the half hysterical girl. "Why, dad, he ——"

"Quiet, dear!" interposed the New Englander as people glanced about, drawn by the high-pitched voice. "I'll attend to this. Look here, you!" turning to Marcus. "You spoiled my daughter's dress, and now you ask for an apology! I like your nerve! For two cents I'd pitch you out of this bank on your head!"

Marcus bristled. Then a closer look at the Northerner made plain to him something he had not at first noticed. The tourist's left sleeve was pinned neatly across the breast of his coat.

"I cannot thrash a one-armed man—a cripple!" announced Marcus. "That, and the presence of this young person, will enable you to leave this bank with a whole skin. But you can hold a pistol in your right hand. My seconds shall call on you within the hour. Your card, please. And where are you stopping?"

The one-armed man made as though to fly at him. Then, checking himself in response to a tearful appeal from his daughter, he turned on his heel and continued his way to Hiram A. Dandridge's private office.

"We're touring through—Mavis and I," he told Dandridge without further greeting, "on our way to Aiken. I stopped off to sign those contracts that you wrote were all ready for me. Well, I've just dropped in to tell you I'm not going to sign them. Neither will my partner when I've told him what's happened. I don't care to have any financial interest in a town like this. We'll let the option lapse and we'll look for another site for our factory."

(Continued on Page 111)

About Player Pianos

—and the New Q·R·S EDUCATOR

Player Rolls for Home Study

Thousands upon thousands of people who have real music in their souls go through life without being able to play the piano manually simply because they have never had the time or opportunity to learn.

Now come Q·R·S Educator Player Rolls which, used in conjunction with your player piano, will teach anyone, who really wants to learn, how to play the piano.

These Q·R·S Educator Home Study Rolls are sound, simple and thoroughly practical.

The thought of performing miracles had no part in their conception, and the same conscientious application of instructions is as necessary for success as would obtain if the student were under personal guidance. Honesty in study, practice and self-examination are necessary adjuncts to even mediocre attainment. Such application will bring a degree of proficiency in direct proportion to its extent.

The continuity or progression on which the course is constructed makes it imperative that each roll be thoroughly mastered before the next one is undertaken. The rolls must be used in sequence—one following another from Roll No. 1 to Roll No. 6 without a break. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point. The child learns to walk only one step at a time; the towering structure is erected, a single stone upon another.

Even as the most efficient teacher can but guide and by example show the pupil how selected phrases should be played, so is this course able to do no more, and in each case the progress of the pupil is entirely dependent upon his own individual effort and application.

As the course proceeds and the pupil begins the study of bigger works, the tremendous latent possibilities of the vast Q·R·S PLAYER ROLL LIBRARY becomes apparent. What better "coach" could one wish for than Paderewski in playing his own famous "MINUET," or Harold Bauer in his conception of Chopin's "Scherzo" B Flat Minor? These and a host of others are found in the Q·R·S Concert Series.

No thought of competing with the personal element in piano instruction is to be found in the underlying idea that prompted the creation of this method. On the contrary, it is a direct aid to the teaching profession, and the entrance of the piano teacher may be happily marked by the conclusion of the course, or in fact at any time.

Genius often lies dormant. A suggestion may cause its awakening. In your own family, among your children, there may be one for whom the musical impetus given by this course will prove the starting point for another Paderewski, another Kreisler, a Patti, or the inspiration of another "TRAUMEREI"—another "SMILES"—the creation of music that makes for better and happier living. If even ***one*** should result, the time and expense necessary for this work's production would, in the estimation of its producers, have been well spent.

With the advent of Q·R·S EDUCATOR HOME STUDY ROLLS, the intrinsic value of the Player Piano has been further emphasized, because to its pleasure-giving value this educational feature has been added, the possibilities of which are limitless.

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"But, my dear sir!" cried the flustered Dandridge. "I can't understand this sudden change. You will find everything is as we represented it. We ——"

"No, it isn't!" snapped the one-armed man. "You people didn't represent that a hulking hog would be sitting in the bank, spitting tobacco juice on the white clothes of passing women, or that he'd demand that I fight a duel with him. Since that's a sample of your townsmen, I'm going to look for a factory site in some civilized region. I thought that that type of fire-eating Southerner was extinct. Good-by."

"But," wailed Dandridge, "that down-at-the-heel bully is no representative of Paignton or of any other place! He's ——"

"Good-by!" snapped the New Englander.

Followed by the eagerly expostulating Dandridge, the visitor and his daughter retraced their steps streetward. In the corridor Marcus Farquhar was waiting for them.

"Sir," he addressed the New Englander, making as though to bar his egress, "you've omitted to tell me where my seconds may find you. They ——"

"Oh, go to hell!" snarled the one-armed man, pushing past him and to the street.

Marcus followed, ragingly, to see the man and the girl climb into a huge touring car. By the time the pursuer reached the sidewalk the car was in rapid motion.

"The coward!" fumed Marcus for the benefit of all and sundry within hearing. "Watch his dust! Well, I've driven another of 'em out of this town, anyhow. That's one consolation. I'll wager something pretty he'll never dare set foot in Paignton again."

"Yes, Marcus," sighed Dandridge to himself, starting wearily back toward his private office, "you've driven another of 'em out of this town—and something like six million dollars along with him. Miss Vane," he continued aloud, crumpling into his desk chair, "please phone Davidson and Grimes that I can't act as toastmaster at the dinner tonight. I'm going to hop Number Forty-two for New York this evening. I won't be back for a week. If I stay on here just now I'm liable to do something foolish."

Marcus Farquhar glowed with renewed glory. The tale of his clash with the Yankee spread through town and county. Marcus saw to that—all except the items of the tobacco juice and the one arm. Marcus saw to that too. There was a new and brighter halo around the title of Yankee Killer. The New Englander's hurried departure took on the panic aspects of the retreat from the Marne. Great was Marcus Farquhar, and greatly to be feared!

On another warm morning, perhaps ten days afterward, Marcus strolled as usual into the bank's cool corridor and seated himself with majestic grace in the exact middle of his accustomed marble bench. The bench was intended to accommodate two good-sized men. But Marcus left scarce enough leeway on either side for a child to find perching space.

There was a goodly crowd in the bank that morning. A few persons, like Marcus, had come thither to loaf. But most were awaiting their turn at one or another of the windows. It was Saturday, always the busiest time at the Paignton bank.

Out from his private office fared Hiram A. Dandridge. In his hand he carried a card, and he looked about him nearsightedly for its owner. Marcus Farquhar sneered. It always sickened him to see the servile way in which old Dandridge came frisking out of his office to greet Northern callers. It savored of cringing. Dandridge had followed the lamentable example of the new South by sinking to a career of money changing and to the other sordidnesses of trade. But he came of true Southern stock, and it did not befit him to trot out at the behest of every mudsill who might choose to send in a card. Instead of coming forth in person and escorting the visitor into the office, why couldn't he send a boy out to pilot the guest? Marcus decided that he would speak to him about it sometime.

As Dandridge advanced, doubtfully scanning the faces around, a young man stepped forward and hailed him. The newcomer was dressed in meticulously fashionable attire. He was short and painfully thin. His face was pallid. There was a drawn aspect to it. Twice or thrice during the past few minutes he had annoyed Marcus vaguely by spasms of coughing and by his pitiful efforts to check them.

"This Mr. Dandridge?" he asked as he encountered the president only a few feet from Marcus' bench. "I'm Clive Herrick. I just hit town last night. My uncle, Doctor Hilyer, gave me a letter to you, but I've left it in my trunk at the Tarleton Hotel. I thought I had it with me."

"Howdy do!" beamed Dandridge. "Nephew of Doctor Hilyer, eh? I'm delighted to see any kinsman of the doctor's. I—I miss him. Stopping here long?"

"For the rest of the winter, anyhow," answered Herrick. "That is, if I last—and if I like it. Pretty quiet after Philadelphia, of course. But a man in my shape must put up with anything that'll pull him back to another inch or so of life."

He spoke jauntily, but the jaunty effect of his words was marred by another bravely strangled fit of coughing. Dandridge peered at him from eyes that puckered with worried sympathy.

"You're—you're surely not the same nephew that Doctor Hilyer was expecting to visit him here later in the season, are you? Not the one that's—that's ——"

"That's dying of consumption?" finished Herrick with forced flippancy. "I'm the one. Don't look so shocked over it, man! They say I've only a year, at most, to live. But a lot of husky condemned men in cells haven't anywhere near as long as that. Uncle Dick thought a winter here might help. So here I came. He told me to call to see you first thing. So I did. If you're busy ——"

"Not a bit!" cheerily lied Dandridge. "I want you to come for a drive with me and then to lunch at the country club. I've one or two things to clear up on my desk, but they won't take me five minutes. Won't you come in and wait?"

"No, thanks," declined the youth, strangling back another coughing fit. "There's a nice sweep of air out here, and I'll bet it's close in your office. Until you lose all of one lung and most of another you don't realize what an extra bit of air can mean. Chase along and finish your work. I'll wait here."

He looked toward the bench where he had been sitting. Two people had preempted it while he stood talking with the president. All except one of the five other benches had a double load. The exception was Marcus Farquhar's bench, just behind him. Marcus still occupied the middle of that, having disregarded several persons who had loitered hintingly as they moved past.

As Dandridge prepared to return to his office the breezy youth strode up to this bench. Slapping Marcus on the back with resounding good-fellowship, he exhorted loudly, "Now then, Fatty, suppose you shift a point to starboard and let me come to anchor."

The familiarity and the decided sting of the slap, the coarsely worded command, the publicity attending the whole thing, set Marcus ablaze.

"You damn Yankee!" he roared, leaping threateningly to his feet. "If you weren't a consumptive I'd ——"

"Thanks, old Beef-and-Bellow!" said Herrick gratefully as he disposed himself upon the vacated bench. "You hop real lively for such a flabby cuss."

A gasp of warning and of horror from Dandridge caught Herrick's attention. The president was eying the empurpled Marcus with piteous appeal. Moreover, the back slap and the loud voices had centered the attention of everyone in the place.

Marcus Farquhar, through his rage mist, was aware of the sudden hush and the focusing of all eyes. His repute as Mark the Yankee Killer was at stake. These people had not heard that the presumptuous young Yankee was an invalid. He proceeded to apprise them.

"If you weren't a down-and-outer a mangy sick man," he roared, "I'd break you in three pieces, and then I'd chase those pieces North, same as I chased your uncle."

The flippant grin was wiped from Clive Herrick's pert face. He got up in leisurely fashion and faced the giant.

"Marcus!" Dandridge was pleading. "Marcus! He's only ——"

"If he is too sickly to fight with his hands," boomed Marcus, "he isn't too sickly to hold a pistol. He's staying at the Tarleton, he told you. In an hour my seconds shall wait on him there. It is not on

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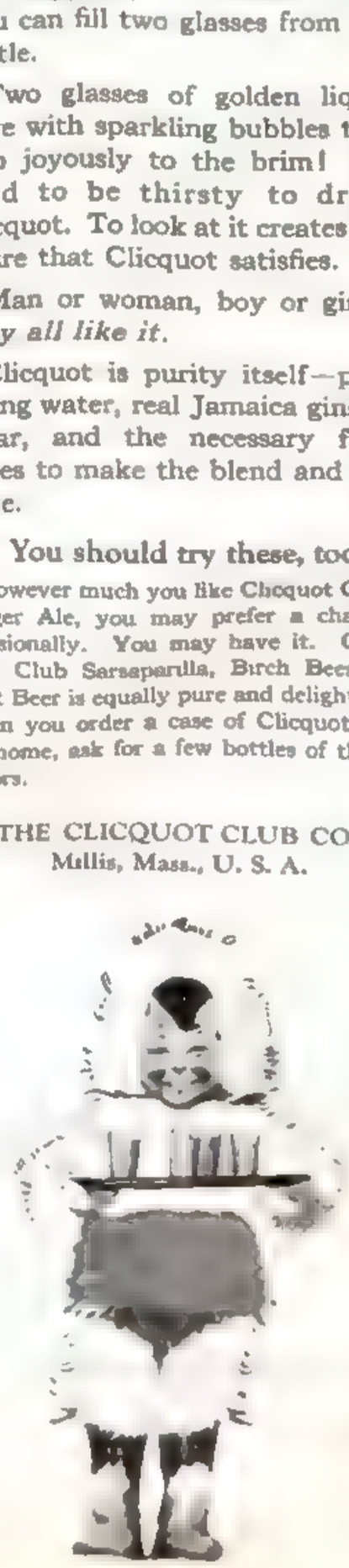

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(Continued from Page 111)

the free list for a Yankee stranger to slap a Carolina gentleman on the back and call him opprobrious names. He ——"

"Cut that out!" vociferated Herrick. "Stop bellowing like an apoplectic cow and answer me! You say you drove my uncle out of Paignton. Are you Marcus Farquhar? Are you the man who bullied that kindly, feeble little old gentleman, twice your age and half your size, and frightened his invalid wife half to death? Are you? Because I'm their nephew, and the only fun I looked forward to in coming down here was the chance of meeting you. But I was afraid the decent element had run you out of town before now."

"Mr. Herrick!" begged Dandridge.

"Are you Farquhar?" Herrick insisted. "Because if you are you needn't beef about my being sick. I'm not sick. My lungs are gone, but my muscles aren't. And I used to box a bit. Are you Marcus Farquhar?"

"I am," stormed Marcus, feeling ridiculously like an enraged bull that is stung repeatedly by a hornet he cannot crush. "And my seconds ——"

He got no further. Clive Herrick's open palm caught him resonantly across the thick lips with a report like a torpedo's and with a skilled force which set the underlip a-bleeding.

There was a multiple murmur and a surging forward among the spectators. Before Marcus could do more than fling up his big hands with instinctive defense, Herrick's left fist had slipped past his guard and caught him flush on the fleshy jaw point. The giant rocked back on his heels under the impact. Before he could recover himself the same fist smote him thuddingly at mid stomach.

With a sound like an exhausted siphon, Marcus Farquhar, Yankee Killer, sat down extremely hard on the marble floor.

Herrick stood over him, laughing. The crowd was in an uproar. Dandridge babbled and begged and dodged in and out of the front rank. Someone bawled for the police. But someone else yelled "Shut up!"

In an instant Marcus had reeled to his feet. Black with fury, he whipped one hand behind him. As the pistol flashed into view before it could be leveled, before the forward-pressing crowd could shrink back—Herrick had flung himself like a mad cat at the other's right arm. Gripping the forearm and wrist, he drove all his meager weight and trained strength into a dextrous jujitsu twist, a twist that numbed Marcus' arm to the elbow and sent the pistol clattering harmless to the floor, where the babblingly tremulous Dandridge retrieved and pocketed it.

In practically the same set of gestures Herrick was at the giant, fighting ferociously with both hands, ducking under lumbering swings and eluding the flailing smashes of his clumsy foe. Mercilessly he tore into Marcus, landing with scientific force and skill. He played indiscriminately for heart and for wind and for face.

Marcus was breathless and in anguish. He strove to clinch. Herrick ducked under the outflung arms and danced aside, first slugging murderously to the wind.

"It's always that way!" he panted for the benefit of the hypnotized onlookers. "I never yet heard of a gunman who knew how to use his hands. This lump of tainted lard has had about enough for today. We'll try the next dose tomorrow."

As he spoke he dodged another blind swing, stepped in, set himself and struck. His left fist crashed again into the fat jaw, and his right fist followed it thither to telling effect. Once more the half-stunned giant rocked dizzily back on his heels. This time he rocked a fraction of an inch too far, and he fell sprawling.

Without waiting for him to stagger up, Herrick darted in again. He did not strike. Stooping, he seized Farquhar's coat collar and vest at the back of the neck. Then, straining with the effort, he ran across the glassy marble pavement toward the open front doors of the bank. The crowd made way for him. The squirming body of Marcus Farquhar slid along readily enough over the smooth surface, once it was fairly in motion; nor could his clawing hands find anything wherewith to stay his progress.

On the threshold Herrick once more put forth all his wiry strength and his science. With a mighty heave he hoisted Marcus to his feet, still keeping behind the giant, whom he had lifted in such way that Farquhar faced the steps leading to the street.

There was another instinctive burst of sound from the crowd—a sound this time with a tinge of unbelieving awe in it. For Herrick had released his victim and had taken a swift step back. In the same moment he swung his right foot forward with all the tremendous impetus of a fullback's. His whizzing boot toe collided with the most obvious part of the Yankee Killer's anatomy.

Forward shot Marcus Farquhar under that irresistible impact. His balance had not yet established itself from the unceremonious lifting of his great body from its prone position. In spread-eagle fashion he flew, bellowing, across the threshold and down the broad flight of steps.

He came to an involuntary halt as his head plowed its way into the soft recesses of an overturned garbage can on the curb.

The invincible Marcus Farquhar had been thrashed right ignominiously, and had been twice knocked down. Worse, he had been slid along the floor like a sack of meal. Worst and most incredible of all, he had been kicked downstairs! This in the presence of the multitude and in the town of his fathers.

Folk stared at one another in dumb amaze. They could not believe.

Clive Herrick stepped back into the corridor, picked up his hat, and, with a panted word of apology to Dandridge, made his own way out of the building, once more strangling back a terrific coughing fit. The people on the steps made silent way for him to pass. Several men were gathered about the dazed Marcus, helping him to his staggering feet. Without a look at his opponent, Herrick strolled unconcernedly toward the hotel.

That afternoon he was waited upon in his room by two grim and lanky men. They introduced themselves, with studied formality, as Hancey Farquhar and Josephus Carter, and they added the solemn information that they represented their cousin, Mr. Marcus Farquhar.

"Oh, yes," said Herrick genially, "I remember your names. You were the two jolly pallbearers who called on Uncle Dick, weren't you? He told me about you. Only he didn't make you out half as funny as you really are. You're Marcus Farquhar's seconds, aren't you? Sort of perpetual seconds—with a retaining fee, I suppose. He seems to keep you pretty wakeful; on the jump all the time. You've come to bring me a challenge from him, eh? I've read about such things in back-number books. Well, go ahead with the game. It's your move."

Hancey Farquhar glanced in disapproving query at Josephus Carter as the ribald chatter ended. Josephus Carter returned the glance. Then, clearing his throat, he said:

"We prefer to ignore your insolent tone, sir, for the present; without prejudice to our future course in regard to it, either jointly or singly. For the time we are Mr. Marcus Farquhar's mouthpieces."

He cleared his throat a second time. While he was doing so Hancey Farquhar took up the tale.

"You have insulted our principal, sir," he said with judicial sternness. "You have insulted him grossly; first by word of mouth and then by physical assault. Therefore ——"

"You mean, first I told him what a futile old windbag he was and then I licked him? But don't forget I kicked him downstairs into a garbage can after all that. I admit those sins. What next?"

"Nothing but blood, sir," solemnly answered Josephus Carter, "can wipe out so damnable an affront to a Southern gentleman. Our principal refuses to accept an apology. He ——"

"Apology?" echoed Herrick. "I haven't heard myself make one yet."

"He deems this has passed beyond the province of apologies," chimed in Hancey Farquhar. "He demands a duel, *à outrance*."

"Sounds like a French dish," commented Herrick.

Then his manner changed suddenly and completely.

"Look here!" he said. "You two murderer's assistants expect me to say I don't believe in dueling, and that it went out of fashion as long ago as those frock coats and Populist hats and white vests of yours and Marcus Farquhar's. Then you plan to tell me Farquhar will shoot me on sight and you expect to see me slink out of town. Well, you're wrong on every guess!"

"Excuse me, sir," began Josephus Carter in wounded dignity; "but you have no right to impute ——"

"You're wrong on every guess," reiterated Herrick. "My uncle told me about the deal you sawed off on him down here. That's the reason I'm here, though I didn't tell him so. A rotten thing done to the grand little old gentleman is a rottener thing done to me. He's the only father I ever knew. He loves the South and the Southerners. All of us do. But one misrepresentative Southerner drove him away from here. That's to be paid for. Before I came here I went to a library and read up on this sweet dueling code of yours. I know it backward. For one thing the challenged party has the privilege of naming the weapons and the conditions of the duel. Am I right?"

"You are," gravely acceded Josephus Carter. "And ——"

"If," amended Hancey Farquhar, "the weapons chosen are those recognized by the dueling code."

"Quite so," agreed Herrick. "Now, then, I'm accepting this fool challenge you've brought. The code permits a man to fight without seconds if he so chooses. I make that choice for myself. I'm not going to drag anybody else into this idiocy if I can help it."

A coughing fit made him pause. Presently, panting a little, he went on: "I accept the challenge, and I shall name the weapons and the conditions. The weapons are .45-caliber six-shooter revolvers."

The two men looked slightly surprised. Josephus Carter asked, "And the distance, sir?"

"That comes into the naming of the conditions," replied Herrick. "The conditions are these: Marcus Farquhar and I are to be stood up, face to face. Our left hands are to be lashed together at the wrists: lashed together so firmly that neither of us can wrench free. Then a .45 six-shooter is to be placed in the right hand of each of us. Each is to press the muzzle against his opponent's body at any vital spot he may choose except the head. Then the word is to be given, and we are to fire at will until one or both shall be dead. With luck and nerve, each of us ought to be able to pump at least three bullets into the other before death. We can even keep on firing from the ground after we fall. That is why I excepted the head. . . . Well, gentlemen, there are my conditions. You will repeat them to your principal. I waive the naming of any special place, and I waive the question of time—so long as the duel takes place before six o'clock this evening."

He stopped, to cough again. The seconds stared agape. Then Hancey Farquhar said stiffly, "We did not come here to joke, sir."

"I'm not joking," retorted Herrick through his coughs. "I'm in earnest. I have named my conditions. They are according to the code. Your man will accept them or I'll brand him a coward—I think that's the set phrase, though I'm a bit hazy as to how the branding is done—and I shall thrash him or kick him every time he ventures out-of-doors. That's final. Now go to him and arrange time and place."

"It isn't a duel you're proposing!" gasped Hancey Farquhar. "It's certain murder! It ——"

"What else is a duel supposed to be?" queried Herrick. "It isn't a game of ping-pong. If you think I'm bluffing, call me!"

"But ——"

"Here!" said Herrick impatiently. "I'm not fond of talking about myself to strangers, and you can't be interested in what I'm going to tell you. But it'll prove I'm in earnest. I've got to die, anyhow. I hate the idea of coughing myself into eternity. I had about made up my mind to take the pistol short cut, when my uncle and aunt came home with the story of how Marcus Farquhar had browbeaten the two dear old folks, and how he had shamed the white name of 'Southerner.' Then I saw my way. If I could die in this silly duel I'd not leave them with the disgrace of knowing I'd killed myself. They'd believe I'd died to punish the cur who had treated them so, and I'd be ridding the long-suffering world of him at the same time. That's why I'm here. That's why I'm going to make Farquhar kill me. That's how I'm going to kill him while he's doing it. Neither one of us has a possible chance to survive. Get the idea? Now go tell him, and come back here and let me know when and where we're to fight."

Scared, mumbling, almost cringing, the two seconds obeyed the invitation of his wide-flung door and dismissing gesture.

An hour later they were back again—to say their principal had reconsidered, and that he could not bring himself to fight a doomed invalid.

Herrick called on Hiram A. Dandridge. The same evening Dandridge's two nephews waited on the badly battered and worse frightened Marcus and informed him they were acting as Herrick's seconds. They explained to him that he must fight or be known forever as a poltroon. They interrupted his first blustered words, about not wishing to fight a consumptive, by reminding him he had known of Herrick's physical state when first the challenge was sent, and that even earlier he had attempted physical violence on Herrick, knowing him to be an invalid.

For two days Marcus Farquhar kept his room, nursing his bruises. On the morning of the third day he saw Herrick walk stationward, past his window, carrying a heavy suitcase. Waiting only for the whistle of the departing train, the Yankee Killer issued forth from his home.

It was going to be a struggle to meet his old acquaintances, but it must be done some day. He nerved himself to the ordeal, devising the while a pleasantly dramatic tale of having forced Herrick to leave town through fear of him. By the time he reached the bank he was outwardly his ponderous self-possessed self once more. There was a good-sized gathering in the street in front of the building, but by common consent the people made way for Marcus to mount the steps.

As he reached the top he glanced back. All eyes were on him, and with an expression unflatteringly new to Marcus. Then all eyes shifted to a spot just behind him. He looked about. Clive Herrick had stepped out of the building. Nonchalantly Herrick smiled upon his foe.

"If you shoot me from ambush," said he pleasantly, "or turn some of your moonshining friends loose on me, I'll get the same results, so far as I'm concerned, as if you'd consented to my duel conditions. Meanwhile ——"

He completed the sentence by snatching off Marcus' broad-leaf felt hat with the speed of light and slapping him sharply across the eyes with it. While Marcus was still clawing at him, momentarily blinded by the swashingly stinging blow, he felt himself whirled about. He heard a howl of derision from the group below. Then came a cyclonic shock at the base of his spine. And once again the Yankee Killer catapulted down the bank steps!

Even as he floundered through the air he noted subconsciously the difference in timbre between the crowd's voice today and on his former encounter with Herrick. Then there had been a note of scared wonder in it, as at sight of some sacrilege. Now the sound was of pure mirth, the laugh a circus audience accords to the clown when the trick donkey upsets him.

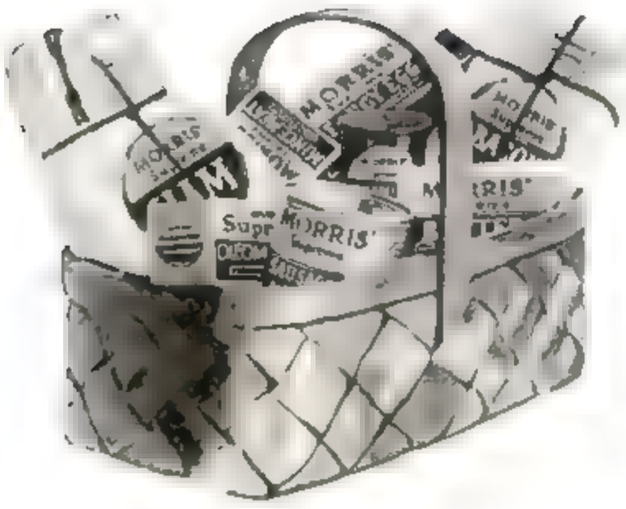
And Marcus Farquhar's spiritual knell was jingling in the Homeric laughter.

"Dear Uncle Dick," wrote Herrick that evening: "You and Aunt Lavinia can come down here as soon as you like. You'll get quite an ovation. Pop Dandridge will see to that. The ogre is gone—gone for good—for everyone's good. Left town this afternoon, bag and baggage. No one seems to know where he's gone to, and it's a cinch that nobody cares. His bubble is smashed. Every time anyone mentions him there's a guffaw.

"I knew it would work out that way. It always does. Paignton is rejoicing. He was deadwood—an extinct species—and they're rid of him.

"Now perhaps you're glad you took your kid nephew's advice when Pop Dandridge came lamenting up to see you last month, and maybe you've forgiven me for all the sad notoriety it brought on the family when I won the amateur lightweight belt last year. But, at that, it wouldn't have worked out but for the consumption. The fact that a poor dying invalid licked the terrible Yankee Killer and chased him out of town—that's what really turned the trick.

"Folks, I'm a dead failure as a consumptive. I'm always forgetting when to cough. Either I forget it all the while, or else I do it so hard it roughs my throat up. Next time I think I'll be a hopeless alcoholic instead. It's pleasanter and not so noisy. Anyhow, it's time this balmy air began to cure me. So by next week I can stop coughing altogether. Another victory for the life-giving mountain air of the beautiful Southland!"



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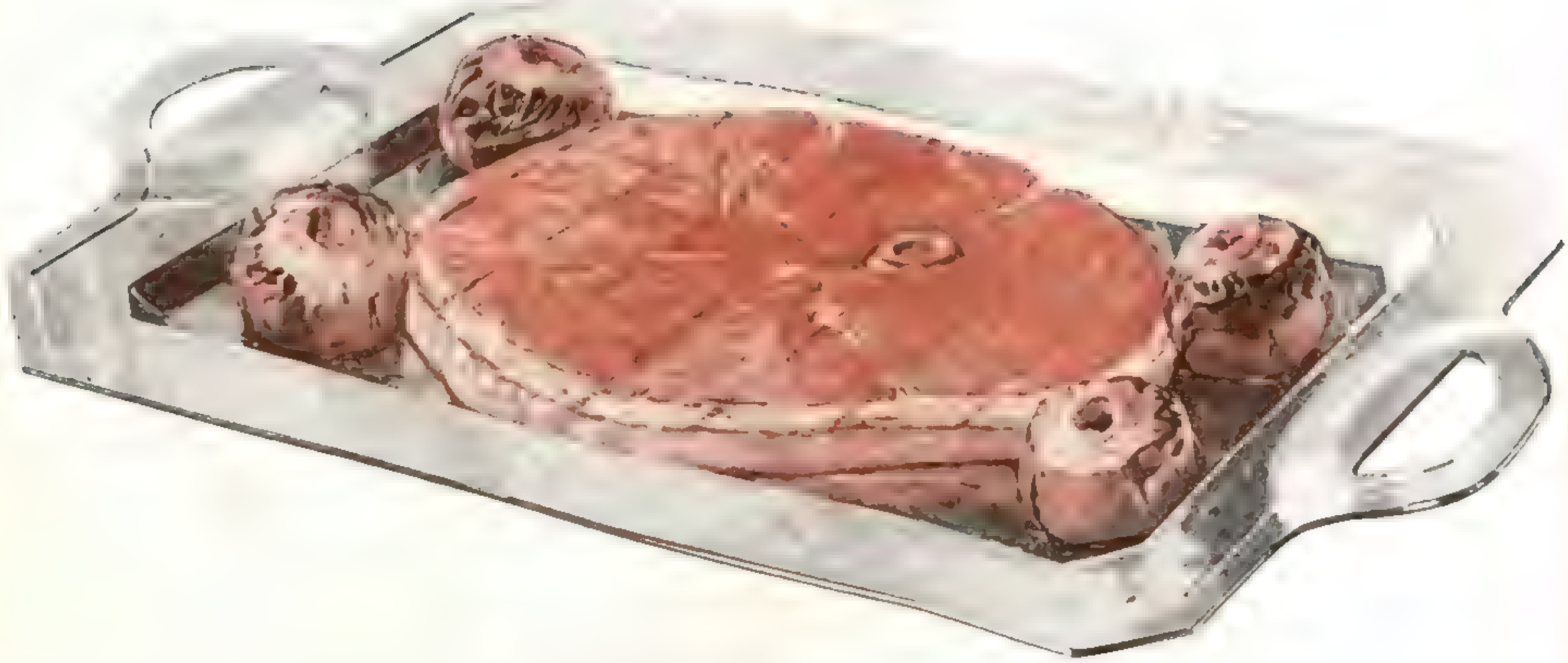

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WHICH IS A GUARANTEE OF DURABILITY

BACKBONE

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sides with her against Bracken and her grandfather? She could not lay her finger upon a living being that would answer.

VII

"THE condition of people like myself," said Colonel Tip in his heaviest and most impressive manner, "has improved remarkably during the centuries. Five hundred years ago I would have been a mere dwarf. Today what am I?" He paused dramatically. "I am a Lilliputian, a person of distinction."

"It must be very gratifying," said John Thorne.

"Five hundred years ago I would have been a court jester perhaps a butt of the aristocracy. But what a change do we behold! I, in my own person, have met kings and queens face to face. I have shaken their hands as an equal."

"It was a gracious condescension on your part," said Thorne gravely.

"In this community I am a person of position, not to say of distinction. Far from being derided, I am looked up to."

"A tribute," said Thorne, "to your excellent qualities."

Colonel Tip bowed graciously. "Half a dozen centuries ago," he said, pursuing his subject with gusto, "the young woman who arrived in St. Croix the other day would have been a duchess, perhaps a queen. I am speaking of Miss Yvonne de Marsay."

"Without doubt," said Thorne.

"And I—I would have worn cap and bells. I would have been grotesque, tolerated in her court. Today I am her friend."

"That, I should say, requires genius. I tried to become a mere acquaintance and failed."

"Um." Colonel Tip eyed the young man questioningly. "Do I understand you have an unreasonable prejudice against her—for it could be nothing but unreasonable?"

"None whatever. Quite the contrary."

The colonel nodded. "I like you," he said. "I took a liking to you the night you arrived. I am glad I do not have to revise my estimate. May I ask you a question?"

"Of course; bearing in mind that your asking a question does not bind me to answer it."

"Very well, then. Do the interests which brought you here lie on the side of Anthony Bracken or of Yvonne de Marsay?"

"I was not aware," said Thorne, "that there were sides."

"Um. Oil and water; cat and dog; daylight and darkness; Yvonne and Anthony," Colonel Tip replied sententiously.

"My business," said Thorne, "was with old André."

"Who," said the colonel, "does not seem to be transacting business." His keen eyes peered into Thorne's intently, as if, by willing it, he could penetrate to the young man's thoughts. He paused. "I believe Yvonne de Marsay stands in need of friends," he said.

For the first time John Thorne manifested interest. He leaned forward and returned the colonel's gaze in kind. "Why?" he asked shortly.

"The principal reason," said the colonel, "is because Doc Roper is buying two-for-a-quarter cigars—after smoking stogies all his life."

"You will have to make that clear."

"When a man of dubious character shows signs of a sudden prosperity," said the colonel, "thinking men grow suspicious."

"Go on," said Thorne.

"He talks largely of retiring from practice and moving to California," said the colonel, "when, six months ago, Bagley, down at the grocery, had to let his wife go through a run of typhoid to trade out his bill with Doc."

"That was very ingenious of Mr. Bagley," said Thorne. "What else?"

"There's only one source from which Roper could have derived his prosperity—and that is Anthony Bracken."

"Why not from De Marsay himself? Roper is his physician."

"André de Marsay would pay Doc's bill to the penny, but not a cent more—in any circumstances. Doc makes two calls a day on him—four dollars. Couldn't retire and live in California on that."

"What do you think Bracken is paying him for, then?" Thorne asked directly.

"For keeping his mouth shut."

"About what?"

The colonel waggled his head. "Something about De Marsay's illness." He leaned forward and tapped Thorne's knee, while his round baby face did its best to take on an expression of granite sternness. "I don't believe De Marsay is sick—not in his body. I believe his mind has given out and Bracken is hiding it."

"What good would that do him?"

"Yvonne despises him," said the colonel. "She has never concealed it. If she came into control of the properties Bracken would go."

"In that case he is only putting off the day. She is certain to come into the fortune sooner or later."

"If," said Colonel Tip, "there remains a fortune to come into."

"But why," asked John, "do you come to me with these suspicions—to a complete stranger?"

"Are you well off?" countered the colonel.

"I am reasonably sure of my next meal."

"Um. Are you married?"

"Not," said John, "to my knowledge."

The colonel sighed his relief. "You didn't look married," he said; "but one can never tell. There are men who never show the effects of it."

"I fancy it would modify me profoundly," said John.

The colonel nodded. "Do you realize," he asked, "that there isn't a young man in St. Croix that Yvonne de Marsay would marry?"

"It seems possible."

"Excepting yourself," said the colonel, and leaned back in his chair with the satisfied expression of a man who has sprung a devastating surprise. "And that's why I'm talking to you."

Thorne's face maintained its habitual gravity, almost heaviness. If one could judge by his eyes he had not the remotest idea of the colonel's destination; in fact, he appeared puzzled, almost nonplused.

"What do you think of Yvonne?" asked the colonel.

"I think she is exquisite," said John.

"Good. That was emphatic. Now"—the colonel paused again like an orator about to astound with an unexpected major premise—"my idea is for you to marry her."

"What!"

The colonel was complaisant. "You'll get accustomed to the idea," he said. "It would be a splendid arrangement. As her husband you would have the right to interfere in this thing that is going on."

"I once knew a man," said John, "who bought a house with a lien on it. It entitled him to a lawsuit."

"Well," demanded the colonel, "what do you think of it?"

John shook his head. "I've never been proposed to before," he said; "it's rather new and startling. Have you made other matches, or is this your first experiment?"

"Wouldn't you like to marry Yvonne de Marsay!" the colonel said in the exclamatory mood, much as if it were contrary to nature for any man not to desire the young woman for his wife.

"Not," said John, "if the general stock of her disposition comes up to the sample she showed me yesterday."

The colonel sprang to his feet and endeavored to tower over John, which was difficult, owing to the fact that John, sitting, was a head taller than the colonel on tiptoe.

"I'm disappointed in you," he said scathingly, his round pink cheeks flushing with righteous anger. "I offer you the loveliest wife in the state, and you go complaining of defects. I—I withdraw my offer. You may consider it was never made."

"Sit down, colonel, sit down." John regarded the little man not at all quizzically, but with the utmost sobriety. "Do you recall the New Testament story in which Satan took the Saviour to the top of a high mountain and offered him the kingdoms of the earth?"

"I do," said the colonel, still bristling.

"There's a catch in it," said John. "The point is that Satan didn't own an acre of a single kingdom."

Continued on Page 119

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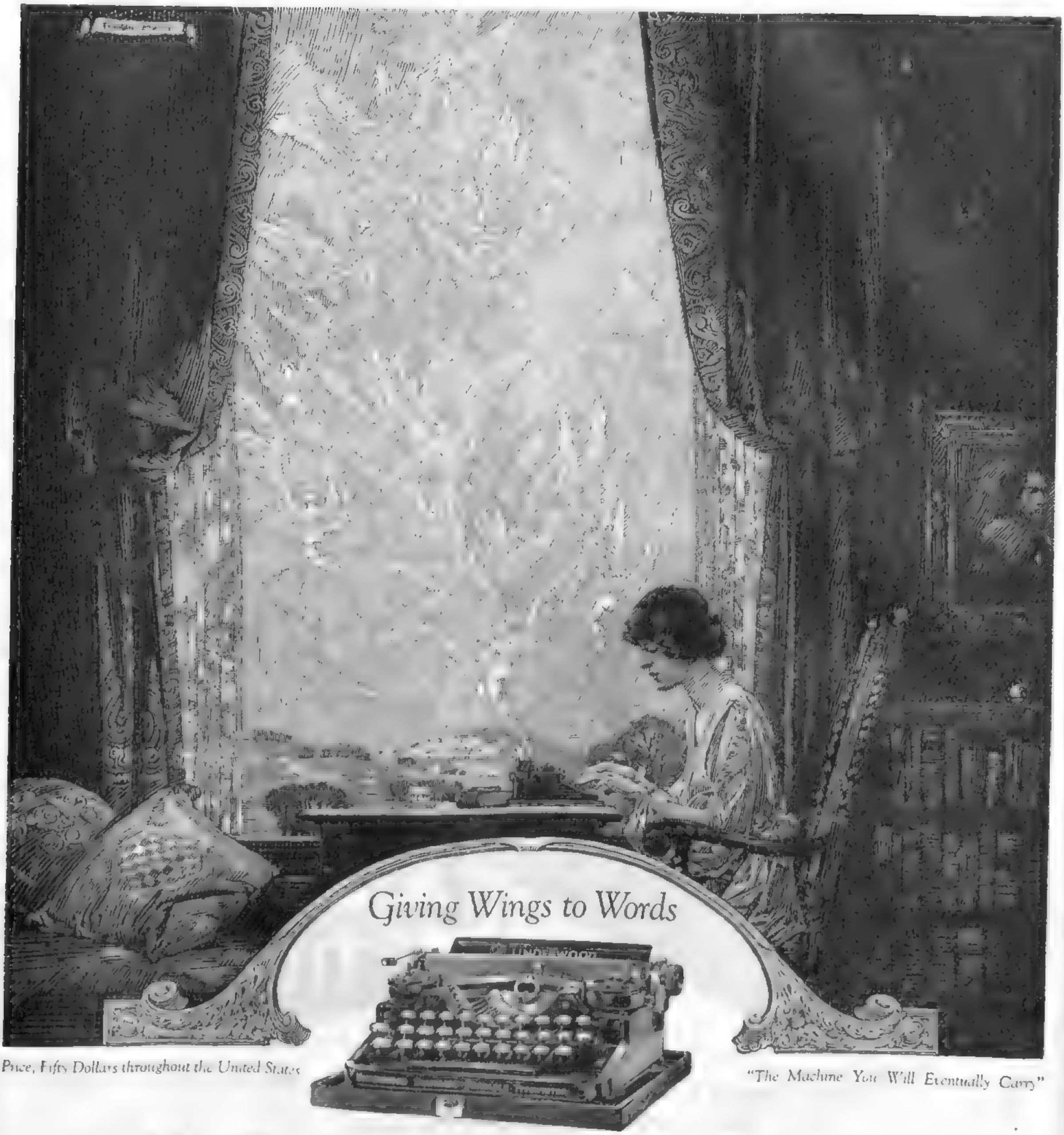

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(Continued from Page 116)

The colonel sat down abruptly and stared; his tiny mouth dropped open and his baby blue eyes widened as he grasped the significance of John's parable. Then he relaxed and shriveled; the wind was out of him. There was a silence awkward for him, but seemingly unnoticeable to John, who sat looking placidly out of the window of the hotel at St. Croix's almost deserted street.

"I guess," said the colonel, "that I'll be moving along."

"No," said John. That was all. He gave no explanation of his monosyllable, nor did he enlarge upon it, but the colonel remained.

"Thorne," said the colonel presently, when he had recovered something of his usual bearing, "there are too many mysteries going on. You're a mystery. What are you doing in St. Croix anyhow?"

"I came," said John, "to speculate."

"I'm sorry to hear it. It contradicts my impression of you. I read your character as conservative."

"The most hazardous speculation," said John, "in which a man ever allowed himself to become involved."

"Timber?"

"Colonel, the wildest timber speculation ever imagined is tame and conservative beside what brought me here."

The colonel waited, but John added nothing to this information. "You observe," said the colonel, "that I'm not asking you what the speculation is?"

"And you," said John, "will observe that I'm not telling you."

Few men could have made this rejoinder without giving offense, and without desiring to give offense. John possessed this ability. He made the statement simply as a fact, implying no rebuke. The colonel accepted it as offered.

The colonel rested his head on his hands, a picture of discouragement. "It's too much for me," he said. "I'm worried, and I don't know where to turn. You don't know what store I set by that little girl! When she was a baby and nobody else could do anything with her, they used to send for me. I have canceled engagements of my company at great expense just to come back to see her. And now something's wrong. Something's threatening. If it was just her grandfather's money—but I'm afraid. Something tells me more than money may be involved. I had to talk to somebody, so I came to you—hoping."

Thorne extended his hand and shook the colonel's. "You wanted help and advice, didn't you? Well, here's the advice: Go on being Miss de Marsay's friend; be it as hard as you can. Maybe I've disappointed you, colonel, but you haven't disappointed me. I am proud to be your friend."

"And the help?" asked the colonel, blinking his eyes a number of times to hide certain tokens of emotion.

"Why," said John, "we don't really know she needs any help."

"But if it proves that she does?"

"Then," said John, "will be a splendid time to talk about it."

At this he got up himself, for he recognized a figure which had turned the corner and was walking lackadaisically toward the hotel.

John timed his exit to coincide with the entrance of this individual, who was none other than Dustin Maxwell, bookkeeper in the office of the De Marsay Mills.

"Good afternoon, Maxwell," said Thorne.

"Afternoon."

"By the way, Maxwell, I've been wanting to ask you, do you keep books to earn money or do you do it for love of the art?"

"If a hundred a month is money, that's what I do it for."

"Then, I take it that, discounting love of your artistry in the ledger, you would prefer to keep books at a hundred and fifty a month to keeping them for a hundred?"

"What are you getting at, Mr. Thorne? Are you offering me a job at fifty dollars better?"

"If I were," said Thorne, "and it had to be filled tomorrow, making it necessary for you to leave on the train tonight, how would you react?"

"I'd react on my trunk, and set a world's record packing it," said Maxwell.

"In this envelope," said John, "is your first month's salary, and the address of the firm you are going to work for. If nobody noticed you leaving St. Croix it might avoid complications."

"It might," said Maxwell, pocketing the envelope, "and much obliged."

Thorne passed out and walked up the street, apparently lost in thought. His rather finely shaped head was sunk between his shoulders and his eyes searched the ground. Three distinct times he passed individuals he knew without seeing them, and they stared after him with mild curiosity. He walked very slowly, obviously without destination. At the corner he paused, evidently bogged in some troublesome thought, and then passed on. It was on the bridge that he was startled to a consciousness of events—startled by an emphatic sneeze.

Automatically he spoke, and spoke in colloquial French of the provinces—such French as children are apt to pick up from their *bonnes*. "May God bless you, the devil roast you, and the angels eat you made up into little sausages," he said. It is the formula pronounced by the peasantry upon hearing such a sneeze as had just assailed John's ears.

Then, absent-mindedness and concentration banished, he turned. It would have been excusable had he blushed and stammered and burned with a fire of embarrassment, for there, staring at him with a combination of surprise and resentment, was Yvonne de Marsay! Embarrassment seemed not to touch him, however. He stood, big, serene, imperturbable, and then he lifted his hat.

"I'm afraid I spoke instinctively," he said. "I beg your pardon."

"Where did you hear that saying?" she asked.

"In France."

"It must be very familiar to you to come out like that—automatically."

"Many queer things—not necessarily familiar—come to the surface of one's mind unexpectedly," he said.

"Not things like that." She paused and her eyes studied him with awakened interest. "I"—she hesitated—"I have wanted to offer you an apology," she said. "It is not customary for the De Marsays to be so ungracious to people who come to their door as I was to you yesterday."

"Neither," said he, "is it customary for the Thornes to present themselves where they are not sure of a welcome. We both seem to have discarded family traits."

For once, perhaps for the first time in her not ample contact with young men, Yvonne de Marsay was at a loss. She could not take offense, because there was nothing in his manner or tone to give offense. She felt he had deliberately matched her De Marsays with his Thornes, but, nevertheless, in no disagreeable manner. She did not understand just what manner it was, and it aroused her curiosity. It was not to be satisfied, however, for Thorne lifted his hat again, bowed and walked away—not abruptly, but casually, placidly, as any gentleman would walk away from a chance encounter on the street. She was not satisfied, and she was irritated. She had a feeling something more was required of the occasion; that more should have been said. She stared after him with frank curiosity. Young men were not prone to give up her society with such frank lack of interest. Or was it lack of interest?

"I wonder," she said to herself, "who he is, and what he is, and what he's doing in St. Croix." Then as a sort of tonic to her self-esteem she added, "He's a dull-looking person."

Which, as a matter of strict fact, was not her conclusion at all.

He Pushed Back His Chair and Stood Up, Face Red, Lips Trembling

VIII

THE De Marsay principality was the valley of the West Branch of the river, and St. Croix, its stronghold, was set at a strategic point some three miles to the northward of the junction of the East and West branches, where they tumbled together their waters to form the main river. There had been good reason for this. The West Branch was amenable to the needs of the riverman; its course was less abrupt, its current less tumultuous, it ran more deeply and smoothly, uninterrupted by falls and rips. The first De Marsay had selected it wisely, and down it he had driven his logs in the springtime with a minimum of improvement to the river.

The timber up the reaches of the East Branch was as desirable; riches lay there, but, to the eyes of the lumberman, were inaccessible because of the turbulence of the stream down which they must be driven to the mill. The course of this branch was tortuous; great bowlders reared themselves in midstream, white water lashed its spray into the air, and a half mile before it reached the main river itself the valley closed in upon it, and frowned over it, allowing it to escape only by a spectacular rushing leap down a series of falls, to shoot through a bottle neck with pent-up violence into a broad gravelly shallow. It was a river to give your riverman nightmare.

So that ancient De Marsay had chosen well, and erected his stronghold, and predatory successors had enlarged the boundaries of the domain until all the West Branch was theirs. But though they sent no invading forces up the East Branch they regarded it with jealous eye, and exercised over it a sort of protectorate. It was a sort of appanage, to become theirs in due process of time. More than one De Marsay had sat before his fire smoking his pipe and uttering the phrase, "When we move over to the East Branch." It prevented the De Marsays from realizing Alexander's plight. It remained to them another world to conquer.

Between the East and West branches was a steep-sloped, irregular hill, reaching toward the sky here and there with crests and peaks, the highest of which was confidently believed to reach an altitude of four thousand feet. This mountain died away abruptly in the angle of the two streams, and there, in the apex of the angle, left a meadow in the shape of a tailor's goose, an arable and sightly farm.

The railroad, twisting up from the southward, clung perilously to the shoulder of the range which paralleled the river on its westerly side. It veered with the West Branch until it reached St. Croix, where it leaped the stream with a trestle, to touch the village and thrust a side track into the mill yards of the De Marsays before it continued onward toward the Canadian border.

There you have the lay of the land, a map of the principality, and the key to its diplomacy. For generations nobody had questioned the suzerainty of the ruling family.

In his numerous fishing excursions John Thorne had chosen the East Branch, which was eminently sensible if his object was to catch fish. He had not always fished, however. Indeed, his reputation as a fisherman reached a very low level in St. Croix, and became the subject of apt and pointed humor, which Thorne endured with placidity and quiet enjoyment. Jocularity would have been transmuted to curiosity if the table in Pop Peake's dining room could have followed and watched one of these fishing trips. The curiosity would have become acute if they could have known that a party of sports, camped up the stream, were as inefficient with the trout rod as was Thorne. What they lacked with the fly and the landing net they made up with other equipment—brass instruments set on straddling tripods and tall rods with movable targets. Although John Thorne returned to town with a paucity of fish he did acquire an accurate survey of the lower portion of the East Branch, an estimate of the volume of water discharged, and an especially minute knowledge of levels.

When, however, on the same day, Thorne recorded with the register of deeds the transfer of four parcels of property to himself, St. Croix could not be kept in ignorance of the fact. He had purchased, it seemed, the triangular fifty-acre farm at the union of the two branches of the river. He had acquired a ten-acre piece opposite and on the bank of the East Branch, and a mile upstream he became the owner of two twenty-acre pieces, one at either jaw of The Devil's Stairway, as the falls had been christened.

Peddy, the stage driver, carried the news from Ghent to Aix. He made daily trips to the county seat carrying passengers and parcels. It was not an inviting career, especially as it involved shopping errands for the goodwives of St. Croix, and Peddy would have abandoned it long since for something more thrilling and lucrative had it not been for the fact that it enabled him to present the first ear to the gossip of the county's capital. His daily dividend of gossip elevated him to the station of a sought-for personage in his own village.

He waited until the entire company was seated at Pop Peake's table before he shot his arrow into the air. Then he cleared his throat as one does who wishes to command undivided attention, and bugged his eyes at John Thorne.

"Gittin' to be quite a landowner, hain't ye?" he said.

"I don't like trespassing," said John gravely.

"Trespassin'? What d'ye mean, trespassin'?"

"Why," said John, "I fish a great deal, you know. I've been walking up and down the river on somebody's property, and it's very embarrassing. Some day the owners might order me off."

"What ye talkin' about?" Peddy demanded.

"So," continued John, "I bought me some land to fish from. I think" he paused and looked from face to face politely—"I own the best places for trout along the river, and you gentlemen are welcome to come and cast a line off my property whenever you're in the mind."

"You bought them four hunks of land jest to fish off of?" Peddy's astonishment was colossal. He turned to the rest of the company. "Why, he's up and bought the Flatiron, and a strip across from it, and he owns both jaws of The Devil's Stairway. Fishin'? My Gawd!"

Pop Peake gave the matter expert consideration. "Them spots is good fishin'," he said, "for them that kin ketch fish. But, John, if you calc'late to pay taxes

(Continued on Page 122)

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(Continued from Page 119

and int'rest onto your investment you better hire a boy to do your anglin'." He narrowed his shrewd old eyes and pursed his lips as only your ancient New Englander can do. "A feller that puts in more'n a month pickin' out fishin' sites to buy is what I'd call dog-gone enthusiastic," he said.

"Hain't calc'latin' to farm nor nothin'?" asked Tom Dover.

"I don't know the difference between a string bean and a cucumber," said John; "and the only squash I'm acquainted with isn't a vegetable—it's a game."

Pop Peake closed the conversation cryptically. "I hope," he said, regarding John steadily, "you hain't averse to trouble."

John pushed back his chair and moved away from the table, but he paused to answer. "Trouble," he said, "is the maple sirup we pour over the flapjacks of life. Gives them a flavor."

"Wa-al," said Pop, "if I'm any prophet you're goin' to git ample flavorin'."

Pop Peake's guests were not the only inhabitants to be intrigued by Thorne's investment in land. Anthony Bracken, who imagined all men were motivated by antagonism to himself and his interests, received the news as one receives a declaration of war. He verified the facts by telephone and then addressed himself to the county atlas, marking carefully in red ink the boundaries of Thorne's purchases, and studying them with the eye of a business man and a strategist.

It has happened frequently in history that a regent is more zealous than an authentic king. Now, whatever defects of character Bracken might have possessed, he did not lack shrewdness or a knowledge of the business which occupied his life. He saw at a glance that any man who was ambitious to control the East Branch must first establish himself as John Thorne had done. If the river was to be improved for the driving of logs The Devil's Stairway was the only location for the major dam. There was also the item of water power. The Flatiron was constructed by Nature for a mill site and log yard, and obviously the strip of land across from it was the anchorage for the far end of the boom inclosing the sorting gap. An alien enemy had invaded the domain of the De Marsays.

From the beginning he had suspected John Thorne of some concealed purpose. Thorne had been altogether too purposeless in his goings and comings. In the start he had affronted Bracken by refusing to state to him his business with old André de Marsay. When one adds to this the feeling Bracken had that Thorne had been watching him—peering at him, as it were, from behind the arras—it is not difficult to understand how this overt move disturbed De Marsay's general manager.

The thing came at an inopportune moment. De Marsay was incapacitated. Bracken had quite enough on his mind without engaging in a war with anybody for any reason. But war was upon him. There was no loophole of escape except by bulldozing or diplomacy. Bracken was a poor diplomat, but a bulldozer of parts.

In the morning he stopped at the hotel to ask for Thorne, who was sitting on the piazza.

"Good morning, Thorne," said Bracken. "I wonder if you have time to step over to the office a moment. Something I'd like to discuss with you."

"Time," said John, "is something I hope to have a great deal of. I come of a long-lived family." He paused and smiled pleasantly. "So, having a quantity of it on hand, I'll be glad to loan you an hour of it."

They walked the short distance to the mill, and Bracken led the way into his office and closed the door.

"You have bought four pieces of land on the East Branch," he said.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'm a fisherman ——" John began innocently.

"Save that cock-and-bull story for the hotel loafers!" Bracken snapped. "Who do you represent?"

"John Thorne"

"Who are your backers?"

"John Thorne"

"You expect me to believe you're in this alone?"

"I don't know that I've expected you to believe anything," said John. "As a matter of fact, I can't recall thinking about you at all."

"I will take those parcels off your hands," said Bracken, "allowing you a reasonable profit."

"I'm not speculating in land," said John.

"What will you take for what you hold?"

John considered, then lifted his eyes gravely to Bracken's face. "I think one million dollars would tempt me."

Bracken committed the indiscretion of losing his temper. This is a fault for either a diplomatist or a bulldozer.

"It's a holdup. You've snooped around here until you got the idea you can blackmail the De Marsay interests by grabbing a site for a dam on the East Branch. You've found out that we intend opening up that section within ten years, and you've bought with the idea of being bought out."

"The Constitution of the United States," said John placidly, "doesn't forbid a man to use his brains to make money."

"Will you sell?"

"For a million dollars."

Bracken studied his antagonist with narrowed business man's eyes. He was not a good judge of character, and his ability to estimate the potentialities of another human being were limited by his knowledge of himself. Bracken was unimaginative, therefore he could not believe such a quality existed in another; he was suspicious, therefore all men must be suspicious; details were more important than major policies.

He was not a hypocrite, because to be hypocritical requires a rather high order of play-acting, and play-acting is imagination. He was rather timid, as all dollar anglers are timid. The dollar was his object, not the joy of fighting for the dollar. His eyes, which regarded humanity, were color-blind. They saw all human beings as dull gray and cut from a single pattern. He was incapable of a big love or a big hate, but he was skilled in petty vindictiveness and in inconsequential jealousies. And yet, with these singular defects, he was not a little man—he reached middle size, and had his moments when his stature was noteworthy. Now he talked to John Thorne in a manner that would have impressed himself, falling upon Thorne with words that would have taken the wind out of the sails of Bracken.

"For that," he said, "you won't get a cent. We won't need your holdings for ten years. By that time you'll be sick of hanging on."

"By that time," said John, "I'll have made my million."

"How?"

John seemed to ponder his answer cautiously. "Hardly a fair question," he said. "You don't generally ask the enemy for his plan of campaign. But I've a simple, confiding nature, so I'm going to take you into my confidence. I'm going to build a summer resort. Lake and everything."

"What?"

"Yes. I'm going to have a dam—maybe a hundred feet high. That'll back the water up for fifteen miles and make a pond as much as a mile wide in places. I'm going to have gondolas on it, and goldfish. That's the big idea. I'm going to stock my lake with goldfish, and advertise." He paused and regarded Bracken speculatively. "Do you know another summer resort in the world that can offer first-class goldfishing? I'm quite sure I shall make my million."

Bracken was a tenacious man. The idea that Thorne was planning to log the East Branch had seated itself in his mind, and nothing could dislodge it. Also he did not understand humor. It irritated him and made him vaguely uncomfortable. When anybody joked he felt like a man who has come down to dinner without his necktie. Besides, Thorne was not joking; he was daring to poke fun at him—at Anthony Bracken. Vanity is a painful disease; no drug can bring ease to the sufferer.

"You're going to log," he said furiously. "You're planning to improve the river. That'll take money. Where are you going to get it?"

"I'll even tell you that. I'm going to catch trout for the market. They pay the best prices for fresh brook trout in Boston. I'll hire half a dozen good fishermen, and in a year I ought to show enough profit to go ahead with my scheme. Don't you think so?"

"I think," said Bracken, "that you'll never set a stone in that dam nor float a log down the stream."

"Well," said John, "every man is entitled to an opinion on every subject."

"Is this what you've been trying to see Mr. de Marsay about?"

Bracken asked this question not as if he wanted to ask it, but as if it were wrung from him. The expression of his face changed, not to fear, but to apprehensive waiting. It was as if he had dropped a plumb line into some depth and held his breath while he listened for it to reach bottom.

"Now we come to the point," said John. "When can I discuss this with Mr. de Marsay?"

"The doctor says "

Thorne interrupted him with a smile. He looked straight into Bracken's eyes, and his smile burned its way into Bracken's secret mind and lodged there. Somehow Bracken was conscious of the unpleasant, the disturbing sensation that Thorne's smile was a sentient thing which groped among his secrets, picking them up one by one, handling them, turning them over in its hands.

"I'll be fair with you, Mr. Bracken. If Mr. de Marsay in person will make the proposition to me I will sell him the land I have bought at the exact price I paid for it. In person, you understand. Face to face. That's fair, isn't it?"

Bracken grew pale even to the lips, and he pushed his body back in his chair to get as much distance as possible between him and this incomprehensible young man. He felt cornered, and his mental processes and physical reactions were those of a rat in the same situation. He waggled a furious finger at Thorne.

"Get out of here!" he said shrilly. "Get out of this office!"

Thorne got up slowly and put on his hat. He moved toward the door, where he paused and seemed to reflect. Then he said in a voice which was casual, almost nonchalant: "By the way, Bracken, one illness in the château is quite enough, don't you think? Two sick people would be overdoing it. I hope Miss de Marsay continues in good health."

"Get out of here!" Bracken repeated. "Get out of this town!" Then he so far forgot himself as to utter a threat: "If you stay—if you try to buck the De Marsay interests—we'll smash you flat."

IX

DOC ROPER had been constructed by Nature to be the bully of a lumber camp. It had given him shoulders and arms and legs calculated nicely for the business of battering other men to a pulp. Having finished this edifice Nature then played a trick on Doc by moving in the furniture, the chief piece of which was the brain it set inside a skull well reënforced to sustain hostile attack. This piece of furniture did not harmonize with the general architecture, and consequently Roper turned out to be something of a botch job.

Doc's brain was too intelligent in a devious way for his body, and was antagonistic to it, so there was constant strife between them. It was the sort of brain that wishes to dominate the body. It rather looked down upon bone and muscle, and felt itself capable of supporting Doc in comfort without the aid of physical exertion. It made of Doc an individual whose chief ambition was to live without perspiration, and it might have carried him far along winding and perhaps subterranean paths had it not been handicapped by his burliness.

The demands of his blood made him direct at times when his intelligence counseled him to be circuitous, a thing manifestly fatal to ambitious cunning; on the other hand, when direction might have induced gratifying results the brain became officious, and by introducing guile brought the opportunity to miscarriage. Clearly Doc Roper's formula was not one to attract wide copying.

"Some day," Doc had said to himself in privacy many times during the years, "I'll get my teeth into something juicy." It was this he lived for, his teeth constantly on edge, his eye vigilantly on the outlook for juiciness.

He walked down the street now, stepping heavily and decisively, as if at every step he trod upon and crushed some obnoxious insect. He was feeling jovial, even jocular, so that when he encountered Colonel Tip in front of the post office a ponderous humor moved him to stretch out a huge hand, and seizing the little man by the scruff of his coat, to lift him into the air as one would pick up a kitten. The colonel essayed once to kick Doc in the face, and then subsided into such dignity as one may muster dangling in midair.

(Continued on Page 125)

"It Was Worth $2,000! —and I tossed it in the drawer"

"It was in the fall of 1918 that I first began to realize what I was up against in business. I could see that I wasn't getting anywhere, plugging along at a routine desk, and I had a feeling that I ought to put myself in line for something better.

"About this time I ran across a LaSalle advertisement that interested me. I figured I'd better answer it.

"I clipped the coupon, but instead of mailing it I tossed it in the drawer. I don't know exactly why, but it was two years before I sent it and got the facts.

"To make a long story short, I finally enrolled, sent in my papers, finished the training. And already it has boosted my income twenty dollars a week.

"When I think that I might just as well have had that 'raise' two years ago, it makes me sick! Mailing that coupon when I first saw it, instead of tossing it in the drawer, would have saved me $2,000 in cash."

* * *

Fortunate thing for that man that he finally woke up! Some men pay an even costlier price for their delay. Recently a LaSalle member, a man of forty-nine, confessed that he had first considered specialized training eleven years previously. He figured up what his delay had cost him—assuming that he would have held his own with the average LaSalle-trained man—and his loss was $19,000.

Such experiences are not mere fiction—they're the bitterest reality. Thousands of splendid fellows starting out in life with every promise of success grow gray while waiting for their ship to come to harbor. At the critical moment they listen to their weaker selves—and go down to defeat.

On the other hand, thousands of men in whom the seeds of success are deeply planted need but to be shown the path to promotion and they are quick to take it. The reward of their initiative is reflected in such statements as the following:

"LaSalle training has taken me from the $65 a month class to a present earning power of over $5,000 per annum."

"Just received another raise of $400. This makes a total gain of 400 per cent since I started training. Can't either you or I ask more?"

"Passed bar examination with second highest honors in a class of seventy-one."

"Three years ago I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing $22 a week. Today, I am comptroller of a good size corporation, with a salary to start of $4,500."

"I was Mill Superintendent, with no practical experience in a business way when I started home study training. Within one year I was promoted to General Superintendent. Within a period of three years LaSalle training has increased my income from $250 a month to $6,000 a year."

"I have your course in Business Management to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I am in the manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of $10,000, and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

"In the last six months I have had an increase of nearly 50% as a result of LaSalle training under the Problem Method—but it is the *foundation which I am building for something better* that gives me the greatest satisfaction."

When one takes into account the foregoing evidence, together with the fact that during only three months' time as many as 1,089 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of their training *averaging 56 per cent per man*, one begins to appreciate the tremendous money value of initiative—*and decision*.

* * *

You have read from time to time how LaSalle training is conducted—how the member learns by solving actual business problems, right in his own home, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. You have read how training under the LaSalle Problem Method quickly brings promotion.

The time has now arrived for *your* decision.

You can wait one year—two years—eleven years, if you like, and take your loss—a loss, remember, affecting not you alone, but those whose happiness and welfare are most dear to you. Or you can sign and mail the coupon now—and make today your starting point toward bigger things.

That little slip of paper just below this text will bring you complete information about the training you are interested in, together with details of our *co-operative-payment plan*; also your free copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Mailing the coupon does not obligate you in any way.

Incidentally, the man who *wins* promotion is the man who *acts*.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1908

Enrollments to date [illegible] over $500,000,000

[illegible] LaSalle organization [illegible] 1,000 [illegible] business training institution in the world

Numerous [illegible] graduates [illegible] 35,000 [illegible] many [illegible] 60 countries

Active [illegible] now about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle [illegible] 400 [illegible] colleges and universities

LaSalle trained [illegible] ing [illegible] with [illegible] tion, railroad, and business institution in the United States

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] positions

Tuition refunded [illegible] completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

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- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified [illegible]
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic** [illegible] Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
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- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** [illegible] Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employes and those desiring [illegible] training in industrial management principles and practice
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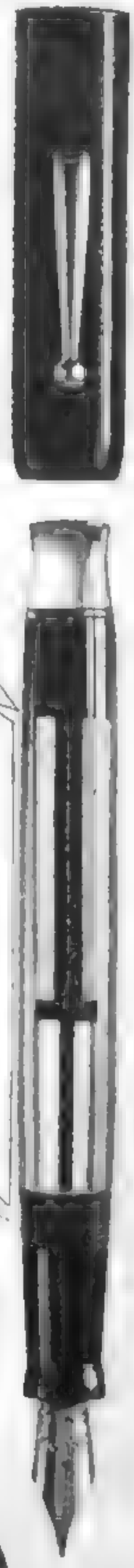

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DUNN-PEN
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To fill the Dunn-Pen, simply pump it full with the Little Red Pump-Handle. It cleans itself as it fills.

Its comfortable shape—its handy balance—its gliding smoothness—makes writing with the Dunn-Pen a pleasure. It never clogs, sputters, nor stutters, and it's a self-starter which does not require shaking and jiggling.

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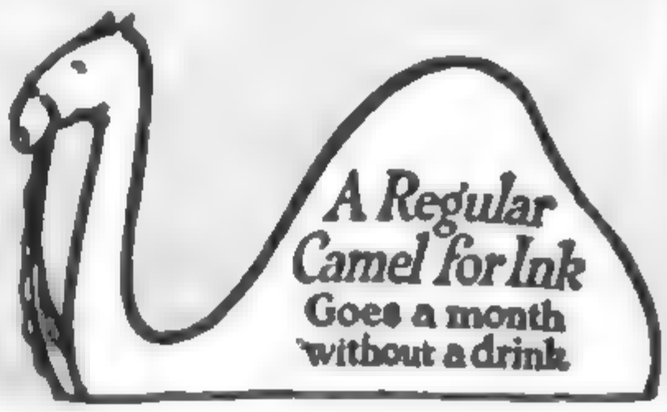


(Continued from Page 122)

"Aha, little microbe," said the doctor, and he shook the colonel playfully—"little typhus germ."

The colonel's round baby-pink cheeks flamed scarlet with rage and mortification, but he did not speak, he only glared at Doc Roper with Lilliputian hatred, not the less deadly because of its apparent absurdity. Doc tapped him under the chin and replaced him on the sidewalk, chuckling. The colonel smoothed his ruffled plumage, set straight his silk hat and then, with tiny legs wide-spread, he addressed his tormentor.

"You have taken a liberty with me which I would not have tolerated from the King of England, with whom I have shaken hands," he said. "You hog doctor, smelling of the sty! For years you have presumed upon your possession of pounds of meat to torment me, you cow-physicking ruffian! Go attend to what you're fit for—pick fleas off cur dogs and leave your betters alone! You mange specialist! You valet to a horse!"

Doc Roper stretched out a hand for the colonel again and seized him. He was irritated. Any reference to his veterinary days was calculated to ruffle him. "For that, little rooster, I'm going to spank you. I'm going to take you across my knee and lather you plenty."

At the moment when Doc was about to make historical fact of his threat John Thorne came out of the post office. He stopped and peered gravely at the scene a moment before he approached. Then he touched Roper on the shoulder.

"I wouldn't do that," he said, as one who advises against a matter of small importance—with the voice of indifference.

"Why?" said Roper, his eyes narrowing and his bulky shoulders hunching forward.

"Because Friday is an unlucky day," said Thorne.

Doc jerked the colonel toward him and lifted a knee across which to stretch the little man.

"Before you go ahead," said Thorne, "I want to tell you I think you are making a mistake."

"What mistake?"

"It is always a mistake to humiliate a gentleman."

"You call this molecule a gentleman!"

"Decidedly," said John, "and my friend. If you will add up those facts and multiply by the unluckiness of Fridays I'm sure you will see a great light." His face broke into a genial smile.

Doc Roper hesitated a moment, his cold eyes estimating Thorne, then he shrugged his shoulders and released Colonel Tip.

"There are luckier days than Friday," he said with meaning.

"Six in each week," John answered placidly.

Doc Roper was fighting down the blood which mounted from his burly frame to his head. His thews and sinews urged him to action, but, as so commonly occurred, his crafty brain intervened with counsel to bide his time. He pushed the colonel roughly out of his way and strode down the street. Thorne looked after him quizzically.

"*Au bout du quai—les ballots*," he said to himself, which being set down in the vernacular signifies "At the end of the wharf—the rubbish!" and is not a phrase one makes use of when he wishes to be courteous.

He turned to the colonel, and perceived Yvonne de Marsay with her hand in consolatory friendship on the midget's shoulder.

"That," she said, "was well done."

"Many incidents make up the day's work," he said.

"This was a gracious incident." Her curiosity asserted itself again. "You show an intimate knowledge of the French language," she said tentatively. "It is rather surprising to hear one speak the argot of the boulevards in St. Croix."

"If it were not for surprises," he said, "the future would not be worth waiting for."

She wondered if this contained double meaning; it seemed to have a significance beyond the mere words of it. She contented herself, however, by extending a dainty gloved hand. "The friends of my friends," she said, "are welcome at my house."

"I thank you," he said formally. "And at Anthony Bracken's house?"

"Mr. Bracken," she said with compressed lips, "has no house."

"Your grandfather—may one inquire of him?"

"He remains—unchanged," she said in a low tone. Then her manner altered, her face became vivid, her eyes flashed as Thorne had never seen them flash before. "Oh, I wish," she said impetuously, "you had smashed him!"

"I should rather have enjoyed it myself," he said whimsically.

Colonel Tip had assumed again his grand manner; now with the dignity of courts he intervened in the conversation, a self-appointed diplomat with a mission.

"Miss Yvonne," he said, "Mr. Thorne is worthy to be your friend. I am not inexperienced in mankind. I have studied the nobility of five continents, and have frequented the best society of the antipodes, so I speak not without authority. I vouch for him."

"Colonel," said Yvonne, her eyes twinkling impishly, "whatever you say will always have great weight with me."

"He called me a gentleman—and his friend," said the colonel.

"He is fortunate," said Yvonne gently, "to have so true a gentleman for his friend."

Then for the first time during their short acquaintance John Thorne looked into her eyes and smiled. As she walked away the smile stayed with her, for it was not the sort of smile that vanishes from the mind. She read approval in it, and somehow his approval gratified her even while she resented it. She felt, and rightly, that the smile erased any lingering disapproval of her from his thoughts—a disapproval that had its inception in their first encounter.

Doc Roper moved ponderously down the street in perverse humor. There is a type of human animal which, baffled at one point, cannot rest content until it works off its chagrin upon someone who cannot defend himself.

Doc belonged to this class. He had started from his office to make a business call upon Anthony Bracken. Now his appetite was sharp for this call. His subconscious determination was to cloud the sunlight of Anthony's day.

He rather despised Bracken, conceived himself immeasurably Bracken's superior. It tickled his fancy, this thought. Here was a man, powerful, master over many workmen, whose word was the law of great enterprises; and yet he, a country doctor, could dominate, tyrannize this important individual. Bracken was afraid of him. Indeed Bracken was afraid of many things. Whatever faults Roper may have possessed, timidity was not catalogued among them. He could not understand fear. It was his custom to sneer at the terrors of his fellow men, and to underestimate those who exhibited tokens of this weakness. So, besides despising, he underestimated Anthony Bracken.

In the office he nodded to the new bookkeeper, a young man whose appearance was more prepossessing than that of his predecessor. There was a capable look about him, an expression of shrewd alertness and efficiency. Doc noted this in passing and wondered where Bracken had picked him up. He did not ask to be announced but pushed open the door of Bracken's private office as one who has unquestioned right of audience at all times. Bracken was alone.

"Well, how does the watch tick today?" he asked, dropping solidly into a chair.

Bracken made no reply but reached into a drawer of his desk with a hand which shook noticeably for a cigar. He wore a sleepless, harassed look and his eyes rested upon Doc Roper without affection. Roper fumbled in a bulging pocket and produced a carrot, to which dry earth still clung. This he rubbed off deliberately on Bracken's rug, and then, peeling the titbit leisurely, he began slicing it into thin disks which he transferred to his mouth on the blade of his knife.

"Puts iron in the blood," he said. "Better try one. Emergency rations. Better than chocolate or tinned beef. Next war I'm going to recommend them. Every soldier carry a pocketful of carrots. Two birds with one stone—satisfy appetite and promote agriculture."

He wiped his knife blade on the knee of his trousers with a whetting movement and replaced it in his pocket. He was in no hurry. It pleased him to keep Bracken wriggling on the pin.

"Comfortable room," he said appreciatively. "Some day I'm going to have an office like this."

"What do you want?" Bracken snapped back.

"Number of things. Friendly chat. Oh, yes, need a little money too. Bill for professional services. Two calls a day."

"How much?"

"Wa-al, in the circumstances I figure about ten dollars a call will cover it. Oh, say a thousand dollars flat."

"How will I ever account for such a doctor's bill?"

"That," said Doc with elaborate negligence, "is up to you."

Out of the pocket from which had come the carrot Doc Roper extracted a piece of pine, white and straight of grain, an inch square and some six inches long. "Kick over the wastebasket," he said, "unless you want whittlin's on the floor. Can't be sociable without I whittle. Um! Now I don't know whether to start in on a chain with a ball in a cage on the end of it, or a pair of scissors, or a fan. Which 'ud you whittle if you was me?"

"Yvonne," said Bracken, "is hunting trouble."

"Worried, eh?"

"Who wouldn't be worried? Why the devil didn't she stay in Europe?"

"I had her in mind when I dropped in. Just saw her up the street. Dog-gone pretty girl. Solve all our difficulties if she was to take a shine to me."

Bracken laughed involuntarily at the idea. It was not a mirthful laugh.

"What's the matter? Got the usual number of arms and legs, ain't I? Forty-five ain't so old. Got all my hair." Doc stretched out his ponderous legs and gazed at them with approval.

"Yvonne might consider the Crown Prince of Spain," said Bracken. "Why, she treats me as if I were the dirt under her feet."

"Yes, but we were talking about me," said Doc.

"How long can we keep this up?" said Bracken wearily. "It can't go on forever." He dismissed Roper's suggestion as negligible.

"Kept it up so far all right, ain't we? Keep it up forever if need be. Remember Dunk Green's sister over at Brookville? Bedridden more'n ten years and nobody ever saw her. Laid in her bed and made a mystery out of herself, and could 'a' kept it up fifty years. Folks got to doubt if Dunk had a sister at all—till she up and died and come to be buried. And then nobody see her on account of the casket being sealed. Everybody was kind of proud of it. Give the town something to talk about."

"But Dunk Green's sister wasn't André de Marsay. And there wasn't Yvonne de Marsay snooping around with a devil's temper, and a will like a steel trap."

"Your Injun's competent to keep her out of his room, ain't he? And I'm health officer here. Nothing can happen as long as I'm health officer. Hell, I'll placard the house for smallpox if I have to."

"Who's this Thorne fellow? I'd like to know that, and what he's got to do with old André."

"What's he got to do with it? I'll tell you who Thorne is. He's the feller that's going to step on a banana peel one of these days and come down ker-slap on the sidewalk. Quit dodging shadows. You're losing your nerve—such as it is."

"I can't sleep."

"I'll give you something to make you sleep. Wish you were out of the whole business, don't you? Wriggle out of it now if you saw an opening—and leave me on the flat of my back?"

"It's your doing," Bracken said morosely.

"You fell in with it quick enough. Who gets most of the profit? Say!"

"It came so suddenly. You had me up to my knees in mire before I knew what was happening."

"And now you've got to wade through the swamp if I have to jerk you through by the collar." He paused and leaned forward to scrutinize Bracken. "You got a color like the under side of a toad."

"It's getting me," Bracken said, and he wiped his dry lips with a hand that quivered.

"It will get you if you don't keep a stiff upper lip. You're rocking the boat, and don't forget I'm a passenger. Listen, Bracken; we're in this boat, there's no place to get out of it except across the river. From now on you pull the oars, but I steer. Write that down on your desk pad."

"What if Yvonne gets past the Indian?"

"Then," said Doc Roper—and he leaned forward aggressively as he spoke—"she stays past him."

"What? What d'you mean?" Bracken's voice was unsteady.

"I mean," said Doc, "that instead of a sporadic case we have an epidemic."

Bracken leaned back in his swivel chair and eyed Doc. He was struggling for self-mastery, trying to sort his thoughts and file them away in his habitual orderly manner. He was shaken. Worry of an unaccustomed sort had held sleep from his eyes and grated in his ear so that his nerve ends were raw, but he was not so near the sinking point as Doc Roper imagined. The malignant growth of fear had established itself in his body, but it had not yet reached proportions where it became a menace to vitality. It was growing, slowly, insidiously—more rapidly, perhaps, than Bracken appreciated, but he was still his own man.

"Look here, Roper," he said presently, and Roper stared at the tone. "Don't set down the wrong foot, and don't outgrow your bigness." He was again Anthony Bracken, important in business, regent of the De Marsay principality. "First off, you don't get a thousand dollars—you get five hundred. Second, don't mistake a bobcat for a household tabby. Maybe I'm worried. Maybe I have moments when I wish I was well out of this thing, but I haven't got to the point where I take back talk from a reformed horse doctor." He drew a check book from a drawer and filled out a check. "There you are, and now get out. I'm busy."

"Um!" Doc was surprised, but rather more gratified than astonished. He was relieved to find such evidences of backbone in Bracken, even if it manifested itself in operation against himself. He felt confident of the mastery when he required it. Meantime it was better to bolster up his partner by acquiescence. "Um!" he repeated. "Just as you say. But turn down the page at this paragraph: I've got nothing to lose and everything to gain; you've got everything to lose and something to gain. So don't let's put poison in the dish we're both eating from."

He was interrupted in his placatory remarks by an insistent rapping at the door.

"Come in," said Bracken.

A man, patently a lumberjack, entered. "You told me to git here quick if anythin' happened," he said.

"Well?"

"About a hundred men with tents and wagonloads of tools and sichlike jest come over the mountain from the east. They're layin' out a camp alongside The Devil's Stairway."

"All right!" snapped Bracken. "Get back and keep watch!"

The man went out, and Roper found himself facing a new Bracken altogether, a man aggressive, with outthrust jaw and masterful eyes. "Clear out," he said to Doc. "Thorne's moved in a construction gang to start work on his East Branch dam."

Roper did not move. He sat back and regarded the ceiling thoughtfully. The devious brain which animated and sometimes checkmated his burly body was turning and twisting through an idea like some boring worm.

"Maybe," he said presently, "this is the chance we've been looking for."

"What d'you mean, Roper?"

"I'll have to squeeze the juice out of the notion," said Doc, "but it looks like there was money in it. In the meantime go ahead on your own lines."

Bracken showed his teeth sarcastically. "I rather intended to," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Is vacuum cleaning

ALTHOUGH electric vacuum cleaners are now used in millions of homes, and are regarded as indispensable by their owners, occasionally the question still arises whether this method of cleaning is injurious to rugs.

Statements that it is, sometimes have gained wide circulation. Traced down, however, these statements have proved to be groundless. Prejudice, misunderstanding, imagination — and in certain instances, pure maliciousness — have been their inspiration.

Unfortunately, many people have been influenced by these rumors. As a consequence they have been deprived of time, labor, economic and other benefits that would otherwise have been theirs long ago.

It is often difficult for truth to overtake rumor, but on these pages we intend to present some incontrovertible evidence which we hope will set at rest forever all doubt concerning vacuum cleaners.

As the oldest and largest makers of electric vacuum cleaners, and in view of the fact that more people use our cleaners than use any other kind, we feel it incumbent upon ourselves to assume this responsibility.

While the testimony here set forth deals with The Hoover, other makers are in position to produce individual proofs that their cleaners also are beneficial rather than harmful to rugs.

We have grouped the evidence under three heads, so that you may feel wholly assured from all angles of the situation.

What Users Say

"WE WERE UNABLE to find an electric cleaner that would meet our needs until we secured The Hoover, which eliminated the wear (in rugs) entirely and saved three-fourths of the expense. We now have 29 Hoovers. Because of their satisfactory service, and the fact that our rugs wear from three to five years longer than formerly, I say without the slightest hesitation that The Hoover produces the best results in cleaning and is more economical (from viewpoint of rug and cleaner) than any machine which I have ever seen demonstrated."

Mrs. Eliz. C. Grider, House Director, Cornell Univ., *Ithaca, N. Y.*

"MY HOOVER has been in continuous use for eleven years and is still doing good work. The excellent condition of my Oriental Rugs is due largely to the efficient cleaning principles of The Hoover."

Mrs. James McMurray, *Marion, Ohio*

What Carpet Makers Say

"IN OUR OPINION, the (Beating-Sweeping) brush — a feature of the Hoover Sweeper — *is not injurious for use on fine Velvet, Axminster, Body Brussels or Wilton rugs.* We have used a large Hoover in our showrooms for over six years with entire satisfaction. Several of our employees use Hoovers in their homes. We consider a brush a very important feature of a Suction Sweeper, and we fail to see how any valid objection can be raised against the (Beating-Sweeping) brush used in The Hoover."

Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Company, *New York City*

"THE HOOVER Suction Sweeper purchased from you about ten years ago has been used ever since and given excellent service. Recently overhauled, it is practically as good as new. We always recommend The Hoover to inquiring customers."

Hardwick & Magee Company, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

The HOOVER

It Beats... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

really hard on rugs?

What Oriental Rug Experts Say

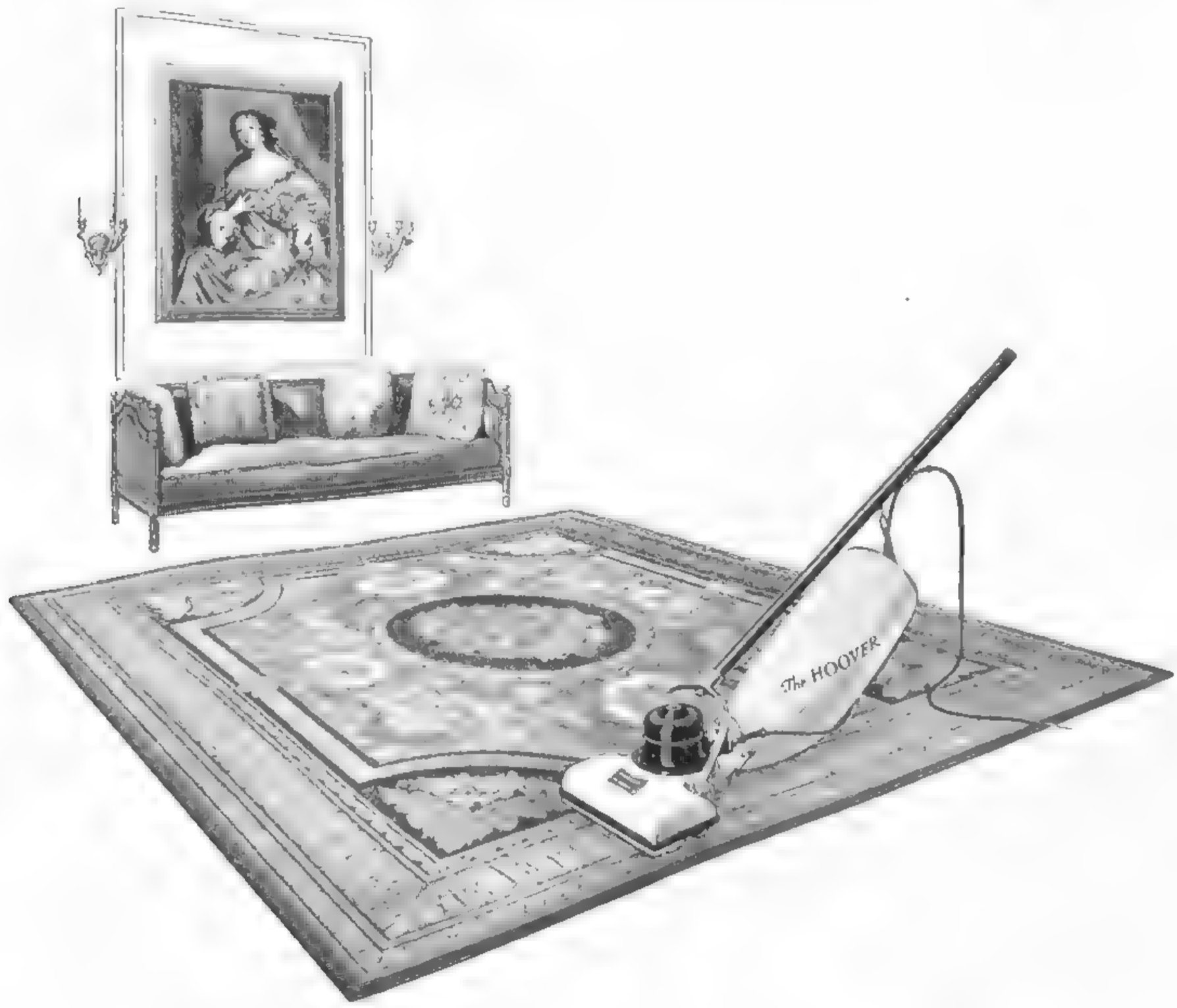
"In our search for a cleaning device which will clean thoroughly and, at the same time, not injure the fabric, we have selected The Hoover Suction Sweeper. We know it to be efficient, durable and effective without destroying the fabric. It gives new life to floor-coverings. We are glad to say a word of praise for The Hoover, and do not hesitate to recommend it to all those desiring to purchase a cleaning machine." American Rug & Carpet Co., *Chicago, Ill.*

"After a thorough investigation, we do not hesitate to endorse and recommend The Hoover for cleaning Oriental Rugs. The Hoover does not injure the peculiar construction of the Oriental fabric. In fact, it prolongs the life. Oriental Rug dealers could do no better than recommend The Hoover to their patrons for use on Oriental Rugs."

A. Aleon's Son (Oriental Rug Importer), *New York City*

Over fifty thousand additional endorsements are in our possession. Many refer to machines in constant use for ten years or more

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Company, North Canton, Ohio
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario



The HOOVER

It Beats.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Both Are Oats

But just compare the flavor

Oats are oats as food, of course, but they are not alike in flavor. Some are puny, unripe and insipid. Some are rich and plump and flavory

In Quaker Oats we flake the queen grains only All small grains are discarded. Thus a bushel of choice oats yields us only ten pounds of Quaker Oats.

That makes the dish inviting. It fosters the love of oats And that is what mothers want. Not to force the food that children need, but to make it a daily joy.

Now Quaker Oats is the favorite brand wherever oat lovers live. For every package, wherever sold, has that quality and flavor.

Quaker Oats

The extra-flavory flakes

The Child's Choice the World Over

Millions of children in every clime now enjoy Quaker Oats. The mothers of fifty nations send to us to get it.

Just because this tempting flavor gives the oat dish a unique delight.

The oat is almost a complete food —nearly the ideal food. It supplies 16 elements required in body-building. It is rich in essential minerals.

It is wise to serve a food like that in its most inviting form.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

BEVERIDGE

(Continued from Page 31)

there sat A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana, with a lot of ideas on the subject seething within him, and with full knowledge that he knew how to get said ideas out of him in an excellent oratorical manner—not only knew how to but could do the same.

There he was, supposed to say nothing for two years, perhaps three Because he was so young, and he had enough to say to fill a copy of the Congressional Record. There he was, with full oratorical faculties at his command and a subject for his oratory that was burning like an ignited can of gasoline

It was too much His reverence for the traditions, precedents and general fuddy-duddiness of the Senate cracked under the strain. One day he gave notice that he would submit a few remarks on the insular question, and on another day he submitted same

This was revolutionary, but the Senate, canvassing the matter, decided that the poor boy didn't know any better, and that they would be tolerant with him. So they listened to his speech indulgently, and it had a good press. The Senate hoped that Beveridge would now subside for a couple of years. However, Beveridge was no subsider. He had more ideas on other phases of the question, and they were seething in him. He announced another speech.

Inasmuch as he was as much a member of the Senate as any of those present, regular and accredited and in full standing, entitled to the floor whenever he claimed it as his right, there was no way to stop what the elders held to be this unseemly exhibition of procacity. They couldn't take him off the floor, once he had it, and they couldn't prevent his getting the floor when it was his legitimate time to have it. So there they were; and so, too, there was A. J. Beveridge making his speech. Wherefore, to show that they disapproved of this impertinence, this presumption, this bumptiousness — deprecated it, condemned it and otherwise thought it fresh beyond compare—the esteemed and elderly senators hazed the forensicer by walking out on him. By ones and by twos, as he proceeded to burst into oratorical flame, the patriarchs left the place, proceeding in a dignified and impressive manner to the cloakrooms and elsewhere, until finally about the only auditors who remained were the official stenographer and a couple of pages who slept peacefully on the steps of the president's rostrum.

Albert J. Beveridge as He Appears Today

The Onset of Pettus

It was a rebuke all right—stunning. The Solons chuckled over it and peeked through the cloakroom to see how the kid was taking it. He took it well enough. They had to give him that. He went through with his speech with as much fire and elocution as if the Senate Chamber was packed to the doors, or the galleries well to the ceilings, and the hazers began to have dim suspicions that perhaps they hadn't hazed him so much as they expected to. So a few days later they set the venerable Pettus on him, and that aged humorist, stroking his chin whiskers and chewing his tobacco, proceeded to have fun with this forward youngster, to josh him, to jape him; and the senators all crowded in and laughed senatorially and showed great glee over the venerable comedian and his line of venerable comedy.

This was discipline. It was designed to put the young man in his place and keep him there. The newspaper correspondents, myself among the number, wrote facetiously about it, and quoted Pettus at length, and made much fun about it. And Beveridge took it all with a smile and without a whimper. Meantime the speech to which the Senate had not listened had been sent out to the newspapers and printed. And simultaneously with the amusing comments on the speech of Pettus there began to come amazing comments on the speech of Beveridge

Won Out on Merit

The senatorial hazers read these and rubbed their silvered polls. The thing was preposterous. Here were the hired minions of the press saying that the hazing of Senator Beveridge was in execrable taste, because he was clearly within his rights in making a speech in the Senate at any time and on any topic that suited him; and because, further, the speech he did make was so much better than any speech any of the hazers had made or possibly could make that it would have been far more to the point if the hazers had stayed to listen and learn something instead of going to all this trouble to make apparent a silly senatorial precedent. They would have been serving their constituents and their country better if they had hearkened instead of hazed, said the papers.

Now, the facts are that during that entire insular clamor there were very few speeches of quality equal to the one Beveridge made, and many poorer. That speech was not only an excellent oratorical effort but it was a closely reasoned argument for the point of view of the senator from Indiana. It was eloquent, logical and forceful. It was delivered capitally, and it was well received throughout the country, even if derided in the Senate. And the further fact is that after that experience the elder statesmen, although they took a long time to reconcile themselves to the malfeasance of Beveridge in being born in 1862 instead of in 1842, did not try hazing tactics again, and ultimately awoke to the full knowledge that there had arrived in their midst a man of considerable mental caliber, legal attainments, broad Americanism, oratorical ability and patriotic motives.

Beveridge stayed in the Senate for twelve years, until 1911, created an important position for himself and held his own among these great senators. He was a pioneer in child-labor legislation, in tariff-commission legislation, in the legislation that admitted Arizona and New Mexico to the Union, and was constantly aligned with the progressive forces, as against the reactionaries, who made up a formidable portion of the group of graybeards that deprecated his arrival among them. His Republicanism was the Republicanism of the man who looks ahead, useful, patriotic and democratic, sees a goal and tries to make it, rather than that of the man who roots himself in his tracks on the platform that what was good enough for father is good enough for me. He was no stand-patter, nor was he a wild-eyed radical. His senatorial activities were sanely progressive and based on a forward-looking vision and comprehension, on ideals of real democracy and on protest of domination by class and special interests.

Beveridge was not in sympathy with the reactionary tendencies of the Taft Administration, from March, 1909, to March, 1913, and had been in sympathy with much of the Roosevelt progressivism. Hence, contrary to his best political interests, but

(Continued on Page 131)

It will sell ANYTHING
and a Multigraph User Tells How

D. ZIMMERMAN

"The Leader Store"

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

May 22,1922

The American Multigraph Sales Co.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

When an employee shows good judgement and tact in handling a customer, or when he makes a good sale, we believe in complimenting him.

When the sales receipts of the enclosed article LEMS were shown me, I felt it my duty to give the Multigraph the credit. Therefore decided to write and tell you about it.

As you will note by the enclosed copy of the "NEWS", we used two small samples of Summer Goods from our Dry Goods Department. This proved a great thing and it has shown us that we can do a great deal more with our Multigraph than we at first realized. We mailed out 1700 copies on the different routes to our country customers.

Monday ... we sold 232 yards of the two lots of goods that were sampled. The [illegible] BRAN BATISTE cost us 2[illegible]¢ per yard and sold at 50¢ per yard. The HAMBURG EMBROIDERY CLOTH cost 9½¢ and sold at 19¢ per yard. We sold about an equal amount of each.

Now you see we did not cut prices but made good returns — in fact got our regular price. This could not have been done had we used a regular sales circular.

We find that our [illegible] NEWS is getting new customers and we are not cutting prices in order to get them either. It brings us in closer touch with our customers as the cost of putting out the NEWS is so small that we can place it in their homes every two weeks.

We believe no store is too small or too large to own a Multigraph and if they will use it as it should be used, they will find it is a SALESMAN that gets the business.

With best of wishes, we beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,
D. ZIMMERMAN STORE

(Signed) R. C. Smith Mgr.

This is the Multigraph typesetter [illegible] etc.

This is the Multigraph Type setter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph.

$30.00 Down and Easy Terms
Price $150.00

Prices in Canada:
$41.00 down; total price $205.00
Printing Ink Attachment $50.00

The same good old principle that works for this Multigraph user will work for YOU, no matter what your business, no matter what your selling problem. Because the *fundamentals* are right, and anything else is just a matter of working out the details, as any man of business knows

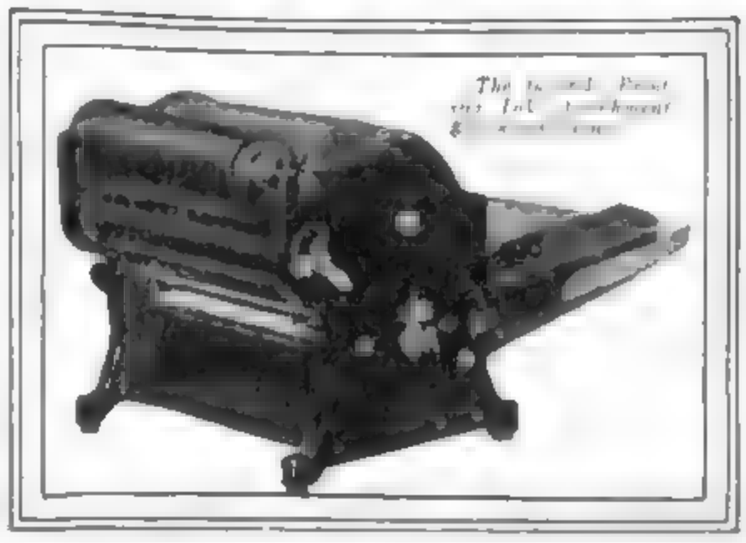
So, whether your business deals in candy, or corsets, or biscuits, or bonds, this story is for you, its moral and its message are for *you* to read and to accept and to [illegible] something about. We urge you to use the coupon [illegible] how you how, in *your business*, the New Multigraph will "pay for itself faster than you [illegible]

THE NEW $150.00 MULTIGRAPH

The New Multigraph is a real Multigraph, and does a real Multigraph job. It is just as [illegible] and generally useful as our larger power-driven equipments [illegible]

For letters and bulletins and sales material of many kinds you need only the simple Multigraph and the [illegible] printing as well, you [illegible] Printing Ink Attachment [illegible], the right, which costs $50.00 additional.

This is the whole story. There are no extras, nor additional devices required. The cost of the whole equipment is so extremely low, and its operating costs are so negligible that a business need be without it. *No business can afford to be.* Once more we mention the coupon, which offers a simple and easy method for you to put yourself in the way of information that will mean *real* and *discoverable* profits for you



The [illegible] Printing Ink Attachment [illegible]

Coupon

The American Multigraph Sales Co.
1800 East 40th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

I would like to have someone show me the New Multigraph, and explain its possibilities in the [illegible] business.

Be sure you write your business

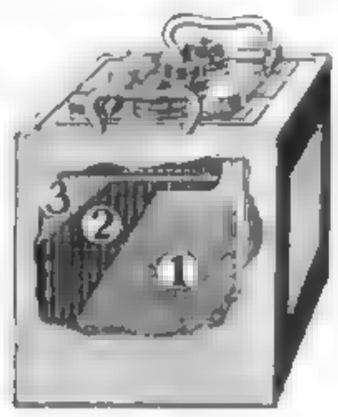
Name [illegible]

City [illegible] State

Street [illegible]

S. E. P. 10-7

Cranking a car is "No business for a lady"



—or a man either for that matter. And in tight places—on lonely roads or traffic-jammed streets—safety itself *demands* the never-failing, dependable power of a Philco Battery.

That's why thousands of motorists today are replacing the ordinary batteries that "came with their cars" with long-life, power-packed Philco Batteries.

The Philco Battery is chock-full of pent-up power, fairly itching to crank the stiffest engine; to place a hot, fat spark on the tip of each plug; to project a flood of white light through the lamps; to put the voice of authority in the horn.

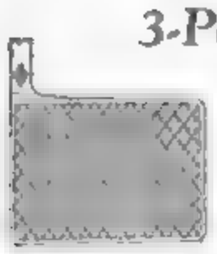
Then why worry along with just an ordinary battery? Put a long-life Philco in your car NOW and *avoid* needless trouble and expense. Its first cost will be no more—and you'll be amazed how much less it costs you per month of service.

The Philco Slotted-Retainer Battery, with its famous diamond-grid plates, is guaranteed for two years -both by maker and dealer. But Philco Batteries usually far outlast their guarantees.

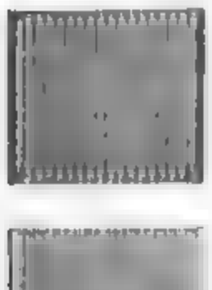
Philco Battery Service Stations specialize in long life for batteries. No matter what make of battery is now in your car, a Philco Battery Man will help you keep it going for the longest possible time.

RADIO DEALERS—Philco Drynamic Radio "A" and "B" Batteries let you into the battery business on a package-goods basis, because they are shipped to you *charged but absolutely dry*. To make ready for use, just add conveniently bottled Philco electrolyte. No charging equipment. No acid sloppage. No batteries going bad in stock. Your customers are *sure* to get fresh, full-powered batteries. Wire or write for details.

3-Point Superiority



1. The Famous Diamond-Grid—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle—can't warp—can't short circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.



2. The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer—a slotted sheet of hard rubber. Retains the solids on the plates but gives free passage to the current and electrolyte. Prevents plate disintegration. Prolongs battery life 41 per cent.

3. The Quarter-Sawed Hard-Wood Separator—made only from giant trees 1000 years old, quarter-sawed to produce alternating hard and soft grains. Hard grains for perfect insulation of plates. Soft grains for perfect circulation of acid and current—quick delivery of power. Another big reason why Philco is *the* battery for your car.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

of better battery service. Over 5000 stations—all over the United States

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

The famous Philco Slotted-Retainer Battery is the Standard for electric passenger cars and trucks, mine locomotives and other high-powered, heavy-duty battery service

PHILCO

SLOTTED-RETAINER

BATTERIES

with the famous shock-resisting Diamond-Grid Plates

Continued from Page 128

in consonance with his convictions, he aligned himself with the Roosevelt movement in 1912. He became a Progressive by political designation. There is no phase of human endeavor where what-might-have-been speculation is as futile as in politics, but it is conceivable that if Beveridge had been political instead of conscientious in 1912, and remained regularly Republican, he would have been President of the United States before now, because his abilities and his position in the party would have made him a most logical candidate for the Republicans in 1916.

However, he went with Roosevelt, and was chairman of the Chicago convention that nominated Roosevelt in 1912. There are many things about that convention that are already forgotten, and more that will be forgotten; but one thing that will be remembered is the speech that Beveridge made when opening that assemblage. That speech was by far the strongest, the most eloquent and the most moving speech of the excited and oratorically surcharged campaign of 1912. It was one of the great convention speeches of our history. It was incomparably the greatest presentation of the Progressive policy.

That speech illustrated the superior qualities of Beveridge, as had numerous senatorial and campaign speeches previously, and as have various speeches since; and those qualities are these: The quality of selection, the quality of correlation, the quality of deduction and the quality of presentation. No man can be a great orator without all these; no man can be a great orator without all these and, in addition, a sense of the dramatic, a personality that can be projected, a conviction that can be impressed and a clearness that is limpid. Now Beveridge has these qualities and attributes, and back of them is a wide and comprehensive understanding of law, of government, of history and of politics. Of course, to say that a man understands government and understands politics is supererogatory, because government is politics in its true sense; but there is a difference between political government and governmental politics. Hence, if a man is a public man he must understand both, to be efficient; and so, too, if he is to be a public speaker.

The twelve years' service of Beveridge in the Senate and his study of national and international affairs, together with his firm grasp not only of the fundamentals of the Constitution but of its applications and relations to the scheme and progress of our Government, gave him the required stimulus and the required foundation for the work he undertook after he left the Senate in 1911. This was the writing of the Life of John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1801 to 1835, during the crucial formative years of our Government. In addition to his other abilities, Beveridge has a writing ability that is of excellent character, and has published several books that have been well received. As he retired from public life he determined to engage in literary work and he selected a most difficult medium, historical biography, for his effort.

Beveridge the Biographer

The writing of an acceptable life of John Marshall was of itself not so great a task as to require exceptional ability. It was work that might easily have been undertaken by any competent historian or biographer with justified expectation of putting forth a work that would take rank with the usual trade goods in such lines. The usual materials were abundantly at hand; the usual sources were prolific. Any hack historian could hammer together a life of the Great Constitutionalist in a few months that would pass muster among the usual series of that sort of thing, and several had.

However, that was not the sort of life of Marshall that Beveridge planned to write. His idea of a life of Marshall was a volume that should not only present the salient features of the life of the man but also interpret the work of the man in its proper historical relation to the formation of our Government and its impress thereupon, and analyze, discuss and correlate that work in its proper perspective as to the constitutional, governmental and national developments since that time. In short, Beveridge knew that his work would be incomplete if it were only biography, and trite if it were mostly historical. His task was to interpret Marshall, the times of Marshall, the issues, politics, governmental theories and practices thereof, and the Marshall view and consideration of the Constitution, the organic law of the land as related to these issues, politics and governmental theories and practices.

He set about the task with an application, a thoroughness, an enthusiasm and a determination that have marked his productive energies. I remember being in his rooms, in Washington, when the work was just beginning, in 1911. The study was crowded, jammed, with books, papers, documents, maps and similar prospects to be mined for information, for leads to be investigated, for references to be examined and for statements to be verified. It looked to me as if there was material enough there for six lives of John Marshall, and I said so.

"Pshaw," said Beveridge, "this isn't one per cent of what I shall have to examine before I can do more than complete my notes!"

He was right. Beveridge spent seven years on that book, traveled many hundreds of miles, discovered many original sources, dug through tons of musty documents, went from end to end in libraries containing material that had to do with the period, consulted leading living authorities, labored incessantly and intensively, checking, rechecking, confirming, comparing, verifying and discovering. He went to every available source. He read all the Marshall decisions. He saturated himself with the contemporary history. He mastered the politics of the period. Then he wrote his book.

A Record of Achievement

The four volumes were completed in seven years. Two were published in 1916 and two in 1919. The four comprise not only the most authoritative life of Marshall, who started the governmental machinery of this country going with his interpretations of the Constitution, but they also are a most authoritative constitutional and legal history of the United States during the first and formative years of its existence—one of the great biographies in the English language. More than that, the book is lucidly written and with great literary skill. To cite one example of many: Beveridge's story of the trial of Aaron Burr, in Volume Three, is a dramatic, finished, eloquent story of that episode that shames the usual stodgy historical writing.

Now, to do a work like this that will successfully pass the scrutiny of historians, lawyers, constitutionalists and students of government and politics as this has, means not only that the man who did it is a capable workman but that he has a power of interpretation, of selection, of analysis and of understanding such complicated times and questions that is based both on a sure knowledge of the law and a sure knowledge of his country and his government.

This Beveridge has, and this makes him notable among the public men of this country; but this alone does not make him exceptional. When you add to this a tireless application, a temperament that demands success, an amazing sense of explication, an ability to interpret causes in the terms of effects and to visualize future contingencies, an abiding sense of responsibility and an energy and vitality that permit the full and constant exercise of these attributes through the medium of a remarkable intelligence, you have the exceptional.

The man has not escaped criticism, and the most frequent of those criticisms is animadversion of his egoism. The world is full of egotists, chockablock; but the difficulty about most of them—nearly all of them—is that their egoisms are based on nothing more substantial than conceit of self. There is another way to look at this tendency of mankind, and that is this: These United States of ours are the products and results of egoism, of individualism, of self-belief. The man who built this country did their work from the primary instinct and conviction that they themselves could do what they eventually did do, and there was not one of them who was not justifiably proud of his achievement and justifiably vocal about it, whatever the line he may have taken. It is the same with the men who are doing the building now.

The conversational egotist, whose self-exaltation is based on claim rather than on performance, is a silly creature; but the egoism that has for its foundation a record of real achievement is entirely another matter. It is primarily the spur that drives to the success necessary for it to feed upon, and it is secondarily the personal pride in that success. No man ever did a great constructive, productive, utilitarian thing, or a real artistic thing, without a great egoism behind it. The modest, shrinking violet is a poetic symbol, but not a prose trope, because life is not poetry, and is hard, rough, angular prose. Why shouldn't a man who has achieved take pride in his achievement, or who feels he can achieve assert his feeling and believe in himself and what he can do as well as what he has done?

Take Beveridge and run over the salient points of his career: He was born on a poverty-stricken farm and began hard slogging labor before he was twelve years old. He plowed and harrowed when he was twelve, swung a pick and used a shovel on railroad-construction work when he was fourteen and did a man's part as a laborer and teamster in a logging camp, where men work like oxen, when he was fifteen. He worked his way through high school and college, studied law in Indianapolis, soon took a leading part in his profession, and went to the United States Senate when he was thirty-seven. He served ably in the Senate for twelve years, retired, wrote a great book between his forty-ninth and his fifty-sixth year, and then went out in a grueling campaign in Indiana and won a nomination for the Senate from the people and against the opposition of a powerful state political machine that had the support of the national political organization and the support of President Harding himself. Meantime, beginning as a youth, he developed himself into one of the great orators of the country.

If that isn't a record of achievement, will someone step forward and cite one?

His latest campaign illustrates the man. It was carefully planned and as carefully carried out. It was no slap-dash, rally-boys-rally affair, although there was no lack of enthusiasm; but a complete and detailed canvass of the state, section by section, county by county and community by community. Beveridge applied himself to the job of getting the nomination, and worked with unremitting application, with unflagging zeal, with ceaseless effort until he got it. He worked at it just as he worked at being senator in his earlier days, and as he worked at his book, with no detail too small for his attention and no problem too large for his endeavors.

An Impressive Figure

Now, at sixty, in the full maturity of his powers; his earlier impetuosity mellowed by experience into a calm and consistent effort; his unremitting study of the theory and practice of our Government ripened into a developed basis for a progressive but also a practical democracy; his convictions on economic, political and sociological questions, as illustrated by his speeches and writings during the harassing period through which we are now passing, sane, workable and in line with the best traditions of Americanism; his courage proved by his advocacy of policies opposed to the dangerous rule by organized minorities that now prevails, he is a candidate for election again to the Senate.

The Beveridge who went into the Senate in 1899, aged thirty-seven, was, of course, the raw material for the Beveridge of today, and it may be the rawness was somewhat pronounced; but that service of twelve years, which began in a Senate of great senators and won to an appreciable position among them, has been molded into the Beveridge of 1922, not only by these contacts and experiences and the developments entailed but by the study and grasp of the theories, practices, fundamentals, history, law, constitutionalism and formative processes during the laborious years that produced his life of John Marshall.

The present-day Beveridge knows explicitly the underlying principles of the Government of the United States, our organic law and its interpretations, which means the underlying and essential principles of our democracy, and has brought that fundamental knowledge down to a present-day understanding and application in sane, practical, useful measure, both politically and economically; and what is more, has a power of statement that is equaled by few of his contemporaries.

Albert J. Beveridge is an impressive and important figure in American public life.

Don't Experiment With Head Sets

The Automatic Electric Company, with thirty years' experience in telephone engineering, has done the experimenting for you.

Whether you use a crystal set, amplifier or loud speaker, the Automatic Electric Head Set receives efficiently both loud and weak signals without distortion or foreign noises.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send it to you immediately postpaid.

This is the high grade plug that comes attached when

$10.00

With Plug attached $11.50

Jobbers and Dealers—Write for discounts and full particulars about our special Jobber-dealer plan

Automatic Electric Company

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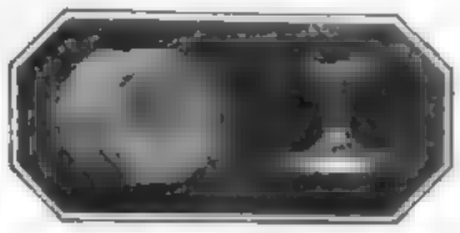

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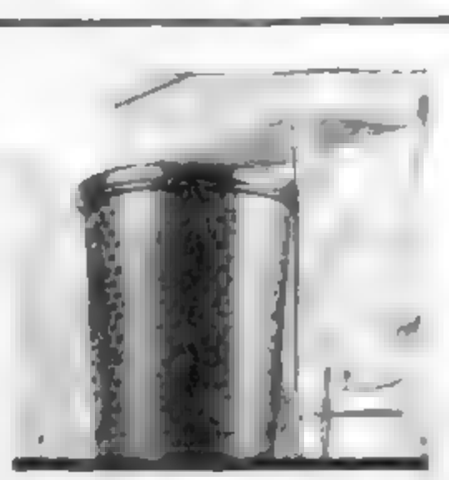

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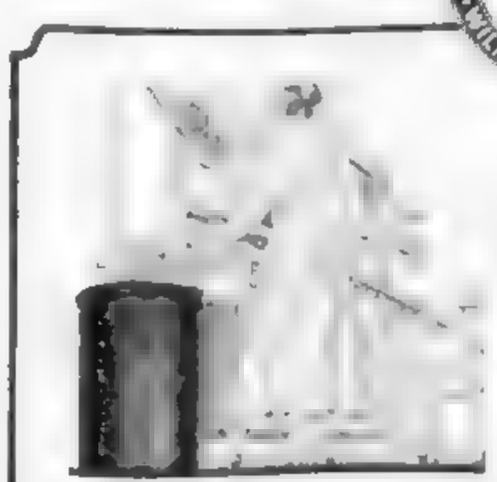

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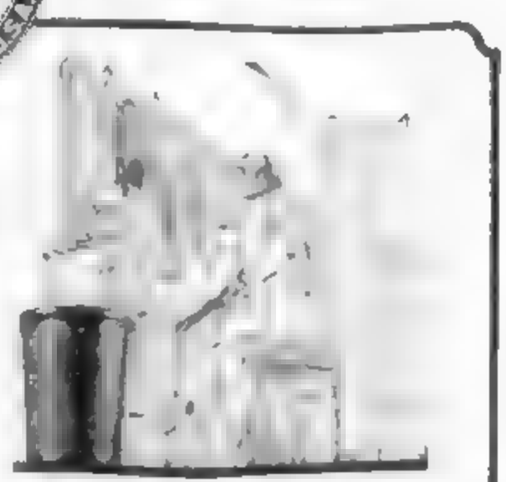

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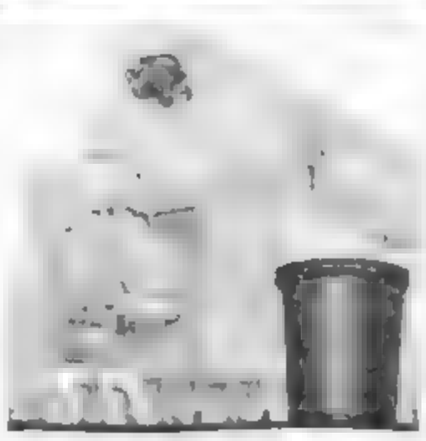

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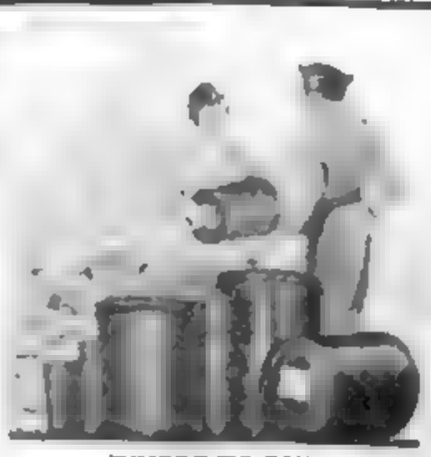

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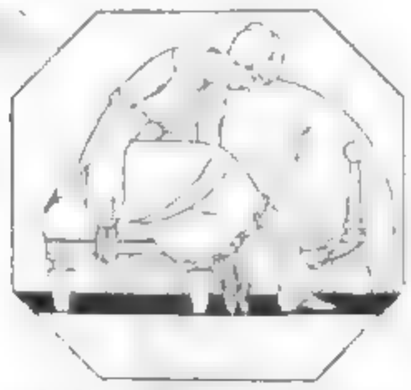

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EUROPE'S BRASS EL DORADO

(Continued from Page 21)

withdrawn. Of all the rich optimism of late 1919, when Lenine promised first the reestablishment of a commercially normal Russia, nothing now remains except dwindling orders for locomotives and food, and big bills for preparations run up in the faith that the Russian El Dorado was genuine, attainable gold.

Europe's leading commercial powers are escaping their fair share in this big bill. It is the little countries which had the bad good-fortune of lying along the trade routes to Northeastern Europe that are now paying up. The bill dates from 1919, when the dreadful plague of transititis gripped the geographically favored states. The transit mania was plausible enough. War and blockade had left Russia, and indeed most of Europe, hungry for goods. Everywhere east of Switzerland, Europe was breadless, cottonless, copperless; railroads were worn out; industrial plants were in ruin; the normal reserve of commodities—food, clothing, furniture, luxuries—had shrunk to nothing. Only a prolonged trade boom could repair the devastation. Europe's cleverest economists were cocksure. Gustav Cassell, the Swede, whom expert conferences hear with awed respect, proclaimed the age of boom. For a generation, said Cassell, Europe would compete to buy, and shrink from selling. On the experts' assurance that transit would be trumps the favored cities—Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Helsingfors and Reval—rushed their preparations. America, the experts admitted, would supply most of the goods and reap the biggest profits; but Americans, Copenhagen and Helsingfors learned from textbooks, are mere children in Europe; and only smart Danes, Swedes and Finns could show them how to sell. Denmark's transititis temperature was 1000. Copenhagen, said a member of ex-Premier Zahle's cabinet, will play towards resurgent Russia the rôle that medieval Venice played towards the gorgeous East. In twenty years it might double its population. Needed only were quays, free ports, warehouses and an adequate distributing mechanism; lavish America and all-absorbing Russia, Germany and Austria would automatically do the rest.

Free-Port Activities

Free ports are an Italian eighteenth-century invention; but in Hamburg Germany has today the greatest free port in the world. In Scandinavia's new free ports transatlantic goods would be discharged duty free, stored, sorted, reshipped, and sent in smaller vessels to Russia. Intervening Scandinavia would wax rich on the pickings. Copenhagen since 1894 had a capacious free port, but that proved inadequate. The Free Port Corporation, which holds a lease from the municipality, voted 47,000,000 crowns for extensions; eighty acres of piers, docks and warehouses were expanded to 145 acres; new loading plant, warehouses and elevators were set up; and, lest this prove insufficient, a new port was planned for Amager Island, to the south. Other Northern European states were jealous. Swedes and Finns proved incontestably that their ports were better situated, that their business men were the real Russia experts. An American delegation visited all countries, and pronounced for Copenhagen; and Minister of Commerce Hagen promised to spend a million crowns on a school of Russian economics.

When Copenhagen had dulled her prospects by a three months' port strike, which brought a warning from Herbert Hoover, Sweden cut ambitiously in. She built three free ports at Stockholm, Gothenburg and Malmo, and she linked her railroads with Finland's so that Russian goods might pour out to Narvik, on the Atlantic. She planned to establish train-ferry communications all the way from London to Russia; from Hull or Immingham in Eastern England would run 13,000-ton train steamers. English and American goods would cross the Scandinavian Peninsula without reloading, and giant ferryboats from Stockholm would reach Abo, in Western Finland, or Baltic Port, in Esthonia, each a mere night's rail from Petrograd.

Sweden made Denmark tremble. Norway and Finland made Sweden tremble. Even ill-situated Norway planned to share the unmanageably capacious trade. She designed a free port at Christiania; and from a second free port at Laurvig, to the south, would run train ferries to Jutland. Finland's plans were even vaster. Were only our railroads in order, said her Trade Minister Pohjanpalo, America's trade with Russia would go by them; and he calculated that 300 cars taking 3000 tons of American goods per day would do for a time. Pohjanpalo's successor, Vennola, till lately prime minister, went further. He planned free ports at Abo, the old Finnish capital, on the Gulf of Bothnia, at Hangö, a butter-export center in the extreme southwest which is always ice-free, at Helsingfors, the present capital, and at Viborg, far up the Gulf of Finland and only four hours from Petrograd. On railroad extensions Finland resolved to spend 70,000,000 marks; to double-track the road to Petrograd and to build a new road to Kem, on the White Sea, whence goods would go up the Obi and Yenisei rivers into Siberia's heart. Latvia planned a free port at Libau, and Esthonia at Reval. So, for a mere twenty million dollars, Northeastern Europe would have twelve free ports, the cost of which, plain arithmetic demonstrated, would be covered by profits from trade in a couple of years.

A Chapter of Disappointments

This was a small price for El Dorado. But the bill had other entries. Money was spent in improving the technic of transit; more was spent in founding private transit firms; and vast sums went in buying goods for reexport to the east. Prices were rising, were bound to rise indefinitely, and forethoughtful merchants bought all the goods they could. Nobody foresaw that Copenhagen wits would soon be asking, "What is an ice-free free port?" and answering, "A port which is at all seasons free from ice and trade." Nobody, that is, had troubled to find out how the ware-hungry countries would pay. Goods imported by Copenhagen for transit lay derelict for months; before they could be got rid of the great price slump of 1920–21 set in, and the goods were sold for two-thirds of their cost. Already in 1920 Denmark owed 480,000,000 crowns for transit goods. Scandinavia was thrown into a crisis. During the war the three kingdoms prospered. They imported little, lived hard, forced their sales to the fighters, had active trade balances and high exchanges, and in five years transformed themselves from debtor into creditor lands. Denmark achieved the miracle in three years. Her net debt abroad in 1913 was 877,000,000 crowns; before the end of 1916 she had net credits abroad of 100,000,000 crowns. To impoverished belligerent Europe, "neutral" meant solvent, prosperous, and immune from all the economic burdens of war.

That stage ended long before the present disbelief in the Restoration boom. The mere delay in the boom was enough. Sweden, Denmark and Norway all three parted with their war wealth. Within one year of the armistice trade balances were passive and exchanges were depressed. Having banked mainly on shipping—Bergen merchants actually founded a special steamship line for trade with Russia—Norway suffered most. In 1919 Norway had a passive trade balance of 1,801,000,000 crowns. Denmark's was 1,597,000,000 crowns, and Sweden's 714,000,000 crowns. Before the armistice, Norway's crown, which is worth on parity 26.8 cents, sold for 31 cents; in 1921 it fell to 12 cents. The trade deficits were covered by sacrificing securities, by foreign loans and by selling currency. Denmark, which was a creditor country by the middle of the war, was a debtor country again, to the tune of 825,000,000 crowns at the close of last year. Of her losses, according to a Copenhagen banker's report, between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 resulted from precipitate plans to exploit the nonappearing Russian recovery boom.

Small Esthonia's ups and downs as transit great power resembled Denmark's—with more comedy and less tragedy, for Esthonia if she ended her experiment without a dollar began it without a cent. Esthonia is model boy among the statelet triplets born of Russia's revolution pains. Latvia and Lithuania are nowhere. Esthonia has the best government, the best finances, and a whole million of hard-headed Finno-Ugrians, who will some day rival the real Finns north of the Gulf of Finland in political wisdom, in respect for professors, statistics and soap. Esthonia proved rather too hard-headed. When no virtuous man would look at bad Russia she turned her back on civilization and made peace with Lenine. She earned opprobrium, but she also earned cash. What small transit trade there was passed immediately into her hand. Her capital, Reval, boomed. Transit firms camped there and brought along fat Scandinavian crowns; goods for Petrograd poured over her railroads; Swedish and German locomotives went the same way; and the bill for laying down new tracks was sent to bounteous Moscow. Her own trade with Russia was profitable. For her size, Esthonia is easily the world's first spirits power; in fact she has 297 distilleries; and as Soviet Russia is a prohibitionist state, naturally Esthonia's liquors poured due east. Demijohns of sulphurous vodka went to speculative prohibitionists in Petrograd Province, and back in exchange came not base *Sovietskiye roubli*, but yellow gold, icons set with gems, frameless pictures from the walls of the Hermitage Gallery, and rings snatched from bourgeois fingers. Sometimes by error the fingers came along with the rings. But the main trade was lawful. Of 55,000,000 poods of goods bought by Russia in 1921, 21,000,000 poods came via Reval.

Esthonia flourished, and her mark today stands higher than Germany's. Optimistic Moscow promised to finance a new transit railroad, but last spring, while Est negotiators were actually on the way to Moscow, the great transit trade ceased. At first Esthonia suspected that goods were going by Petrograd. Inquiry proved that Petrograd was taking little except unpaid-for famine-relief food. When the engineers arrived at Moscow they learned that Russia's cash had given out, and that as there were no exports imports could not be paid for. Thereon the transit boom shrank into nothingness; the Scandinavians went sadly home with what was left of their solid crowns; and the idyl of cash, rolling stock, vodka, icons, stolen rings and misdirected fingers came to a grim end.

The German-Esthonian Idyl

But simultaneously came to an end an equally touching German-Esthonian idyl. In politics Reval is anti-German, for Ests, to a man, are fiercely nationalistic; and they expropriated without paying one cent of compensation their native landowning barons of German blood. But new commercial Germans from Berlin and Düsseldorf made themselves pleasant. They warned Esthonia justly that though she might boast of her transit monopoly, trade is necessary for transit. If nobody sold to Russia there could be no transit, and in the end only Germans would sell. Forty per cent of Russia's purchases via Esthonia came from Germany; and of Russia's imports in 1913 of 1,373,000,000 rubles, 642,800,000 rubles' worth was German. Again putting business before politics, the Ests proved willing; and months of brotherhood followed. Agents of the Deutsche Bank, led by an active Herr Jacobi, gave pleasant tipsy dinners to Esthonian merchants, and negotiated business. German transit firms were founded; the Esthonian Trade and Industrial Bank came under German control; and Germans bought up stock in the Harju Bank, whose chief was the anti-German Premier Paets. German plant for Reval Free Port was offered on credit. But just when really big business was brewing, Russian buying dropped off; and the big Germans returned to Berlin with the tale that Esthonia was intriguing with England.

After this any nation less inhumanly persistent, less indefatigably undiscourageable than Germany would have gone slow. But though all experts, including Germany's own, declared that big business with Russia was an impossibility, Germans proceeded to get ready for impossibilities; and when the magic wand which—as faithful Europe believes—governs Russia's destinies gets to work restoringly, Germany will scoop hopelessly her rivals. She has got, all competently organized and fully equipped, on paper:

A German-Russian transport corporation, formed by contract between the

(Continued on Page 136)

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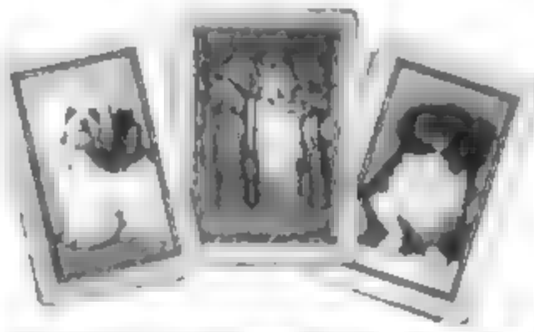

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Continued from Page 134

Soviets and the Hamburg-American Line. This gives a practical monopoly in trade with Petrograd by sea;

An eastern syndicate for trade with Russia, run by Herr Mueller, of the Central Board of German Railroads. The member concerns are thirty-nine, all first-class. Headquarters is Breslau.

A joint combine by Krupps, Stinnes—including the Siemens electrical interest—and the late Rathenau's General Electricity Company, commissioned to restore Russia through a corporation in which the three German groups and the Soviet Government will each hold one-fourth of the stock. Impatient Stinnes, says report, intends to withdraw, diverting his energies to Jugo-Slavia, where he lately formed a Siemens Corporation.

A general Russo-German import and export company, with seat at Moscow, sanctioned by the Soviet Supreme Council of industry;

A syndicate, backed by the Deutsche Bank, for restoration of Petrograd's buildings and municipal works;

A bank for Eastern European trade;

The Northern Bank for Trade and Industry, started by the Darmstadter Bank and a Russian group in Berlin;

An agreement with Ukrainia to lend 100,000,000 marks in exchange for concessions;

A Russo-German company for economic initiative in Soviet Central Asia;

A lease of coast land in the Crimea;

A monopoly to export Russian scrap iron. Russia is a wilderness of rusty metal; and Germany, having gone over wholesale to the Siemens-Martin process, badly needs scrap;

An economic institute—at Königsberg, East Prussia—for Russia and the frontier states.

Besides these there are scores of minor concerns, all competent to do vast business and to reap unimaginable wealth. Probably 2,000,000,000 marks are invested. But most of the undertakings so far consist of the mere paper which a Russian proverb says tolerates everything—"*Bumaga tierpit vsyo!*" The plans are paper because the Russian plans on which they are based are paper. On paper Russia is again an object of trade, industry and personal enrichment. On paper all necessary facilities for normal economical operations exist. Their restoration began with the abolition of shop control by workmen's committees and the substitution of a centralized nationalization which was pure capitalism, though at first state capitalism. In March, 1921, freedom of home trade was restored. After it was discovered that trade could not be free if the mechanism of trade was lacking capitalistic forms were reëstablished headlong. In outward form Soviet Russia's economical system today does not differ radically from that of any other European state. Russia, true, is still ruled by Bolsheviks, but the persistence of Bolshevik rule has been made possible only by the unqualified abandonment of Bolshevism.

Capitalism Embraced by Bolshevists

Banking in Russia is again lawful. State banking has been in force since the fall of last year; the restoration of private banking is being planned by a commission; banking deposits to unlimited amount are again inviolate. The new bills-of-exchanges law is a copy of the old law of 1906. The stock exchange, which had flourished illicitly since 1920, has been reopened. Fifteen produce exchanges are working. Industrial property is recognized in a veiled form; long leases of mills and workshops are given without consideration to the former owners.

Trusts are everywhere. Russia first became a trust country under the late Sergius Witte; and before the war her Produgol Coal Trust was, after the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate, Europe's biggest combine. Today the biggest of nineteen trusts, embracing 989 concerns, is the Jugostahl, wherein are fused the three chief coal and iron concerns on the Donetz.

Up to a limited sum the right of inheritance has been restored. A law of May, 1922, legalized private land ownership. Whereas land seized by the peasants in 1917 was until lately, in law and strict theory, national property, the new law gives the peasant a right to hold his farm in perpetuity, even if the farm is bigger than the average. This revives Premier Stolypin's law of 1906, which, by facilitating the partition among the peasants of communally owned land, favored the development of a conservative rural class. Private ownership of city houses is permitted if only the owner will pay for repairs. Foreigners may found corporations in partnership with the soviet state; and when Moscow discovered that a maximum 49 per cent of foreign-owned stock in a corporation did not attract capital they raised the maximum to 75 per cent. Even the soviet state's continued foreign-trade monopoly is broken by the right given to trusts to import and export directly. Russia with these laws is again a capitalistic country in which business can be carried on quite as efficiently—in theory—as in countries which have not passed through the communist fire.

Russia's Reversion

But business is not carried on. Less home business is done today than two years ago, when communism still stood erect. The reason is that the substance of business does not exist. The new laws are merely the frame. Land, mines, factories, shares are the substance. Anyone who finds them can operate them, but no one can find them. Russia has no money, no raw materials, no fuel, no workable machines, no dependable transport, no habitable houses, no qualified labor, no farms worth the name. She has no buying power. In the spring of this year this final stage of inanition was signalized by a decree ordering reduction of industrial output. In the first soviet years the misfortune was under production. But as every citizen wanted solid goods in exchange for his dwindling rubles all the little that was produced was easily sold.

Of late, paper incomes and the enormous accumulations of paper capital have failed to keep pace with paper prices; and the Russian cannot buy what there is to buy. Between late 1917 and the summer of this year soviet note circulation rose 10,000-fold, but prices in the same time rose 390,000-fold. Measured by average Russian earnings, prices have therefore risen fortyfold. Already in April industrial production was only 65 per cent of the production in February; but sales of home goods had fallen to 19½ per cent of the February sales. This brought the order to reduce production. People who cannot buy home goods naturally cannot buy foreign goods. At the present official exchange of 2,500,000 rubles to the dollar, foreign goods cost more than 1,000,000 times as much as they cost in 1914.

This is no mere exchange vagary, to be cured by currency reform. It expresses the fact that Russia has lost the first condition of trade, the ability to exchange something of value for something else of value; or in other words, that Russia has reverted to a permanently deteriorated standard of life.

Germans lately tried to establish banks in Russia. They found that just as there is no substance in trade, there is no substance in banking. Banks deal with money; Soviet Russian banking deals with figures. By decree of October 12, 1921, was reopened the State Bank, at first with capital of 2,000,000,000,000 rubles, since increased to 5,750,000,000,000. The State Bank's function was not to issue notes another institution's 90,000 printers see to that—but to foster industry and trade. It set actively to work to reintroduce the bill of exchange. But no sane Russian will touch a bill. Though the legal interest rate is 6 per cent a month, which means that at simple interest 1000 rubles becomes 1720 rubles in a year, the doubling of prices every two months means that 1720 rubles a year hence will buy only as much as thirty rubles today. The Russian who lends money at the usurer's 72 per cent loses in a year 97 per cent of his real capital. The State Bank's 18,629,292,000,000 rubles' assets in the last monthly report contain only 16,000,000,000, or at present exchange $6000—in bills. The rest of the 18,629,292,000,000 assets are figures—doles to half-dead nationalized manufactures, loans to the state, and other claims which have nothing to do with real production or commerce, and which have less than no chance of being ever repaid.

The Soviet magnate Rykoff, long president of the Supreme Council of Industry, and Lenine's likeliest successor, himself lately declared that Europe in regard to Russia suffers from a double delusion. The minor half of the delusion is that Russian

trade, finances and concessions can mean anything important for ages to come. The major and fundamental half is the easy belief that even a full restoration of Russia would make a vast difference to the world. Of late some of Europe's sharper critics of popular crazes have waked up to the latter fact. Italy's former premier, Signor Nitti, has replied on this issue to optimists of the Lloyd George school. Russia, said Nitti, was not at her best a first-class commercial power whose trade was vital to the world. Her prewar trade was smaller than the trade of some minor statelets with a hundredth of her area. The Belgian economist Pierre Forthomme discovered that Russian exports and imports were even smaller than those of his own small country. In 1913, Belgium's turnover both ways was 9,000,000,000 francs, Russia's was 7,000,000,000. Sweden was Russia's near neighbor, and she specialized in the mechanical manufactures which Russia most needed. But less than 4 per cent of her exports, says the Stockholm economist and editor, Helmer Key, went to Russia. True, Russia fed part of Europe; but postwar experience shows that Europe can be fed from other sources; and Europe would be well content if only Russia could feed herself. With that, the major delusion is disposed of; and only the minor delusion that Russian trade is really beginning to recover remains.

A Post-Mortem on Russian Trade

All manufacturing countries today have a surplus of goods, or a margin of possible production over the maximum home consumption, which would enable them to supply Russia with the manufactured wares she wants. The one check to trade is therefore Russia's inability to pay. She can pay only with exports or with gold, gold export being a temporary makeshift. At home—not at Genoa or The Hague—soviet statisticians are quite frank about exports. The table here given, which comes from the official Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn of March seventh, is compiled in poods—a pood is thirty-six pounds—because paper-ruble values have ceased to mean anything. It shows that in the year preceding the restoration of capitalism and the full reopening of international relations Russia exported less than one two-thousandth of her moderately big prewar exports:

	FOOD	RAW MATERIALS	FINISHED GOODS	ALL
1913	709,815,000	754,813,000	7,626,000	1,472,053,000
1914	410,441,000	395,768,000	5,963,000	812,172,000
1918	314,000	1,279,000	234,000	1,827,000
1920	262,427	412,117	451	674,995

In 1921, with foreign relations reëstablished, exports rose to 12,963,048 poods. That was still less than 1 per cent of prewar exports, but even it has not been maintained in the present year, and analysis of its composition shows that it promises nothing. At rate of export of 1921, exports in the first quarter of 1922 should have been 3,240,000 poods; in fact, they were only 1,696,000 poods, and of this only 600,000 poods were exported in the second and third months. Whereas in 1913 half the exports were food, while practically no imports except colonial wares were food, in 1921 only one twenty-fifth of exports—or 583,000 poods—were food. Of the remainder 10,000,000 poods were timber. But Russia in 1921 imported 20,000,000 poods of food, or nearly forty times her food exports.

Timber excepted, therefore, Russia has lost entirely the prewar basis of exchange—that is, the food and raw materials formerly sent abroad to pay for manufactured wares. The prewar raw-materials exports were largely products of farming; and the causes that make Russia unable to feed herself, much less export food, are the causes why export of raw materials is out of the question. By export of goods Russia cannot for all measurable time pay for imports. Export of gold, the means by which the present passive trade balances are corrected, is coming to an end. Of 1,604,000,000 rubles gold possessed in July, 1914, only 117,300,000 rubles were left on April 30, 1922. Home mining of gold has practically ceased. In 1913 were mined 133,704 pounds; 14,364 pounds in 1919; 3924 pounds in 1920; 3024 pounds in 1921. The great church and monastery expropriation has so far yielded only 756 pounds. When the maximum estimated 120,000,000 gold available for export comes to an end, and if no foreign credits are given, Russia's imports will be limited to the values of her exports; and as these small exports are becoming smaller, imports will soon be practically nil.

Russia's theoretical reopening has so far not yielded Europe one cent of profit. Individual sellers have made money, but the whole account with foreign countries shows a heavy loss. The value of Russia's foreign purchases in 1920 and 1921 was 259,557,000 gold rubles, or $130,000,000, of which perhaps $25,000,000 was profit. Against that stands $80,000,000 sunk by Europe in capital preparations—free ports, railroads and other measures—for the boom that never came. The blunder, Europe now dimly realizes, was in forgetting that trade requires mutual production, and that Russia had ceased to produce. Those few men who are making money out of Russia today are men who realized this plain truth of political economy, and who therefore set themselves to restoring Russia's productive powers on the spot.

Most foreigners who went to Russia including 3000 expert German workmen have come back disappointed. But some foreigners have overcome difficulties from which the toughest Russians fled; and these are the first millionaires of Russia's new capitalism. One is the Finn, Kallio, who learned his business as textiles expert in New England.

Another is a German, Caspari, who learned his business under August Thyssen of Mülheim. Kallio returned from America a communist, fled to Moscow after the failure of the Finno-Russian Red Revolt of 1918, was welcomed by Trotzky, and for a time proved even redder in Moscow than in Helsingfors.

When Lenine restored capitalism Kallio dutifully became a capitalist. Having first run Moscow's cotton mills with—relative—success by scrapping bad plant and concentrating all good plant in a couple of well-arranged buildings, Kallio obtained leases of mills for himself. When Bucharine, editor of the Pravda, the twentieth century's "sea-green incorruptible Robespierre," assailed him as a grabbing monopolist Kallio retorted with proof that he had sextupled production in a dozen weeks. Kallio is no paper millionaire or billionaire. His paper-ruble profits go immediately into solid goods, mills, machines and transport; when no more textiles mills could be had he dealt in cellulose and paper; when peasants could not buy his costly goods with cash he opened barter centers; brought food to the cities, and sold it for jewelry and houses. Kallio's ruble bank balance would probably not realize fifty dollars; but at prewar value his mills, land and concessions would fetch $100,000,000.

The Unattractive Reality

Caspari, the German, went much the same way. He began by making nails with his own hands, slept on rags, got fat on rye bread eked out with straw; and today for his own account turns out rolling stock, steam plows and electric motors. The Gomsa Trust, which fuses all metal and engineering works in the Moscow Industrial District, is largely his creation. Offered a lease of southern metal works, with right to 20 per cent of the profits, Caspari demanded 50 per cent. Certain that there would be no profits for years to come, the Supreme Council agreed. Within three months profits were being made. Caspari owns Ural mines, and tracts of timberland in the northern province, Vologda. The abler Moscow bosses support him. Grim experience has taught them that manufacturing bureaucrats will never make Russia a self-supporting state.

Russia will be made self-supporting, if ever, by men of the Kallio and Caspari type. She will not be restored by easy optimists' plans for exploitation of a ready-made El Dorado. Russia is today merely an extended Kirghiz Steppe, a naturally fertile desert stripped bare of all past accumulations of wealth, but with potentialities of illimitable wealth for pioneers who can with their own hands turn potentialities into facts. Tough creators of the type that made the American Middle West out of redskin prairies must first work for a generation. Then the day of the telephoning financier and the armchair international merchant will come. Europe is beginning to wake up to this unattractive reality, but she is not yet fully awake; and meantime the vast brass El Dorado glitters on the horizon, causing disappointment and loss.

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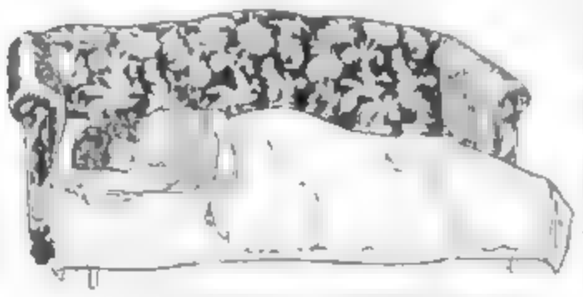
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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

his mouth open wide, and a big long-tailed lizard was on his breast catching flies off his chin. Just for a joke I thought I would scare Slim a little, so I threw open the flaps and let out a war whoop. I don't know yet whether I scared Slim or the lizard the worst. The first and nearest hiding place the lizard saw was right in front of him—and he hid. If you've ever seen a real live Arizona lizard hot foot it down the road in front of one of the latest flivvers, you can guess about how long it took this one to disappear. Chuckawalla woke up and moved faster than I could ever get him to before, but all he got was about two inches of the tail. When he spit that out and couldn't see anything else but me standing there in the door laughing my head off he got mad and blamed me for it all without even knowing much about what had happened except that there was something wrong inside that was tickling me and him too. Chuckawalla has the reputation of being about the quickest and straightest shot in Arizona—but there is nothing at all slow about me when I make up my mind to go somewhere and I was out of range by the time he had emptied his 30-30 at me twice—and he missed me both times, being nervous in his stomach. I have been hiding out ever since, lying around in the greasewood nights and watching all the trails daytimes because Slim has been threatening to kill me on sight or make me eat a live raw rattlesnake. I want someone to tell Chuckawalla that I didn't do it a-purpose and if that fool lizard had had any sense he wouldn't have committed suicide that way anyway. Maybe he ain't dead, Slim, and if he was any particular pet of yours I've got a bottle of medicine and maybe you can save him yet if you hurry up and call an armistice.

Omar Khayyam said that he could dine on a loaf of bread and a jug of wine with Her beside him and feel content in the wilderness—but he only meant that he liked the Desert and his old tin lizzie and the crooked roads that make you dizzy—that start any place and lead nowhere and just keep a-going and never care. He liked the mesquite and the greasewood smell and the long hot days that feel like hell; the red sunsets and the cool moonlight and the soft sweet air of the Desert Night—for Omar Khayyam was a wonderful man, who lived his life on an easy plan, with his girls and his wine and a big silk tent —— My, Oh My! What a Life He Spent! The Desert is here like it always was—but you can't Khayyam any more becuz—in these dry days when even Home-Brew is on the list of the things taboo, old Omar Khayyam and his Jug of Juice would soon get locked in the calaboose.

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Yes, it was through the streets of Yuma that the coyote chased the jack rabbit—and they were both walking—and it wasn't more than three figures in the shade at midnight either. Just warm.

Tourists stopping at the Salome Service Station always get their TANKS full of gas; at some of these sagebrush and side-track stations they get their EAR full.

Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner

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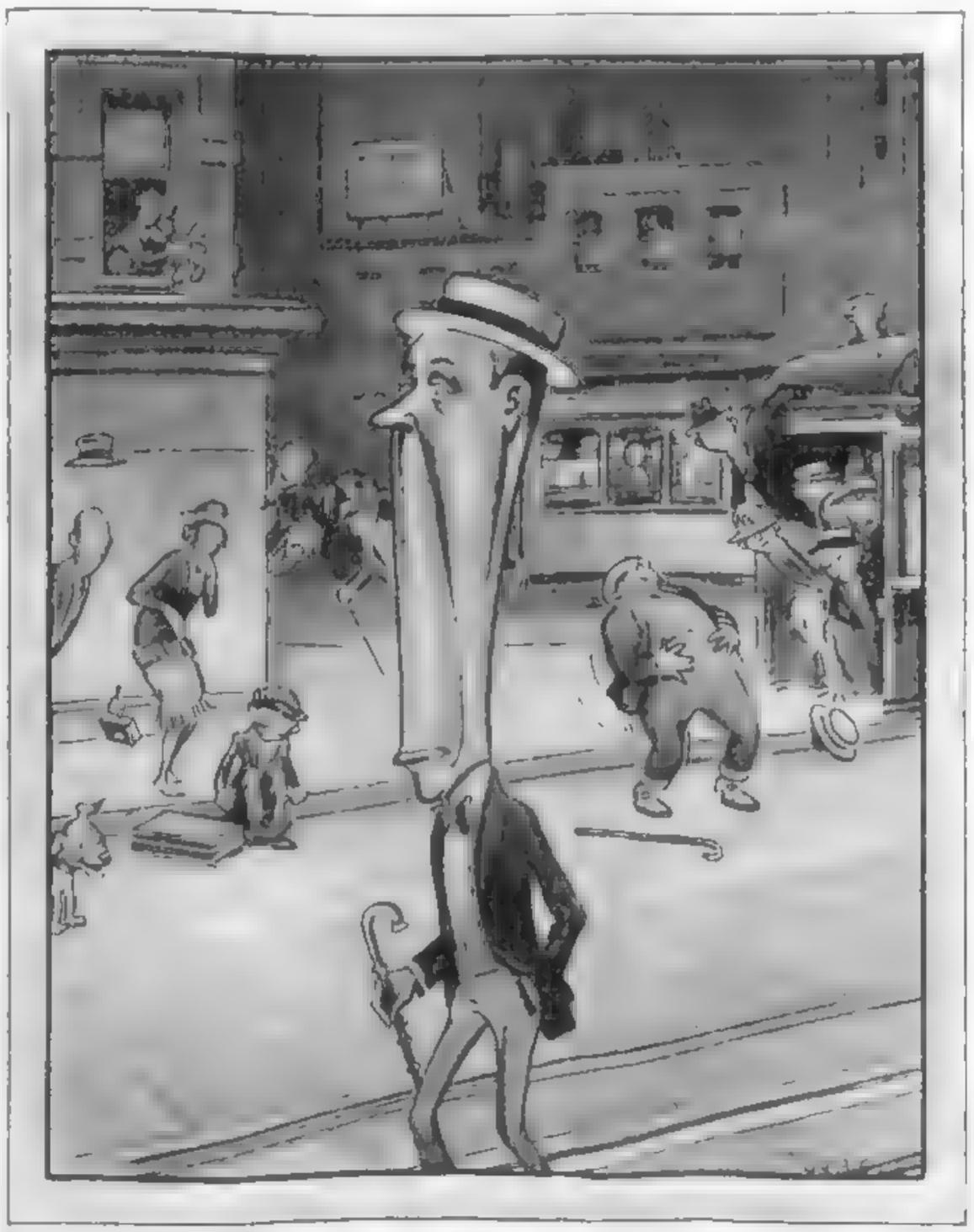
O Dear and Fair,
Would thou wert here,
Or I were there!
O Dear, repair,
I pray, to here.
I can't go there,
The fare's so dear.
I must adhere,
Oh, curst affair!
If thou weren't dear
I wouldn't care.
Still thou art there
And I am here.
It isn't fair,
O Dear, O Dear! —*B. J.*



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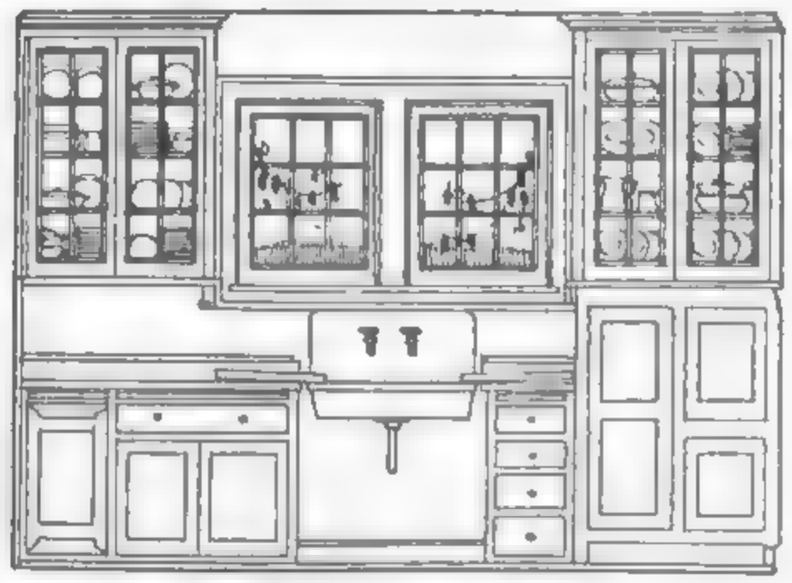
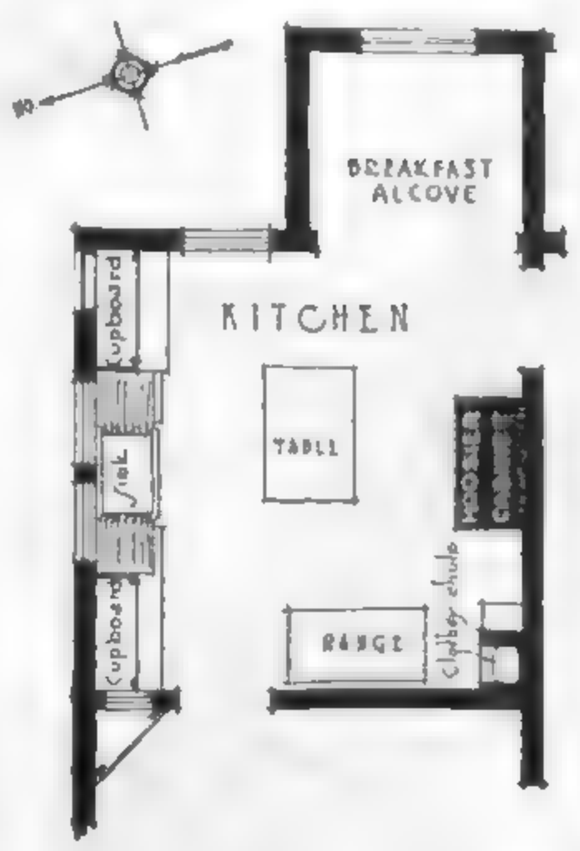


VIEW LOOKING NORTH



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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 38)

bills is in reality a joke, because there is not a dollar in the Chinese national treasury. While I am writing this article the announcement was cabled from Peking that the Minister of Finance had shut up shop, owing to the fact that all available funds were exhausted. China is chronically broke.

In view of the widespread indignation over Japan's long retention of Kiao-chau and the corresponding enthusiasm which greeted the Washington decision, one scheme was to raise the money through popular subscription. Here again obstacles have arisen. The average Chinese has no real sense of nationalism. It is due to the intense individualism of the nation. Where the Japanese puts emperor and empire first, the Chinese places himself in the van. The wave of emotion over Shan-tung had practically subsided by the time the drive for subscriptions began. Again, if the period of payment must extend over a period of years, it will be difficult to keep whatever national emotions do exist keyed up all that time.

It was planned to inaugurate the popular offensive for funds on what is known as Humiliation Day, which is the anniversary of the date when the Twenty-one Demands were imposed. I was in Shanghai on the anniversary this year. The national flags hung at half mast and it was expected that sentiment would loosen up the Chinese bank roll. Although some of the merchants donated a share of their profits the general results were disappointing. If this effort is to be successful it must be highly organized. Later on in this article the person properly accredited will give his views on the subject. Meanwhile, it is apparent that the ambition to pay the Shan-tung bill will have some pretty hard sledding.

Handicapped Officials

The money feature, however, is only one phase of a much larger difficulty. Whatever their motives, it must be said, in justice to the Japanese, that they have not only kept Tsingtao clean and orderly but they have maintained order and discipline along the railway. Not only is it doubtful if China can raise the withdrawal bill, but her ability to maintain the sanitary and other integrity of Tsingtao is seriously in question. The Chinese are not a particularly antiseptic people and their native cities reek. It has frequently been said that the national air of China knocks you down instead of making you rise to your feet. It is only when they are strongly jacked up by the foreigner that the Chinese seem to be able to enforce law and sanitation.

An illustration of the handicaps under which the officials charged with the transfer of the province will labor developed while I was in Peking. The Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway under Japanese suzerainty was guarded by a considerable contingent of troops. Through an understanding entered into between China and Japan these troops were to be evacuated at regular intervals during April. As each contingent withdrew, a corresponding detachment of Chinese guards was to take its place. These Chinese guards were chosen from among the Peking Metropolitan Gendarmerie, a sort of constabulary trained by foreign officers and which had heretofore been intrusted with the protection of the region immediately surrounding the Legation Quarter. Since these troops were part of the municipal force their equipment had to remain in Peking.

When Dr. C. T. Wang, Director General of the Office for the Rehabilitation of Shan-tung Rights, made a demand on the War Office for uniforms and equipment for the first detachment of railway troops he was told that he would have to deposit forty dollars for every rifle that he secured and that he would also have to pay for the uniforms. Since he had already exhausted the absurdly low appropriation already made for his work—I think it aggregated twenty thousand dollars, Mexican—he was compelled to send the troops to Tsinanfu unarmed. After much protest and haggling the Tuchun of Shan-tung loaned enough rifles to equip the men. All were obsolete and half of them would not shoot. The guards were powerless. The point of this story is that not only did China fall down in the first step towards the redemption of her holy province but she laid the much sought railway open to the mercy of the innumerable bandits that infest the region.

Since I have referred to bandits another matter bearing on withdrawal may be disposed of here. Although banditry and China in general have become almost synonymous terms, one of the principal strongholds is Shan-tung province. The neighborhood of the leased territory is the particular stamping ground of these gentry. The Japanese, who are strong on statistics, made a bandit census last year and disclosed exactly twenty-five thousand in good standing The catalogued crooks belonged to what might be called the official, or privileged class. There are thousands of others who prey intermittently and who are not members of the union, as it were. There is a bandit guild, just as there is a guild for every other activity. The widespread operations of guerrillas, who have not hesitated to hold up trains and rob the passengers, are responsible for the railway guards. The Chinese robber stands in some fear of a foreign soldier but has contempt for his own. Now that Chinese troops are on the police job there are grave doubts as to their ability to hold their lawless countrymen in check.

These frank and unashamed bandits constitute only one menace to the lawful and legitimate restoration of Shan-tung. We now come to what might be called the unofficial banditry. Hardly was the ink dry on the Washington agreement when the Chinese politician got on the job. In China nearly everything, including matrimony, is regarded as legitimate graft. Hence a group of seasoned and hardened officeholders got together and formed a syndicate to purchase many of the valuable properties which in the natural course of restoration events would have been returned to the government. You are not surprised to learn that Japanese finance was behind the enterprise. So much objection was raised to the undertaking by Chinese who were sincerely and loyally interested in the unencumbered return of Shan-tung that the project has been temporarily halted. Such instances as this will impede the business of transfer. Incidentally the Japanese are making capital out of every blunder that the Chinese commit. It gives them the opportunity to say to the world, "We alone are capable of maintaining order in Shan-tung."

Industries of Shan-tung

Even if China can raise the money to pay for the railway and improvements she will find that the Japanese are still strongly intrenched. Both Tsingtao and Tsinanfu, and especially the former, have large Japanese populations which have come to stay. In Tsingtao there are 23,182 Nipponese. If you know anything about their birth rate you also know that there will be a good many more next year. You get some idea of the increase when I say that in 1913 there were only 342 Japanese in Tsingtao, and this number included Koreans.

The Japanese have developed a control of various important industries in Shan-tung. For one thing, they have been exporting hundreds of millions of eggs every year to their native country. The best beef in the East comes from Shan-tung, and the Japanese have got their hooks into the slaughtering and exporting of it. They also have gone in heavily for salt and matches. In annexing the salt business they encroached upon a Chinese industry that goes back thousands of years. These salt rights were part of the original German lease. Shan-tung has always been a great salt center and the salt tax is part of the security for some of the many foreign loans that China has negotiated during the past five years. The return of the salt privileges is cluttered up with the usual complications, because the Japanese now want what the Chinese consider is more than double the value of the concessions and the improvements.

There is no doubt that the Japanese have invested large sums at Kiao-chau and elsewhere in Shan-tung. The total amount is represented at about one hundred and thirty million yen, or approximately sixty-five million dollars in American money. This includes the cost of the wireless station, railway equipment and workshops.

Continued on Page 145

"Why "a pair of Fownes" means "a pair of gloves"

When you say—
"I want a pair of Fownes," to any American glove merchant, he is not likely to answer—
"Excuse me, what was it you wanted?"

He knows that you want gloves—good gloves. . . . And he will show you Fownes if he has them, or explain the merits of another brand.

It is much the same in London or Capetown, Melbourne or Cairo.

Wherever gloves are a recognized part of man's apparel, you will find recognition of the name Fownes.

But here is the danger of reputation:—while "Fownes" stands for "gloves", all gloves are far from being Fownes. A distinction with a difference!

For the retail dealer does not make the gloves he sells. . .

He may be a better judge of hand-wear than his customer,—yet he, too, must rely on the maker's faithfulness in maintaining the promised quality.

The makers of Fownes have kept faith with the trade and with glove wearers.

That is the only secret of Fownes prestige. That is why the name represents very definite standards throughout the glove industry.

And that is why we stamp the name in the wrist of every pair.

You could not have a more reliable guide to reliable gloves, to authentic style and to true economy.

Men spend little money and less thought on gloves, in comparison with the rest of their attire. Yet nothing improves their appearance so much, for such a small outlay.

The well gloved man is usually a well dressed man. . . Especially if he suits his gloves to his suit.

Smart, sturdy Capes, swagger Bucks, or velvety Mochas, according to occasion. All listed in our booklet.

Fownes may be worn comfortably loose, on account of their perfect fit.

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The first Fownes gloves were sold in 1777. For one hundred and forty-five years, one policy has prevailed: to make a fine product; to sell it under the maker's own name and to price it fairly—The name Fownes in the wrist of a glove is our signature to the genuine and your assurance of good value.

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"Git back a little, your brakes aint workin' right"

"Got to be careful here . . . . . a railroad crossin' is just about the most dangerous place there is. Often, folks'll drive almost up on the tracks without knowin' it . . . . . that's when good brake lining comes in handy. If you use Raybestos you can STOP before the train goes thunderin' by. Last year, nearly 4,000 people was hurt or killed takin' chances at grade crossin's. It don't pay to use poor brake linin'. Remember, the engine driver expects you to STOP because he can't in time to prevent an accident. If you was to see what I see here at this crossin', you'd never feel safe till you had Raybestos on your brakes!"

This sign over the door of a garage or repair shop indicates not only the responsibility of the shop displaying it, but assures better brake service to the owner

Raybestos Brake Lining brings to the car owner a factor of safety which is beyond price. The dependability of this sturdy lining is recognized by those who look for quality. The Silver Edge is, of course, assurance that you are buying *real* Raybestos rather than one of many imitations.

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Branches: Detroit, 2631 Woodward Ave. San Francisco, 835 Post St.
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(Continued from Page 142)

public buildings, water works, slaughterhouses and electric plants.

That the Japanese were determined to retain their grip in Shan-tung was demonstrated early this year by an undertaking which, happily for the Chinese, practically came to grief. The way of it was this:

Just as soon as it became known that Japan would withdraw from the leased territory the Chief of Civil Administration at Tsingtao sent out notices to all his countrymen who held leases on land, informing them that the property would be disposed of by sale. He invited bids, which were to be opened at a stipulated time. Naturally, every Japanese flocked to take advantage of this opportunity. It meant permanent acquisition of a large slice of highly valuable building and residence sites of the city. By acquiring these sites through actual purchase before evacuation the Japanese could not be dislodged.

One of the conditions upon which the sales were to be made was that no one could buy property without agreeing to erect a building of a certain value upon it. The Yokohama Specie Bank, which has a big branch at Tsingtao, announced that it would lend money to all leaseholders who desired to purchase land and build houses. Long before the Washington decision was registered, a building boom started in Tsingtao. The Japanese did not want to take any chances in case the lightning struck.

Quite naturally China's indignation was stirred by the determination to sell the leased land, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Peking at once lodged a strenuous protest with the Japanese Minister there. Tokio saw that the blunder would react against Japan everywhere, and the announcement was officially made by the Foreign Office that the sales of leased land would not be honored by the government. Such sales as had already been negotiated were invalidated.

When I left China early in June all the Japanese railway guards had left Shantung and only a comparatively small garrison remained in Tsingtao proper. By the terms of the treaty covering the withdrawal China is authorized to take full possession of the leased zone three months after the ratification. Since both Japan and China have formally ratified the document it is safe to assume that so far as uniformed soldiers are concerned, Japan will be out of Shan-tung by October.

The Three Mr. Wangs

While this article is being written a joint commission composed of Chinese and Japanese is in session at Peking to discuss the final details of transfer and to fix the price that China must pay. Just how that little joker will work out remains to be seen. If Japan presents an excessive bill, then the good will begot of her acquiescence will be considerably sterilized. The fact that the Japanese delegation is headed by K. Debuchi, formerly attached to the Japanese embassies in London and Berlin, and who was conspicuous at the Washington conference, is an indication that Japan will probably be inclined more towards leniency than towards excess.

That China, despite the financial and other obstacles to restoration that I have pointed out, means to do her share in the all-important Shan-tung business, is shown in the caliber of the man who has been named as Director General of the Office for the Rehabilitation of Shan-tung Rights. In Dr. C. T. Wang you have the finest type of American returned student. He is regarded as one of the most capable and brilliant of that group which has come to be known as Young China. He is a graduate of Yale University, a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, and is the founder of the movement for good roads in China. After serving conspicuously in the movement which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty, he was Vice Speaker of the National Senate. He is perhaps best known to Americans as member of the Chinese Delegation to the Paris peace conference. He led the revolt against the Japanese usurpation of Shantung at Versailles and it is therefore altogether fitting that he should be the official head of the organization charged with the restoration of the much-debated area.

Doctor Wang is one of three Wangs—not related by marriage, for the name is a very common one in China—who are conspicuous in the constructive life of the nation. The second is C. C. Wang, who is the head of the famous Chinese-Eastern Railway, which was built by the Russians in their great day, while the third is C. H. Wang, the foremost jurist of China.

I saw Dr. C. T. Wang at Shanghai just before he proceeded to Peking to begin his all-important work.

When I asked him how he expected to redeem the railway he replied:

"There are four ways. One is through what we propose to call a loan of redemption, which will be available for every Chinese subject. My idea is to launch drives similar to those made in America for the Liberty Loans. If we can keep the money for Shan-tung out of the public funds as such we shall keep it out of politics. This redemption loan that I have in mind must be thoroughly organized, and again we propose to profit by America's war experience.

"A second method will be in small subscriptions from the people. For these we propose to issue savings certificates. This will also require a drive. It is the intention to have these certificates mature in five years.

"Then, too, in taking over the ports at Tsingtao and elsewhere, we shall derive a large revenue from their operation. A fourth possible procedure may be through government bonds."

China's Hope

"Our first obligation, of course, is to provide funds to pay for the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway. This property must be taken over by the Chinese within nine months after the ratification of the Shantung treaty, which means that we must have some of the money ready by January 1, 1923.

"We propose to maintain the high standard established by the Japanese at Tsingtao. Among other things the city will have a charter or commission form of government such as obtains in so many American cities. With the big revenues from royalties, trams and docks, we hope to make this city a real rival of Shanghai. At Shanghai, for example, big ships must wait for the tide, while at Tsingtao there is deep water all the time.

"We have a big plan for the expansion of the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway, for we propose to build an extension from Tsinanfu to Shunte, which in time will open up new lines of communication from Peking to Hankow and elsewhere in the west and southwest. Through these proposed new links we will drain the whole Yellow River basin.

"China's hope lies in education and communication. But we must have America's help. We have her moral support, but we need something more tangible if we are ever going to bring China out of her present chaos. Why is British capital so successful in our country? It is merely because British money is not afraid to go venturing and the people behind it have the great virtue of patience. American capitalists are too eager for quick results. This tells the whole story of British commercial prestige in the Far East."

When you turn to Japan in Manchuria you find the full drama of her economic and political imperialism unfolded. Just as the World War focused universal interest on Shan-tung, so did the Russo-Japanese struggle draw attention to the region which is now the real seat of Nipponese overseas economic prestige. Personally, Manchuria had a stronger appeal for me than Shantung. Modern warfare was really born there, for the American-Spanish conflict was not a major event, and the Boer War did not enlist destructive science as we came to know it in France. Before Nogi and Kuroki humbled Kuropatkin and Stössel, Manchuria was principally famous for bandits and beans. Both these picturesque products still flourish, and for the moment there is an added attraction because Chang Tso-lin, the famous war lord of the north, defeated by Wu Pei-fu in the latest Chinese Civil War, is still viceroy of the three so-called eastern provinces—Mukden, Kirin and Hei-lung-kiang—that constitute the territory.

So completely do the Japanese dominate Southern Manchuria that many people do not know that it is a part of China. Not only is it Chinese soil but the old Manchu emperors sprang from it. Under their rule Liao-yang, near Mukden, was for a time the capital of China. The tombs of some of these ancient rulers still stand outside Mukden. From Port Arthur and Dairen

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*In the above category, countless tons of Toncan are serving in the form of roofing, spouting, gutters, window frames, skylights, cornice, tanks, furnace pipes, ventilating ducts, metal lath, boiler tubes, culverts, etc.

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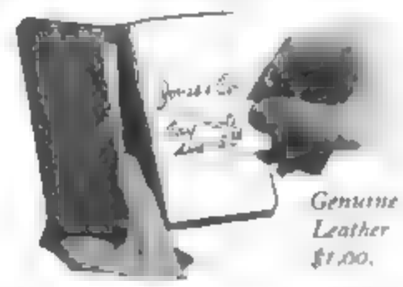

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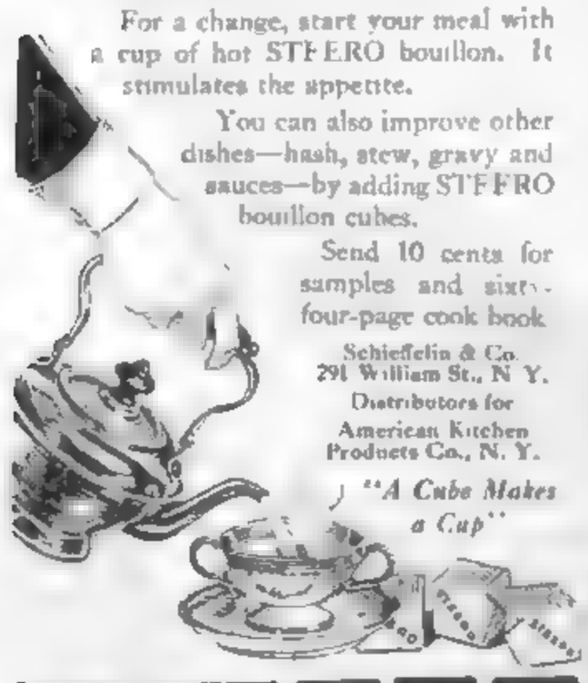

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NO COOKING

The "Food Drink" for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office and Fountains. *Ask for HORLICK'S.*

Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

on the south up to Mukden, everything is Japanese. Their influence extends beyond Chang-Chun into Mongolia. You see the little khaki-clad soldiers of the Mikado all along the railway, and in the cities the Japanese settlements are dominant. The South Manchuria Railway, one of the richest prizes of the war with Russia, and the first organ of Japanese imperialism abroad, has become a mighty empire builder, with a story almost as romantic as that of the Union Pacific or the Canadian Pacific. It has wielded political as well as economic influence

As was the case with Shan-tung, a brief historical prelude is necessary to an understanding of the Manchurian situation. So far as American interest is concerned, it is far more important than Shan-tung, because we do a considerable business in and through Manchuria.

The very word "Manchuria" conjures up the great and vanished dream of Russian prestige in the Far East. It has been the battleground of more sinister political intrigue than almost any other region anywhere. After the Chinese-Japanese War, which started over Korea, Japan secured what is known as the Kwangtung leased territory of the Liao-tung Peninsula at the southern end of Manchuria. This included among other things the harbor and town of Port Arthur. Subsequently Russia, Germany and France insisted that Japan relinquish possession of these districts, on the ground that such possession was detrimental to the lasting peace of the East. In the face of this demand, which was backed by an impressive naval demonstration, the Mikado's government had to yield.

Then was planted the seed of two important events affecting the destiny of the Orient. One was the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; the other was the Russo-Japanese War.

Japan's Great Hour

Japanese pride was stung by this performance and eventually got its revenge on the Slav. No sooner had Japan surrendered her territorial rights in Manchuria than Russia began the immense program of expansion which led to her undoing. From China she acquired a lease on the very territory that Japan had given up, and she began at once the construction of a railway from Chang-Chun in the north down to Port Arthur. It was to be a link in the Trans-Siberian system. It is now the South Manchuria Railway. Prior to this time Russian penetration had been confined to Northern Manchuria, where the Slavs had constructed the Chinese-Eastern Railway, with Harbin as the nucleus. Now they reached out for the whole domain. The railway to the south was merely part of a colossal scheme for control. Not only was Port Arthur fortified until it was regarded as well-nigh impregnable but about thirty miles distant on Ta-lien-wan Bay the Russians laid out a pretentious city which they called Dalny. It is the Dairen of today. Russian troops swarmed throughout Manchuria, which virtually came under Slav rule. The Japanese, who had been the first outsiders to exploit the country, were almost backed into a corner. Russian authority in Southern Manchuria meant that Korea would be the next outpost to fall—and Korea menaced Japanese soil. The inevitable result was the Russo-Japanese War, most of which was fought on Manchurian soil, and which resulted in the triumph of Japan.

Japan now had her great hour. At the Portsmouth peace conference Russia was compelled to cede to her the leased Kwangtung territory of the Liao-tung Peninsula, the Russian Railway that ran south from Chang-Chun, together with all collateral mining and other privileges. The original Russian lease was for twenty-five years and would have expired in 1923. By the Chino-Japanese Treaty of May 25, 1915, it was extended to a total of ninety-nine years, or to 1997 At Portsmouth, Japan also got the southern half of the island of Saghalin Russia further agreed to recognize her paramount economic, military and political rights in Korea. It was the forerunner of annexation.

The cession of Manchuria gave the Japanese the opportunity for penetration and expansion they had so long desired. At the outset they committed the error, as they now admit, of making their rule militaristic. Russia had established the precedent of the mailed fist, and the little conquerors did not want to take any chances. For some years the governor-general of Kwangtung, whose headquarters was at Port Arthur, which is still the seat of Japanese political authority, had to be a general or a lieutenant general.

Today a soldier is no longer required to fill this post.

Linked with this militaristic control was the chain of consuls under whose jurisdiction were placed all the growing Japanese communities in Manchuria. In this consular service you have the real agency for Nipponese espionage in the territory. The Japanese consul general at Mukden, for example, has the same authority and is as powerful as the minister to a European state. Nothing gets by him. All aliens who come to Manchuria undergo practically the same once-over as those who visit the mother country.

But the big influence that began to function almost as soon as Japan set up shop in Manchuria, and which continues to be the power behind the Manchurian throne, so to speak, was the South Manchuria Railway, whose achievement is unique in the annals of transportation companies. It realizes all the varied responsibilities that the late E. H. Harriman coupled with his kindling vision of railway control. In fact, Harriman once tried to acquire the road as part of a round-the-world railway-and-steamship service that he then had in mind. Founded by imperial Japanese ordinance, with a capitalization of two hundred million yen, it is the biggest project yet conceived by Japan. The efficiency lacking in so many Japanese enterprises at home is here conspicuously present. The S. M. R., as it is more commonly known, is the great industrializing and agriculturalizing influence of Manchuria. Indeed, to write of Manchuria is to write of its many-sided activities, which enter every phase of economic life. It is more American in scope, operation and boost than any other Japanese enterprise I have encountered.

In the South Manchuria Railway you have an illuminating example of the coordination between the Japanese Government and big business. In exchange for the railway and other rights, the government holds half the capital stock. Formerly the governor-generalship of the Kwangtung area and the presidency of the railway were vested in the same person. The practice came to an end when the civil authorities superseded the military in 1919. The road is still an imperial agency and as such is one of the prides and joys of the empire.

Railway Dominance

An analysis of the ramified activities of the South Manchuria Railway is a striking lesson in Japanese expansion methods. As colonizers the Japanese have failed signally despite the international complications kicked up over the California issue. It is worth emphasizing here again that the Nipponese prefer to remain at home. They will not even migrate in numbers to Hokkaido, which is Japan in the north, and which is rich and undeveloped. The Japanese have gone to Manchuria in numbers, not as colonists but mainly as servants of the empire—that is, as railroad officials, operators, guards, bankers, police and industrialists.

They do this because it enables so many of them to wear brass buttons, and the Japanese, like the German, is happy when he is in uniform.

This failure to colonize applies to every Japanese domain—even Korea, which is a 100 per cent Japanese colony. Here, too, the uniformed representatives are strong. When they are not in uniform the Japanese overseas are mainly small tradesmen. It is only in America and Canada that they go in for farming or gardening to any extent.

The conquest of Manchuria by Japan, therefore, is through the agency of railway and bank, the development being unaccompanied by any large-scale movement of settlers. Thus it follows that the achievement of the South Manchuria Railway is unique in that its penetration is almost purely industrial. Though the S. M. R. parallels the Canadian Pacific and the Union Pacific in what might be called the romance of pioneering, it is absolutely unlike the Western transcontinental systems, which received immense areas of land and induced colonists to open up the virgin regions.

The South Manchuria Railway's process of industrialization has scarcely affected the immense background of Manchurian life. If you leave the narrow strip of what is called the railway zone—the Japanese control only the land immediately contiguous to the tracks—you behold a land unchanged by the passage of thousands of years. The Manchurians go on wearing the same kind of clothes that their ancestors wore long before the discovery of America. They till the soil in the same primitive way. The stations, buildings, and other modern improvements instituted by the railway are therefore in sharp contrast. The modern and the medieval meet everywhere in Manchuria

It might perhaps be best to get the physical aspect of the South Manchuria Railway in mind first. The main line extends from Chang-Chun to Dairen, where it connects with the company steamers, which go to Tsingtao and Shanghai. The Mukden-Antung line branches off to the east, and at the Korean border joins with the Korean railways, which are under the S. M. R. control and operation. Hence there is a system of practically two thousand miles, and all of it has been converted by the Japanese into standard American gauge.

The Rise of Dairen

When you travel from Japan to Mukden you come under South Manchuria Railway supervision at Shimonoseki. You cross the Tsushima Straits—famous for Togo's great victory over the Russian fleet—to Fusan at the southern tip of Korea, in one of the company boats. From this time on, and until you are almost in China proper, you cannot escape the South Manchuria Railway influence. You travel in the cars hauled by locomotives, all built in company shops at Dairen; the coal and iron used in construction and for fuel come from company mines; you live in company hotels in cities whose heat, light and power are provided by company plants; and if you fall sick you can go to a well-equipped railway hospital.

The South Manchuria Railway is really something of a vertical trust employed as a common carrier, for it operates, among other things, the great coal mines at Fushun, the largest, perhaps, in the world, where thirty thousand Chinese are employed, and the immense steel works at Anshan.

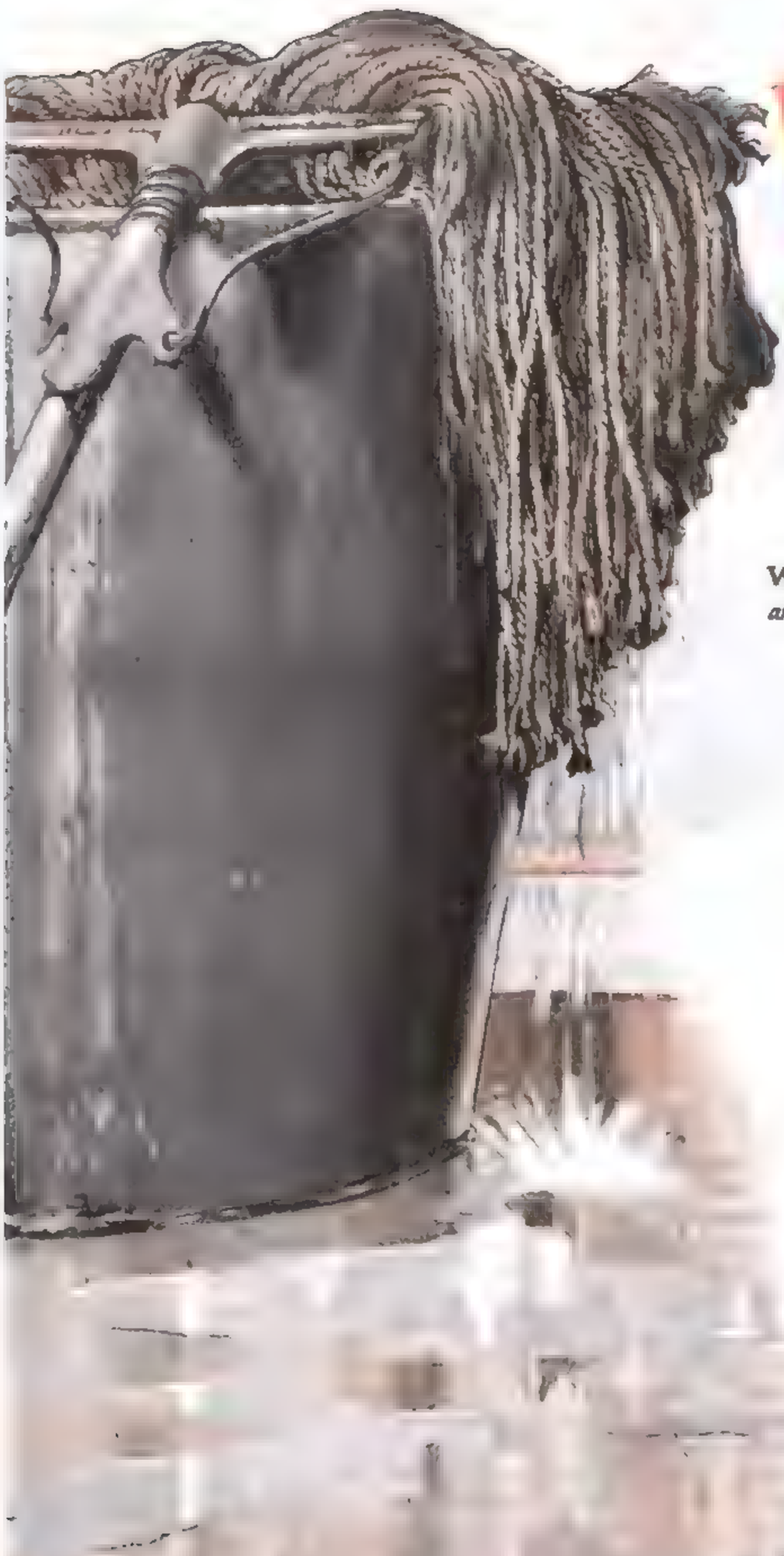
I traversed the entire South Manchuria Railway system with the exception of the link between Mukden and Chang-Chun. The biggest surprise that I got was Dairen. Here you have the wonder city of the Orient, as measured by American boom standards Twenty years ago Dairen was merely the mark on the map where Russia had indicated the Dalny that was to be her pivotal point of vantage in the East. Today it is a metropolitan community of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand people, with parks, avenues and public buildings worthy of a city of half a million. The Russians planned Dalny in the form of a wheel with seven great avenues radiating from a hub which was to be a civic center. The Japanese adhered to this project, but have developed it beyond the original conception.

Dairen is the capital of the South Manchuria Railway empire, for its southern terminus, the head offices and all its shops are there. When the road unfurled its flag sixteen years ago the place ranked forty-second among the ports of China. Now it is second on the roster of Chinese maritime customs. This tells the whole story. In 1906 New-Chwang, which was opened by the British, was the great outlet of Southern Manchuria. Thanks to the Japanese exploitation of Dairen, New-Chwang has been relegated to the background. It means that Japanese authority has superseded that one-time British trade suzerainty in that part of the world.

One reason why the loss of Dairen is such a bitter pill for the Russians is that it is open all the year round, whereas Vladivostok is ice-bound a great part of the time. Although Russia for the moment is in the shadows, no one can doubt that some day she will come back and have a reckoning with Japan. Every Russian of the old order smarts under what he considers the humiliation heaped upon his country by Japan in Siberia.

The Japanese, however, are going ahead on the theory that Southern Manchuria will always be theirs, hence the solidity and massiveness of construction at Dairen and elsewhere. It gets back to the Nipponese hypothesis of improvements that

(Continued on Page 149)



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Pitcairn Waterspar Varnishes are numbered among the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's products—each noted for high quality and perfect service. Among these products you can find something to meet any requirement you may have for glass, paint or varnish. Handled by quality dealers everywhere.

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No human court is this. The trial and verdict are swift and final, for this is the "Court of Physics." Its rigid laws are made *visible*, and the Supreme Lens is a perfect judge.

Americans can be proud of the fact that Wellsworth Trial Lenses were long ago adopted throughout the world as the ultimate of accuracy.

Thirty years ago, George W. Wells realized that such precision, uncalled for in other products, was needed by every optical specialist when searching out faults in his patients' eyes. He often said to those who are today carrying out his inspiring project: "Our responsibility is great. Only through our devotion to scientific study and invention can eyesight specialists obtain the accurate equipment and the quality of glasses they need in order to make imperfect eyes see perfectly."

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

Wellsworth Glasses

All that Science can give: all that Artistry can add

(Continued from Page 146)

I pointed out earlier in this article with reference to Shan-tung. If the time ever comes to move out, there will be a stupendous bill. Since the lease in Manchuria does not expire until 1997 there is no reason why we should worry about it in this generation. The present-day Japanese may well recast the historic remark of the French king and say "After us come the lease complications."

During my visit to Southern Manchuria I went to see Port Arthur, which is less than two hours' journey by rail from Dairen. No one can climb 203 Metre Hill, which General Nogi called The Hill of Souls, and which was the key to Port Arthur, without appreciating Japan's heroism there. Port Arthur today, however, is merely the headquarters of the Governor-General of the Kwangtung leased area, and the town itself, upon which Russia built such vast commercial and political hopes, has no trade importance. It is degenerating into a summer resort. Only the sightseer now wanders along that battle-scarred area where Japan spilled her blood and first stepped into the ranks of the great powers.

What concerns the American who visits Manchuria is precisely what the South Manchuria Railway has done in a big economic way. Although the principal product of Manchuria is a tall sorghum called kaoliang, which provides the natives with food, fuel, roofing material and intoxicating drink, the commodity that has made Manchuria famous is the soy bean. It has a far larger commercial if less aesthetic significance than the bean so inseparably linked with Boston.

The Soy Bean Industry

Most persons merely associate the soy bean with soy sauce and let it go at that. It has many uses, however. Like that proverbial and practical Chicago hog whose squeal was phonographed, every detail of the bean is capitalized. The bean itself constitutes an important article of diet with the Japanese, who consume soup made from it every morning. For the seasoning of their food they rarely use salt, as we do, but employ bean sauce. Thus, they eat beans in one form or another three times a day. Bean oil is extensively employed in cooking and as a lubricant, while the bean cake, which is the residue after the oil has been extracted, is an excellent fertilizer. Until the Manchurian farmers knew its value it was wasted as fodder.

The bean constitutes the bulk of Manchurian exports. Twenty per cent of the cultivated land is devoted to it and the yield is considerably over one hundred million bushels a year, of which 70 per cent is produced in Southern Manchuria. As you ride across the country you can see endless caravans moving over the plains, carrying the beans into the towns. Every railway station is piled high with the sacks, while the huge wharves at Dairen are simply acres of them.

It was natural that the South Manchuria Railway Company should devote itself to the standardization of the bean. One of its most important activities is a laboratory at Dairen for the scientific investigation of the indigenous products of the country. Here successful experiments in manufacturing soap from bean oil, and paper from the kaoliang stalks, have been made.

The most noteworthy advance in the soybean industry, however, was made when the railway introduced what is known as the system of mixed storage. Under this procedure the beans are examined and graded according to quality when they arrive at the railway station. A certificate is then issued to the depositor, entitling him to draw from the mixed storage elsewhere an equivalent amount of beans of the same quality. This plan saves the railway the trouble of transporting and storing each consignor's cargo separately.

Just as Dairen is the economic capital of Manchuria, so is Mukden the political center. My interest in this historic place, which readers came to know so well during the Russo-Japanese War, because it was the center of extensive operations and the scene of a notable battle, largely centered about Chang Tso-lin. Here lives the picturesque war lord, and here he spins the devious webs of intrigue and ambition. In my article on the Chinese Civil War—the fourth of this series—I described my various meetings with him, so it is necessary now only to comment upon the effect of his defeat upon the Japanese.

This brings us to one of the much discussed problems of Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin, up to the time of the disaster at the hands of Wu Pei-fu last May, was virtual master of Manchuria—that is, so far as the Chinese end was concerned. He had begun life as a bandit and there are many who believe that he has never changed his practice, although he has risen to high administrative estate. Be that as it may, Chang Tso-lin has long been regarded as a powerful ally of the Japanese. They have played each other's game to their mutual profit. The viceroy, for example, has had the final word on every concession outside the leased zone, and most of them have gone to the Japanese. His troops were trained by Japanese and most of his equipment came from Japan. Every time I went to see the wily potentate I almost stumbled over the Japanese who cluttered the outer rooms. The alien who goes to see him is immediately placed under observation by the Japanese. They want no outsiders to intrude upon their preserves.

So long as Chang Tso-lin held the Peking government in the hollow of his hand, which he did until Wu Pei-fu got the better of him in the field, the Japanese also had a strong pull at court. I recall that one of the scathing comments on former President Hsu Shih-chang that Sun Yat-sen made to me ran like this: "The Peking government is not a government by Chinese, but by Japanese." At that time it was largely based on Chang Tso-lin's power.

Now that Chang's grip on Peking is broken Japanese prestige in China proper is considerably lessened. The important question agitating the Nipponese just now is, Can Chang Tso-lin hold his own in Manchuria? Shortly after he reached Mukden, following his disastrous retreat, he declared the independence of Manchuria. Here again he was playing into Japan's hands, for a Manchuria independent of China gives her a greater opportunity for forceful penetration, provided Chang Tso-lin remains at the head of it, and this seems likely. Manchuria lies outside the Great Wall. The eighteen provinces that constitute China proper are so big that nobody cares whether Manchuria is in or outside the republic.

Chang Tso-lin assured me that not only did he fear and suspect the Japanese but that he was anxious for American capital to come into Manchuria and offset the Nipponese hold on things. I told him that I would pass the word along, but my own private opinion is that Chang Tso-lin would rather favor the Japanese than anyone else. As he himself admitted in the course of one of our talks, "The Japanese are up against my front door and if I do not placate them they will occupy more of the territory. Once their troops go in, it is hard to dislodge them."

Open or Closed?

Chang Tso-lin's last remark discloses one of the favorite Japanese methods of military occupation, which has been successfully worked in Siberia as well. Manchuria is a land of bandits. The country is more or less wild and lends itself to sudden raids and swift and safe withdrawals. Nobody knows this better than Chang Tso-lin himself, whose guerrillas were hired by the Japanese to harass the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War. Every time bandits raid a town where a Japanese consulate is located the Japanese send in troops and keep them there. Once on the ground, they remain. At a small village not far from the Yalu River I saw a considerable force of Japanese soldiers encamped. When I asked an official of the South Manchuria Railway why they were there his reply was, "We must have protection against the bandits."

Is the door of Manchuria open or closed? The enemies of Japan have maintained that there has been discrimination against foreign freight and that it has piled up on the docks at Dairen, while Japanese merchandise has gone on to its destination. So far as I was able to discover there were no signs of such congestion. The South Manchuria Railway officials logically contend that Dairen exports exceed the imports; therefore they always have available freight cars for the inland traffic. The American Ambassador at Tokio assured me that he had received no complaints from American shippers.

The South Manchuria Railway, however, is perfectly frank about its rebate system. Big shippers get rebates ranging from 7 to 40 per cent. No favorites are played. It is merely a matter of quantity of freight handled and an application for special privilege. These rebates have been enjoyed by both American and British corporations. This procedure is possible because the South Manchuria Railway is a law unto itself, and can do no wrong.

In Shan-tung and Manchuria—and it is also true of Korea and Siberia—you have the picture of Japanese commercial occupation that followed in the wake of war. It is definitely organized, labeled and tagged. But it comprises only part of a Nipponese economic grip that extends to the most populous and prosperous sections of China proper. We now come to a penetration well worth explaining.

To begin with, Japan has always regarded China as her special field of exploitation. This is natural, first because of propinquity, and second for the reason that China has the raw materials which Nippon so sorely needs for her industry. The racial and linguistic kinship is also a factor. Practically three-fourths of the iron mines of China are controlled by the Japanese in one way or another. One of the celebrated Twenty-one Demands was for a continuation of Japanese stewardship of the well-known Hanyehping Iron and Steel Works and Colliery opposite Wuchang, at the junction of the Yang-tse and the Han rivers.

Japan's method in China proper has been peculiarly interesting. It is based on that ancient and powerful leverage which grows out of debt. For years the Japanese have been pouring their money into China in the form of loans. Nothing philanthropic dictated the procedure. Every loan got a tighter hold on officials, mines, railways or strategic points.

In 1918 the Japanese negotiated not less than thirty secret loans with the Chinese for an aggregate of over 100,000,000 yen.

So chaotic is the status of Chinese finance—it is on a par with the disintegration of Chinese politics—that it is well-nigh impossible to state just what the exact obligations to Japan are. They are estimated to be six hundred million yen, or three hundred million dollars, gold. Between 1909 and 1920 China negotiated sixty-six major loans with Japan, not including nineteen to the Hanyehping concern. Some of these loans, though national in scope, were private in character. One hope of China lies in a reorganization of her whole loan system, which will prevent the many abuses that have been committed under the guise of satisfying her national needs.

The Loss of the Bird-Nest Trade

For years the Japanese have been building up industries, notably cotton spinning, in China. Since 1920 the activity has increased many fold. This is due to the high cost of production at home and because labor and overhead are so cheap in China. Another illuminating provocation is that the Chinese have been underselling the Japanese in such commodities as cotton cloth and incandescent lights in Japan. The Japanese therefore find it cheaper to manufacture the merchandise abroad and ship it back.

The Japanese have also got their hooks into industries peculiarly Chinese. When China declared her boycott on Japanese products following the Versailles peace treaty she was horrified to find that control of the production and marketing of her favorite foods, like bird nests, bamboo shoots and shark fins, was almost entirely in the hands of the Japanese.

It showed how shrewdly the hated neighbor worked.

I can give no more emphatic indication of Japan's strong commercial influence in China proper than to say that of one hundred and nine cotton mills the Japanese own thirty-one, seventy-three are Chinese, and the remaining five British. Of the thirty-seven cotton mills at Shanghai thirteen are Japanese.

Shanghai is one of the Japanese strongholds. Seventy per cent of the coal marketed there comes from Japanese sources. During 1921 one hundred and seventy-four new corporations were started there. Of this number eighty-eight were Japanese. This was more than twice the number of new American companies, and almost four times as many as the new British concerns.

The Japanese have also allied themselves with Chinese concerns, and in this way are

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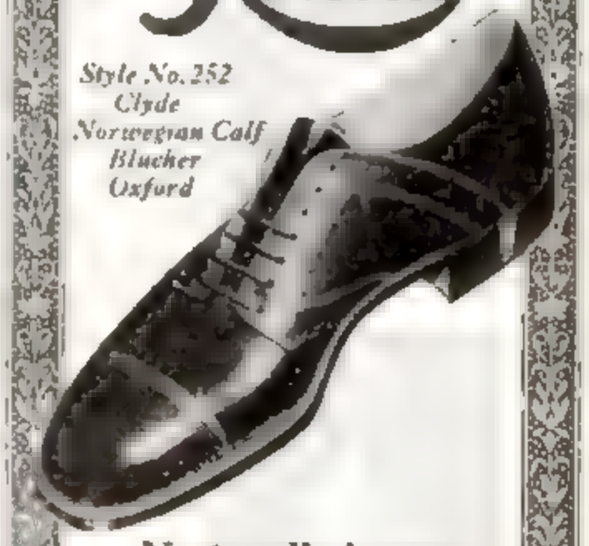

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A knee-length, sleeveless, loose-fitting Union Suit —KNIT of highest grade WOOL mixed with Cotton

As soft and unrestricting as the lightest Summer Athletic Undergarment. Yet perfectly protecting to the vital body organs.

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following the safest course in overseas trade. An examination of one hundred and four joint enterprises discloses the fact that forty-eight are Sino-Japanese. The next largest number are the Sino-American companies, which number only thirteen. There are ten Sino-British and an equal number of Sino-French organizations.

According to the Chinese custom returns, Japan has 25 per cent of the trade of the republic. China's share of Japan's foreign trade was 18 per cent in 1919, but it has suffered a loss since that time, due to the universal business collapse. In passing, it is perhaps worth noting that in 1873 China supplied one-third of Japan's imports.

In China proper the Japanese have done no colonizing as such. The majority have pursued the usual policy of embarking as small tradesmen. In Shanghai there are more than ten thousand Japanese nationals. They outnumber the Americans two to one. The total number of Japanese in China, including Manchuria and the leased territory of Shan-tung, is over three hundred thousand, and practically every one, save those in the diplomatic and secret service, is engaged in business.

Taking the larger view, and excluding Manchuria, Japan's sphere of commercial influence in China extends from Tsingtao to Tsinanfu, which means that it covers all Shan-tung. In Tsinanfu there is a considerable Japanese community with all the comforts of home. At this point the Japanese begin to overlap the British zone, whose stronghold, after Hong-Kong, is the Yang-tse Valley. You will recall that one of the Twenty-one Demands referred specifically to the Hanyehping Iron and Steel Works. This was really a defy to British trade sovereignty, which centers about Hankow. Wherever Britain loses a foothold in China the Japanese take her place, and it is not adding to the love that the representatives of these two nations have for each other in the Orient.

Policies Toward Korea

Any analysis of Japanese overseas expansion must include a brief survey of Korea, for this strategically important territory, once called the dagger aimed at the heart of Japan, constitutes a real post of empire. She is the key to the national defense of the nation and is the only out-and-out Japanese colony except Formosa. Korea represents physical security rather than economic advancement.

I have ranged through many countries these last years, but have yet to find one where the sense of desolation is so persistent as in Korea. Not only are the Koreans the most unsanitary people in the world but they are also the most forlorn looking. It is a curious fact that the most unwashed of peoples should have selected white for their garments. The male Koreans wear what looks like a glorified nightshirt, but it is not white very long.

One might say that the prevailing color of the national apparel is the color of the dirt of the immediate vicinity that you are describing.

To the credit of the Japanese it must be said that they have instituted drastic sanitary and educational reforms. They are teaching the rice farmers—rice is the principal crop—how to deal scientifically with the soil. That the Korean farmer is instinctively improvident is revealed in the bare hillsides and valleys of the country. The land has been almost denuded of its one-time splendid forests. The Japanese have now set about the tremendous task of reforestation and are employing Koreans in the work. Under Japanese supervision new crops, like fruit, cotton, sugar beets, hemp, tobacco and silkworms, are being introduced. Since Japanese annexation the output of the coal mines has been trebled and exports more than doubled. But more important than all these are the health innovations, which will in time revolutionize the whole social life of the nation.

There is neither the space nor the inclination to enter into the merits of the controversy between the Koreans and the Japanese. Since the revolution of 1919 order has prevailed everywhere. Most of the Koreans in Korea apparently have abandoned all idea of independence. The movement for defection exists mainly in natives who live abroad. The educated Koreans with whom I talked at Seul look to Russia and China to deliver them ultimately from Japanese rule. A few, however, put their faith in what they believe is the inevitable revolution in Japan.

It was a wise foreign policy that placed Baron Saito in Seul as Governor-General of Korea. No administrator anywhere has a more difficult task, yet he is winning the confidence of the Koreans to an astonishing degree. He has permitted them to establish local assemblies, which means that autonomy may some day develop. Baron Saito is a retired admiral and served with distinction in the Russo-Japanese War.

I had many talks with him, both in Tokio and in Seul, and invariably found him generous and tolerant in his attitude towards the people he governs.

It only remains to speak of the one aspect of Japanese penetration which still irritates in many quarters, especially in Russia. I mean the occupation of Siberia. Here another rich economic overseas prize has dropped into the lap of Nippon through the circumstances of war.

The Japanese went into Siberia at the request of the Western powers to help stem the tide of Bolshevism. That they should be the last to leave is not surprising, if you have studied their troop movements in other countries. They now control Vladivostok and for some distance inland, and have also occupied the northern end of the island of Saghalin. The latter move was in retaliation for the massacre of Japanese soldiers and citizens at Nikolaievsk. The Japanese have promised to evacuate as soon as they get reparation for the outrage. Since restitution is not likely to be forthcoming soon, the Japanese tenure will doubtless continue indefinitely.

This control and occupation spell not only Japanese domination for a long stretch of the Pacific Coast of Siberia but stewardship of valuable rights. The vast valley of the Amur with its fur and grain treasure is already at the mercy of the invader. It is no secret that the Japanese have acquired most of the old Russian fishing privileges. Since the czarist laws prohibit foreigners from acquiring these properties the Japanese have obtained them through Russians whose names figure on the leases. The immense coal fields in Northern Saghalin have already been taken over by the Mitsubishi organization. The oil deposits are also coming under Japanese control. As usual, small Japanese tradesmen have swarmed to Vladivostok and will stick there. As in Shan-tung, Japan can easily withdraw her armed forces and remain in economic control.

When all is said and done, the one phase of Japanese penetration that interests America is in China. The new Nine-Power Treaty sets up a barrier against further special privilege, and if she can stabilize her politics the great yellow republic is on the threshold of an era of real advancement. Translated into action, Japan's professed new attitude towards her means a coöperation which will almost revolutionize the Orient.

The retirement of Great Britain from Wei-hai-wei and the abandonment of Port Arthur as a naval base by Japan are significant moves in a larger reform. It means that the mood of the nations that have so long controlled the destiny of China is changing from conquest to conciliation.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to China at the Crossroads.

OPERA GUYED

(Continued from Page 29)

And once, beside a dismal pool
She lost her wedding ring, the fool!

When Golo heard about the ring—
She thought he wouldn't mind it—
He raved and swore like anything,
And said, "Go out and find it."
With Pelleas she searched all night;
The poor simps didn't have a light.

At last it filtered through the bean
Of that poor half-wit, Golo,
That Melisande's big third-act scene
Was not exactly solo.
Said he, "My royal pride is hurt.
I fear my wife has done me dirt."

And so that night he found the two.
By now he'd grown to hate her.
His brother on the spot he slew
His wife died some time later
For harmless fun and merry banter
Give me Ed Wynn or Eddie Cantor.

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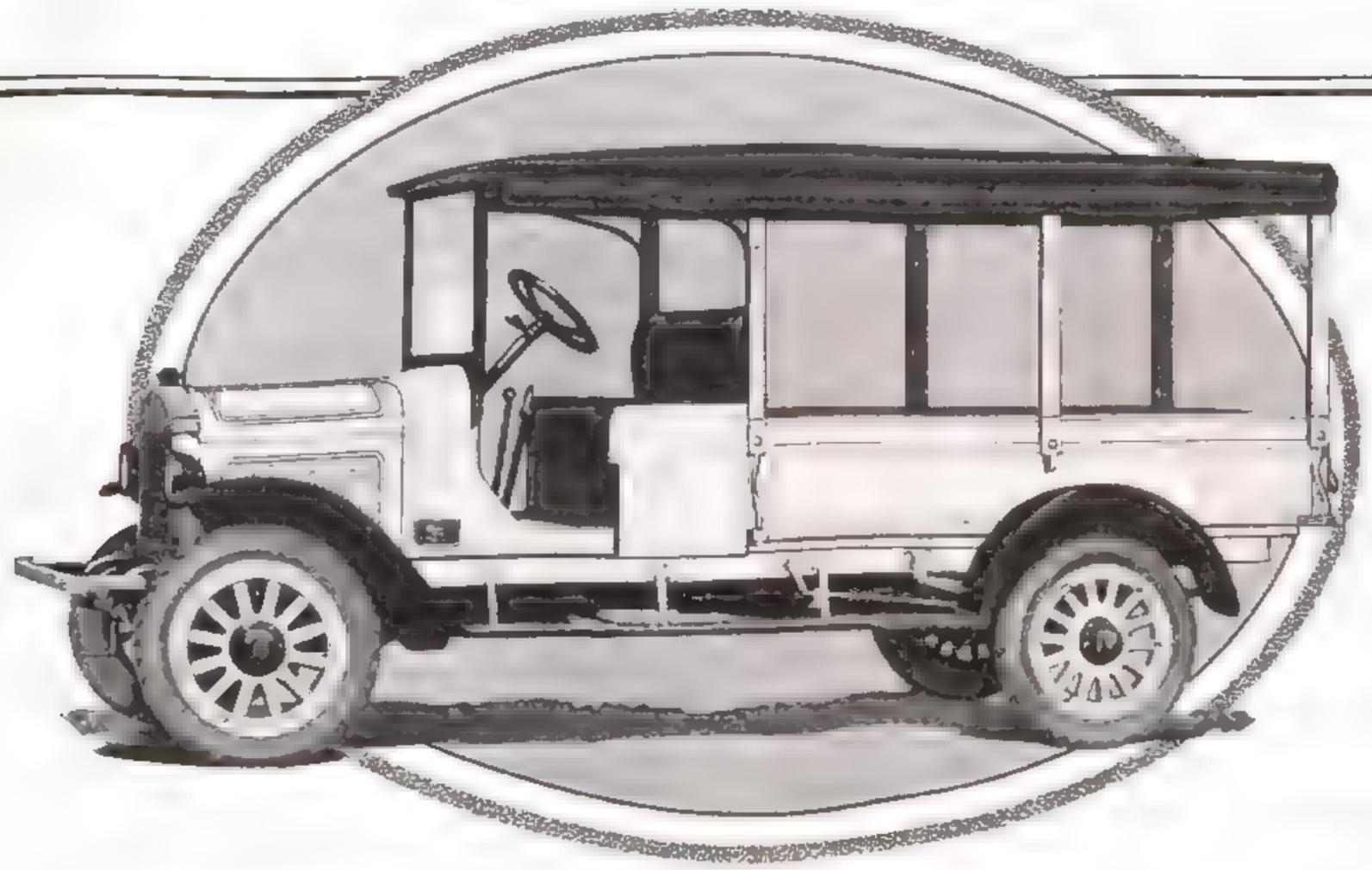

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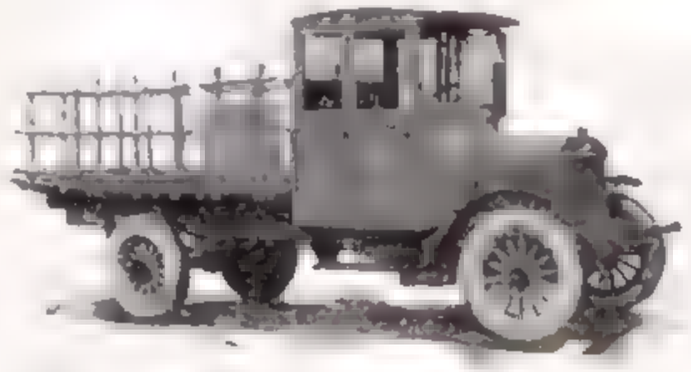
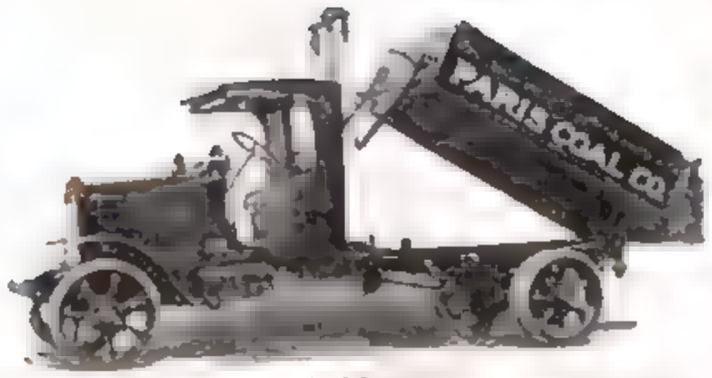


1½ to 1¾ ton. Equipped with a stake body offers quality found in trucks costing much more. Chassis price $1445 f. o. b. Buffalo



3½ to 4 ton. Equipped with dump body. An ideal job for the coal trade. Has a price advantage over trucks of equal quality. Chassis price $1190 f. o. b. Buffalo

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BROADWAY BROKE

(Continued from Page 5)

During dinner he came again and again to their table with bits of old gossip, shreds of loving reminiscence. His open homage and the gallant attentiveness of Tom Kerrigen, looking very handsome in evening clothes, combined to make the evening a happy one for Nellie. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkled, her troubles were temporarily forgotten.

They witnessed the last two acts of a modern play and agreed that the acting would not have been tolerated for a moment by Augustin Daly. When Nellie climbed to the fifth floor after her evening with the past she found the little flat silent and in darkness. A bed had been prepared for her on the couch in the parlor. She heard Joe snoring loudly in the room at the rear—the room she had been sharing with Gracie.

As she was stooping over to unlace her shoes a pathetic little creature crept in from the kitchen. Chum, unable to sleep, walking the house, conscious of something wrong, something that was his fault. He came up to her timidly, apologetically, and touched her bare arm with his nose.

But Nellie Wayne was back in the present now, the icy fear again in her heart. The dog's advances annoyed her.

"Go back! Go back, sir!" she whispered, and he meekly turned to obey. She watched him as he reluctantly left the room, dignified but hurt.

"Chloroform for you!" she said bitterly. "But for me—what? God knows!"

II

IN THE morning things looked a little brighter. Joe awoke in an aggressively optimistic mood. Everything, he announced, was all for the best. But for the dereliction of Chum he might have gone on indefinitely wasting his talents in vaudeville, when as a matter of fact he belonged in business, where he would shortly pile up an amazing fortune. He was a bit late starting, but he would show 'em now. He was through with the theater.

"Know a guy up in Columbus Circle sells automobiles," he said. "Three years ago he tells me I'm a born salesman. I'll just walk in on him this morning and ask when do I go to work."

After the meager breakfast Joe put on his hat and called to Chum. The dog ran to him eagerly, barking his joy, anticipating a happy stroll in the sunshine. Joe stooped and removed the rhinestone collar from Chum's neck.

"I'll see how much I can get on this," he told them. He winked. "Chum won't need it where he's going." And he went blithely out, leaving the dog whining his disappointment just inside the door.

At six o'clock that evening Mr. Karger returned to them, wilted and again in the depths. His day had not been happy.

"Seems the car trade's all shot," he announced. "Nothing doing there. And the best I could do on Chum's collar was six measly ones. 'But look here, uncle,' I says, 'them stones is set in sterling silver.' 'Six bucks,' he answers, 'and not a penny more.'"

"Oh, Joe," cried Gracie, "and the agent for the landlord coming back tomorrow! I told him positively ——"

"I'm doing my best, ain't I?" Joe demanded. "What's the rest of you doing? Was you round to the agents, baby?"

"Yes," said young Nellie. "They told me to call again."

"The old bunk! Ma, I don't suppose you got anything up your sleeve."

"I'd like to help if I could, Joe. I've got a sort of a plan ——"

"Kerrigen?" he inquired eagerly.

"No, not Kerrigen."

"Well, ma, he looks to me like your best bet."

"That's not the way he looks to me," said Nellie Wayne.

"Well, come on, folks." Joe stood up. "We'll dine at the automat. While the six lasts we live high."

Nellie Wayne asked to be excused. She had lunched well, she said, and had eaten a wonderful dinner only last night. The three went out and left her. For a long time she sat, staring into space.

She was thinking of Madge Foster. An old friend, Madge; they had toured together years ago, shared the same make-up box, the same bed in dreary hotel rooms. Madge was slightly younger. Nellie had given her her first engagement, shown her many a kindness in that dim past. Now that Madge was working, prosperous, she could not well refuse a little temporary aid to her old friend and benefactor.

Nellie sighed. It would not be easy to walk into Madge's dressing room, and there amid the many evidences of her old associate's success and prosperity confess her own plight. Still, the situation was desperate; she must face the ordeal; she owed the sacrifice to Gracie and to Joe.

She arrayed herself in the best she had, and at 7:30 was on her way up Broadway. The theater crowds were not yet on the streets; only occasional pedestrians, many of them actors hurrying to their work. Their work! With bitterly envious eyes she saw them turn off into narrow alleyways that led to various stage doors. Once she, too, had had a destination at this hour, had known the cheery greeting of the door man, had hurried to the star's dressing room and found her maid waiting for her in the bright interior, with the lid of the make-up box open under the mirror; the mirror lined with a hundred telegrams and messages, friendly words from the camp followers of success.

She came to the alleyway beside the theater where Madge was playing, and turned in. An old man with drooping shoulders was loitering near the tall iron fence.

"Nellie Wayne!" he cried.

"Why, Frank Shore!" she said.

"Hello, Nellie! I ain't seen you since that week in New Orleans eighteen years ago. Remember? Bidwell's, in Canal Street—Charlie's piece, The Midnight Flyer."

"As long ago as that! Working, Frank?"

"Me? I ain't had a berth for three seasons, Nellie. I'm—I'm at the end of my rope. Been to the fund five times—I can't go again. Just just begging in the street, Nellie."

Again the easy tears in her eyes. Frank Shore, an artist, a man who respected his profession, come to this!

"Wait for me here," she said. "I'll be along again in a few minutes."

She nodded to the door man, an old acquaintance, and crossed the stage, set for the first act, to the star's dressing room. Madge Foster, resplendent in the evening gown she wore at the beginning of her play, greeted her effusively. She kissed Nellie on both cheeks and gushed with all the fervor at the command of a famous emotional actress.

"Nellie darling, this is a treat! Marie, a chair for Miss Wayne. Sit down, dearie - do. You're not in the way. Really, you're not. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I've been around," Nellie said. "How are you, dear?"

"Never better." Madge sat, too, a handsome woman, a magnetic personality, but with a face that bore the mark of many years of selfishness, of thinking only of Madge Foster. She leaned forward eagerly. "Have you seen me in this piece?"

"Yes; I was out front on Wednesday." A pause, while Madge waited impatiently for the laurel wreath. "I want to tell you—I think you're splendid, dear. Growing all the time."

"Thanks," said Madge. The implication that there was still room for artistic growth did not please her. "I don't know anybody I'd rather hear say that. I value your opinion, my dear, even though you're no longer working."

The shot went home. Nellie sat straighter in her chair.

"Of course, it's a wonderful part, dearie. Almost actor-proof."

"Oh, you think so?"

"But I'm glad to see you going so well, Madge."

Madge shrugged her white shoulders.

"If I was doing any better I'd be worried. Honest, Nellie, I get scared sometimes, the way things keep breaking for me. You wouldn't believe the money I'm drawing down! I told Levy it was too much, but he insisted."

"He would," smiled Nellie.

"And my children—all artists—all successful—all making big money. I ought to be a very happy woman, Nellie."

"You certainly ought, dear. Everybody's not so lucky. I met old Frank Shore in the alley." Madge's face clouded.

"Is he still out there? You wouldn't believe, Nellie, what a woman in my position is up against. The appeals for help, the panhandlers ——"

"I can imagine, dearie. I've been through it all myself, as you may recall. And I always tried to be kind—ours is such a precarious profession. One never knows what one's own finish is to be."

"Oh, I'm not worried about mine. Did you spend the summer in town?"

"Why, yes! You see, I didn't know what minute I might be called for rehearsal."

"Oh," said Madge, "I thought you'd quit."

Nellie's head went up.

"I'm trying to drop out, Madge, but they just won't let me."

"Really?" The tone was incredulous. "Well, if I'd known you were about I'd have had you down to my place in Great Neck. Like to have you see it, dearie. It's a darling little house—tiny, of course; I only paid fifty thousand for it. But that's enough about me. How about you, Nellie? How's Gracie?"

"Gracie's fine, and very happy with Joe. Joe's doing well."

"Got a trick dog in vaudeville, I hear."

"Yes, temporarily," Nellie admitted. "He'd like to go out alone, but the dog's so popular. It would be a crime to refuse the money they pay him."

"Well, dearie, I'm glad to hear that," Madge said. "Must come in handy in your old age, so few engagements and all."

Nellie laughed lightly.

"Means nothing to me, Madge. I laid away my pile and I can take care of myself. I'd have been a fool if I hadn't—and me the best Rosalind of a generation, as Winter called me. Then there was Charlie's royalties—there's never been a playwright could touch him. Don't worry about me, dearie."

"I'm not worrying," Madge assured her. "How's that granddaughter of yours? It must make you feel old to look at her."

"I'll never feel old, dear; not while I've got my figure. Baby's well. Just at present we have all we can do to keep her off the stage. Every manager on Broadway is after her. I guess they figure she's a good deal like me."

"Oh, they want youth, Nell. Youth's the ticket. You can't get by without it." She glanced complacently at her mirror.

"That's why I always say you're such a wonder, Madge," said Nellie sweetly. She stood up, a triumphant figure, proud, successful, smiling. "I must run along. Just happened to have a free evening, so I thought I'd run in and offer my congratulations."

"Must you go, dearie?" Madge rose too. "Sorry the place in Great Neck is closed—like to have you down. Perhaps next summer ——"

"That's mighty kind of you, Madge. Next summer, maybe—if I don't go abroad. I'm thinking of it. So many good friends in London. You remember my big hit over there. They write me to come—I don't know ——"

"Well, it was good of you to drop in. Now don't be such a stranger." They kissed—to the outward view warmly, affectionately.

"Good-by," said Nellie. "Here's hoping your good luck continues, dear—as mine has." And with a gracious smile she swept from the room.

She crossed the stage—the old odors, the old thrill! She was extremely well satisfied with herself. But in the alley, where Frank Shore came shuffling towards her, she felt suddenly guilty.

"Well, Nellie, here I am." His quavering old voice was hopeful.

She took him by the arm and led him along.

"Listen, Frank. I can tell you what I can't tell many. I'm broke too."

"Nellie—not you!" There was real distress in his voice. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that! It doesn't matter about me—I was never much, but you, Nellie, you were so wonderful!"

"Don't, Frank!" she said. "Don't, or I'll cry! It's the truth, I went in to borrow something from Madge Foster, but—I don't know exactly what happened. She started boasting, and I—I just couldn't do it. I couldn't tell her."

"Of course you couldn't," he said approvingly. "Don't you take any of her dust, Nellie. She's an amateur; a rotten little amateur compared with you."

"But I'm sorry for your sake, Frank. Here—here's a dollar."

"Can you spare it, Nellie? I'd rather not."

"Nonsense! We old-timers—we must stick together. Get yourself a meal and a bed, just for auld lang syne."

"God bless you, Nellie! There was never one could touch you. An artist and a lady. I always said it. One of my proudest memories—I played with Wayne."

Good-by, Frank, and good luck."

"Good-by, Nellie." He started to leave her, paused. Trained as he was in the old artificial comedies, the exit line did not suit him. "A meal and a bed," he added. "And dreams of the old Broadway where we were young together."

That was better, and he shuffled off into the crowd. Nellie turned toward home. The theatergoers filled the street, shining limousines drew up to the curb, expensively dressed people alighted. Inside, the orchestras were tuning up, the actors were strolling about in the wings; presently would come the rise of the curtain. The rise of the curtain! Then on for that first sweet laugh, that first beloved ripple of applause.

She climbed wearily to the fifth floor and knocked. No answer at first, and then the sharp bark of Chum. Taking out her key, she unlocked the door and entered the dark passageway. Chum, overjoyed, frisked at her feet. She turned on the light and glanced down at him. He looked strange without his collar; but he wouldn't need it where he was going, and it meant six more dollars, the last he had to give.

There was a note from Gracie on the table—"Joe and I have gone to the Palace." How like them—the precious six fading fast! "Baby will be in soon."

Removing her hat, Nellie sat down by a parlor window—the one at the side that overlooked the alleyway of the theater next door. She could see far up the street the electric signs flashing in front of half a dozen playhouses, the dense throngs daring the August heat—the pleasure seekers.

The hour of eight! It was the hardest of all the twenty-four for her. Every evening at eight a feeling of restlessness overwhelmed her. What was she doing here, at home?

She leaned far out into the humid August night. A thousand memories assailed her, little pictures out of her past; a dress rehearsal that lasted till morning—and the greatest manager of all time on his knees before her in the dawn, thanking her for the genius she had shown; a big dinner table back stage, a Christmas tree in the center, and the great Nellie Wayne passing out the presents to her retinue; a moonlit night on Boston Common after the show, with Charlie Farren walking beside her, beseeching her to marry him; the dining room of the house on Twenty-second Street at midnight, dear, handsome Charlie standing at the head of the table, a champagne glass in his hand; a first night at the Lyceum, her dressing room banked with flowers, flushed, excited people crowding in to acclaim her newest triumph.

Down below, through the open doors of the theater, she heard the orchestra tuning up. She began to speak, the magic voice choked and uncertain; old lines from forgotten plays, deathless lines from the classics, lines taken at random from the jumble forever passing through her mind. Little wonder she could not learn a new rôle now. Up from below came a quick crash of music. The overture! Nellie Wayne was silent, and her head sank down on her arms.

Suddenly close beside her sounded a loud, sharp, excited bark. She turned, startled, and there stood Chum, every muscle alert, trembling with anticipation, his ears pointed, his absurd little tail wagging furiously. And then Nellie Wayne realized—it was eight o'clock for Chum!

He was not in this shabby little parlor—he was in the wings of a theater. The overture blared louder, and Chum's nervous bark rose above the music. He leaped against her, fell away, leaped again. It was time to go on. Time for his act.

"All right, Chum," she said. "Go to it!"

He tumbled into the center of the room as though into a spotlight's glare. He rolled over, played dead, did his drunken bit, walked on an imaginary ball, counted with sharp staccato barks as Joe had trained him. He had it all wrong, the routine twisted; but night had fallen, the orchestra was playing, and Chum was doing his act.

He finished as the music did and stood there before her, awaiting her applause. She saw him through her tears, his old eyes

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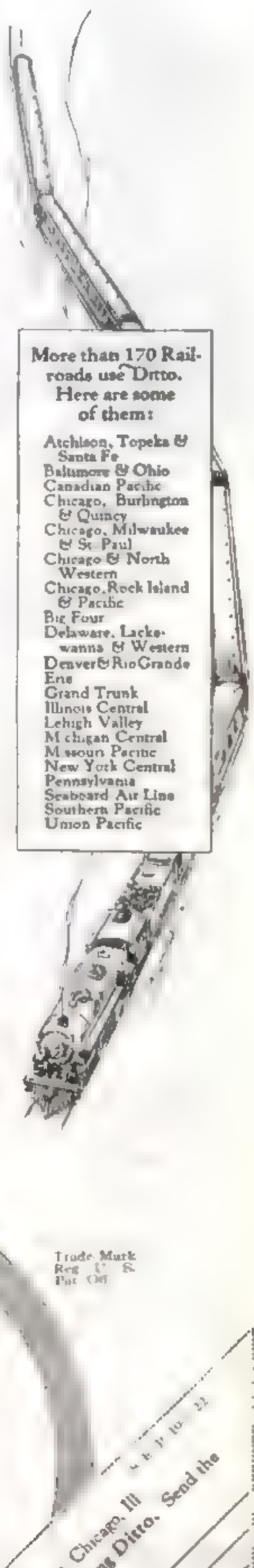

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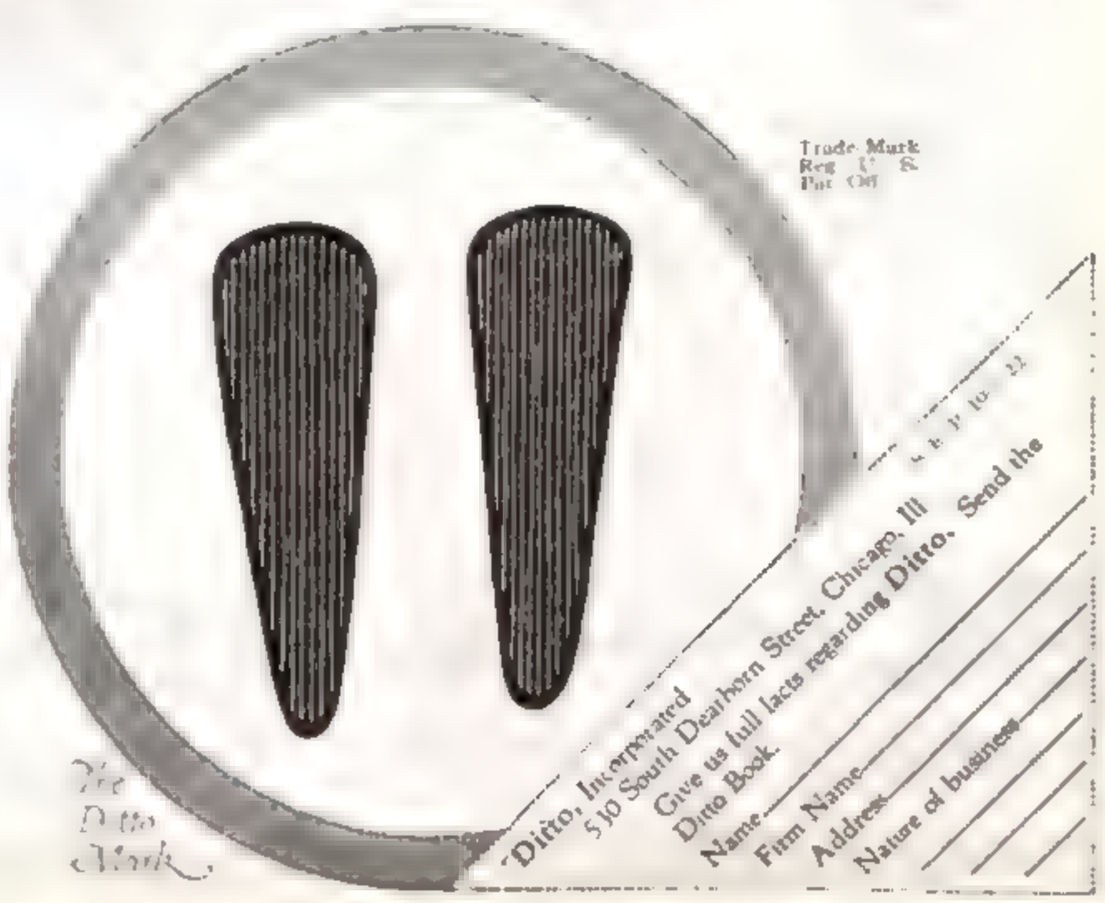
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looking into hers. She reached down and gathered him into her arms.

"Chum! Chum, you darling! I understand! We're in the same boat now. We're old—old, and it's youth they want. We're finished, you and me. Our act's out. And Broadway goes rolling on. Poor Chum! Poor fellow!"

She sat by the window for a long time, holding the little dog in her lap. She and Chum were friends at last.

At nine o'clock, putting the dog on the floor, she rose with determination. She dashed cold water into her eyes, put on her hat and went to the door. Chum followed.

"You wait here," she said gently. "You just wait, Chum. Maybe we're not quite finished yet."

She went directly to Tom Kerrigen's hotel. A bell boy discovered him lingering over his cigar in the dining room. Nellie went in to where he sat. He leaped to his feet

"Nellie, I was just thinking about you. This is fine! Won't you eat something?"

"No, thanks. I've had dinner."

"Just a little coffee then?"

"Thanks, Tom. I will have that." She sat in the chair the waiter held ready. "I'm glad to find you. I thought you might have gone to a theater."

He shook his head.

"I don't care much for the plays they have now. Sex stuff, and all that. I like 'em clean, Nellie—I always did. Clean, like Peter Pan." The old gambler closed his eyes. "I saw that twelve times, and whenever Maude Adams came to the footlights and asked us did we believe in fairies I shouted louder than any kid in the house. I'm afraid I'm too old-fashioned."

The waiter brought her coffee and disappeared.

"Tom," she began. "I've come to make a confession. The other day I let you think I was well fixed—had money. It's not true. I've hardly a penny in the world. I'm down and out. Broadway broke, they call it nowadays."

He nodded solemnly.

"I suspected. And it's a raw deal. You deserve better than this."

"It's happened, though." She smiled cheerfully. "And now, Tom, I've come to you for help."

"Everything I've got—it's yours." He leaned across the table. "I don't want you to think I'm taking advantage, Nellie—but do you remember? That time, before you knew Charlie, when I followed you to Philadelphia. You were playing at the old Seventh Street Opera House; stopping at that boarding house that stood where the Bellevue-Stratford is now—what was the name?—oh, yes, Petrie's Rest. It was in the parlor there—I told you—I was crazy about you ——"

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't, Tom!"

"I must! I'm still—crazy. Take me and you'll never want for anything again."

"Dear friend!" His anxious, ruddy face, his keen gray eyes, the absurd old-fashioned diamond stick pin in his tie—she saw all these through a mist of tears. "It can't be, Tom. That's for youth. We're only ghosts. And then—there's Charlie. It's just as though he still lived—with me."

He smiled bravely

"Right you are, Nellie. It's as you say. But everything I have is yours, just the same."

"I don't want your money, Tom dear. I want you to do something else for me. I want you to help me get into—the pictures."

"The pictures! Why, Nellie, you said ——"

"I know, but that was all wrong. We live too much in the past, Tom—we old people. The world moves, and we've got to move with it—or go down. And I'm not ready to go down."

"I should hope not!"

"Besides, I've got somebody to take care of now; somebody who's been taking care of me."

"Yes?"

"A dog. A dog named Chum."

He stared at her in wonder. "I want you to go to Lew Gorman, Tom, and sort of put the idea in his head ——"

"Gorman, hell!" Tom cried. "I'll finance a picture myself, and star you. We'll get a good story—say, what's the matter with one of Charlie's plays? By heaven, that's the idea! You own the rights to all of Charlie's stuff, don't you?"

"I do," she told him. "I've been thinking about that myself."

"It's an idea! We'll take one of Charlie's comedies—or better still, a melodrama. Lew tells me melodrama is going strong now. How about The Midnight Flyer? I'll buy the picture rights from you pay you ten thousand fifteen ——"

She laughed.

"Is that an offer? Fifteen thousand?"

"It is—unless you want more."

"That's like you, Tom. But you needn't risk a penny. Keep out of this yourself All you need do is run into Lew Gorman casually and tell him you hear someone is thinking of making a picture out of The Midnight Flyer. Tell him I've refused fifteen thousand for the rights. I think that's honest, don't you?"

"Honest? Sure it is! My offer stands. Lew Gorman made a fortune out of you and out of Charlie's plays, and he has most of it yet. It's about time he split a bit with you. But do you think he'll fall?"

"I know he will. If I went to him and said I was broke and wanted to sell that play he wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. But once let him hear someone else is after it, and—well, I know managers. He won't sleep till he owns it. You've got your lines down, Tom?"

"I sure have! I'll run into him accidentally early in the morning, and I'll call you before noon."

"You're a dear, Tom."

"And if Lew doesn't come through, my offer still holds good; any one of my offers or all of them."

She smiled and rose.

"You're the best friend anyone ever had," she said.

"Do you think so? Honest, Nellie?"

"I do, Tom." His broad face lightened. "And it's what Charlie always said."

"Oh, yes, Charlie." His smile faded. "Good old Charlie!" said Square Tom Kerrigen a little wistfully.

III

ANOTHER morning, with Joe cast this time in the rôle of pessimist. An evening at the Palace, where he saw a lot of acts the popularity of which he was utterly at a loss to explain, had soured his outlook on life. During breakfast his eye happened to light on Chum, munching at a bone in the corner.

"Guess we'll say good-by to him today," Joe announced in a low voice.

"No, dad—no!" cried young Nellie in alarm.

"Well, I can't have him round here eating his head off."

"Not today, Joe," said Nellie Wayne. "Give him another twenty-four hours, please."

"What's it to you?"

"It's a lot to me, if you must know."

"Beginning to appreciate what Chum did for you, eh?" he sneered. "Maybe you'll thank me next."

"I do thank you, Joe. And Chum and I happen to be good friends now. Give him another day."

Joe regarded her curiously.

"You got something on your mind?" he inquired.

Nellie stared at him blankly.

"Not a thing in the world," she said.

But Joe was unconvinced.

"I believe there's something up with ma," he said later to Gracie.

"She does look cheerful," Gracie admitted. "Though how she can feel that way, with the agent coming today for his money"

"Oh, give us a rest on that!" Joe cried.

"That's all very well for you to say, but it's me has to see him."

"Well, string him along."

"I've gone the limit now. It's cash today or the street."

But Joe had jammed his hat onto his head, and the outer door slammed behind him. Baby, too, hurried off on some mysterious errand. Nellie waited, an unaccustomed color in her cheeks. It was past eleven when a surly hall boy climbed the stairs to tell her she was wanted at the telephone on the first floor. She gave him the last coin in her purse—a quarter—and beat him down.

"Hello, Nellie, that you?" Good old Tom—it was his voice. Her heart almost stopped beating with suspense. "Well, Nellie, I sat round Lew's hotel for two hours this morning, and oddly enough I happened to run into him. I just casually mentioned that offer you had for Charlie's play and the shot went home."

"He fell, did he, Tom?"

(Continued on Page 156)

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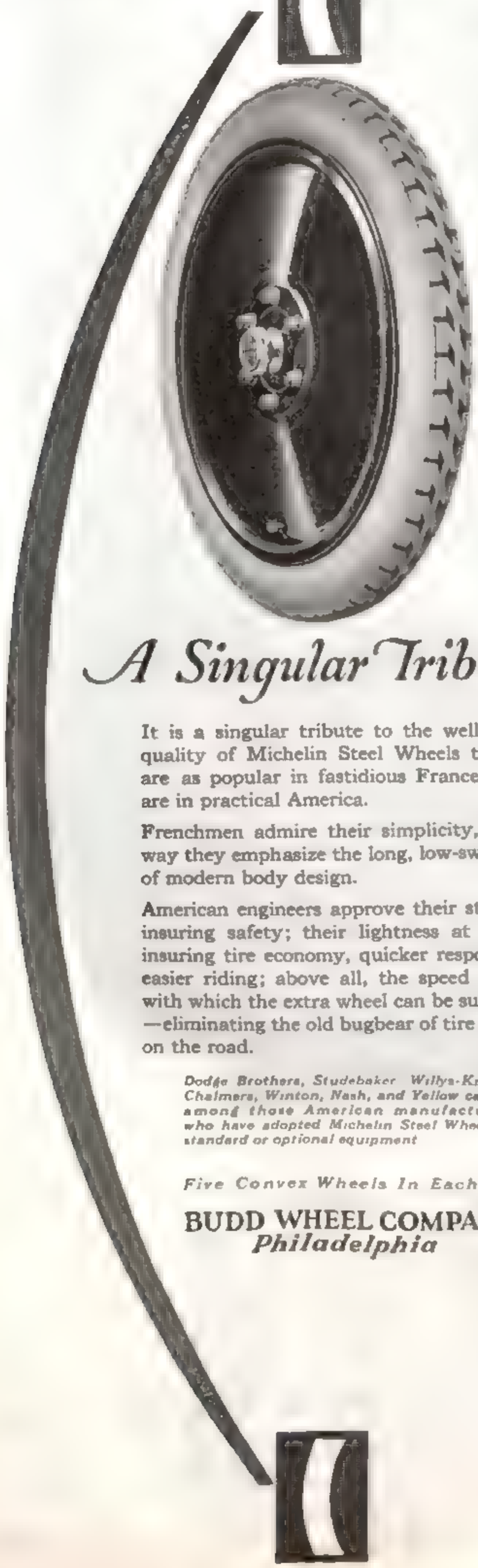

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(Continued from Page 154)

"Sure did! You must have heard the thud up where you were. He wants to see you before noon. He's leaving tonight for the West. The lad's all het up. I told him I'd do my best to get you round there, though it looked pretty doubtful to me. He's got a desk in Shane's office—you know where that is. Now be careful, Nellie. Remember your big offer. And besides, you've got so much money you don't care whether you sell or not."

"Leave him to me," answered Nellie. "I can handle Lew. I know him of old."

"All right, Nellie. Let me know what happens. Good luck!"

"Thanks, Tom. God bless you!"

She hurried back to the flat for her hat, but said nothing of her business to Gracie. The thing might fall through, and in that case she would bear the disappointment alone. A few moments later she was out on the hot street.

Shrewd little Lew was waiting, but greeted her with an assumption of great carelessness. At sight of his placid poker face she remembered what she was up against, and knew that she would have need of all her cunning.

"Hello, Nellie! It's great to see you again. Where you been hiding? Minna was saying only last night, Why don't we ever see Nellie no more?"

"How is Minna?"

"She's fine, thanks. We're going West tonight. Just wanted to see you before I went—say hello, for old times' sake."

"Well, Lew, I'm glad to drop in. But I've an engagement at the Claremont for lunch ——"

"Oh, I won't keep you. Why don't you come out West sometime and visit us?"

"Thanks, Lew, I'll think about it. But Broadway still looks pretty good to me."

"That so?" He took up a paper knife and toyed aimlessly with it. "Anything on your mind, Nellie?"

"Not a thing."

"Humph! Feeling well, ain't you?"

"Never better."

"That's good." He stared past her out the window.

"Did you want to see me about anything in particular, Lew?"

"Oh, no; no, I guess not."

She rose.

"Well, give my love to Minna ——"

He rose, too, stifled a yawn.

"I sure will. Mighty good of you to come in." He followed her to the door; her hand was on the knob. "By the way, I hear you're selling some of Charlie's stuff to the pictures."

She laughed a little scornfully.

"Oh, I don't know. They're after The Midnight Flyer. They say there's a wonderful picture in it, but I haven't made up my mind. I don't need the money, you know."

"So? How much do they offer you?"

"Oh, not much—fifteen thousand."

Despite his best efforts an expression of pain crossed Lew's chubby little face.

"They're kidding you," he said warmly. "There ain't that much money in the business any more."

"Well, it doesn't matter," Nellie answered. "I don't believe I'll sell, anyhow. I hear prices will go up later."

"Don't you believe it. Prices have reached the peak and they're going down every minute we stand here. I know, because I've been dabbling a bit in the movies myself."

"That so, Lew? Well, I'll go along." She opened the door.

"Wait a minute, Nellie. Come back here and sit down." She hesitated, seemed reluctant, but obeyed. She was wishing she had borrowed baby's wrist watch for this encounter. Lew sat down too—on the edge of his chair. "Now look here, Nellie," he began. "It seems to me that if anybody makes pictures out of Charlie's stuff it ought to be me. I produced all his plays and I loved him like a brother. I'd have been down for a slice of the picture money, only, of course, in those days there was no such thing."

"Well, I guess that was the only bet you ever overlooked, Lew."

Lew ignored this.

"If Charlie was sitting in that chair now, do you know what he'd say, Nellie? He'd tell you if you sold to anybody you ought to sell to me. He'd say, 'Think of all Lew done for us, Nellie.'"

"And made a million doing it."

"A million! How do you figure that? I'm a poor man, Nellie."

"Maybe I could lend you something, Lew. Was that what you wanted?"

"It was not." He looked her firmly in the eye. "I want the rights to The Midnight Flyer. But I'm not paying any fifteen thousand, and don't think for a minute I am."

"Well, then, you're outbid, Lew." Again she stood up. "I really must go."

"Come now, Nellie, listen to reason. I tell you somebody's been kidding you. Such prices ain't paid any more. Who made the offer, anyhow?"

"Tell Minna I'm sorry not to see her ——"

She was moving toward the door. He followed at her heels.

"I'll give you ten thousand, Nellie."

"I was always so fond of Minna."

"Twelve thousand—for Minna's sake. You wouldn't rob Minna's husband?"

"This engagement of mine is for one o'clock ——"

"Nellie, have a heart! For auld lang syne ——"

"For auld lang syne you can have it at fifteen. I'll not ask you to go above these other people, though it's hardly fair to them."

"Nellie! Don't old times mean nothing to you?"

"Not where money is concerned, Lew. I'm like you that way. Now make up your mind, for I'm going."

"All right—go! Ungrateful! Nellie, I hate to say it, but you're ungrateful. Charlie wouldn't like it."

"Charlie wouldn't be so easy." She opened the door. "Good-by, Lew."

"Fourteen thousand dollars!"

"Good luck on the Coast!"

"What do you think you're selling—Ben Hur?"

"I'm not selling. You're trying to buy, that's all. Acting like a piker too. The Midnight Flyer—the most popular play of its generation!"

"Yeah. And everybody dead that ever heard of it."

"There's a few of us left. You must have heard of it, Lew. You cleared four hundred thousand on it. My love to Minna, remember ——"

"Minna—Minna! Minna's heart would break if she heard you. Fourteen thousand five hundred and not another nickel!"

Nellie came back into the room and closed the door.

"Sold!" she cried.

"I should think so!" wailed Lew. "And me bankrupt!"

"On one condition!"

"What now? Nellie, how you have changed!"

"I play in the picture."

"You—you in the picture! At your age! What you thinking of, Nellie? We got to get a young girl for your part."

"Of course. I'm not insane, Lew. I play the grandmother."

"Oh, the grandmother! Well, that's all right. Only naturally you understand we don't pay much for a little part like that."

"You'll pay me! Think of what my name will mean! Nellie Wayne and The Midnight Flyer billed together again! All over the country are millions who will remember ——"

"Millions—yes—in the graveyards."

"No, on their feet, going strong, like you—and me."

"Well, you're going strong. I'll admit that, Nellie. All right, we put it in the contract—the grandmother part. A hundred and fifty a week."

"Three hundred!"

"Nellie, you robber!"

"Take it or leave it! What say, Lew?" He was muttering to himself.

"I ain't saying—I'm choking. Maybe I can do it—if I close my eyes when I sign."

"Nonsense! You'll get it all back, and a lot more. If that wasn't so I'd be on my way to the Ritz now."

"The Claremont, you said," he reminded her.

"But I'm to pick up some friends at the Ritz."

"All right, Nellie. Sit down. I'll go and dictate a contract."

"You be careful what you dictate. I can still read, Lew."

He left her. She sat erect in her chair, her eyes shining. She had not looked so beautiful in years. The joy of battle was in her heart, the thrill of victory. If Charlie knew—but perhaps he did. Perhaps he had been at her elbow, fighting too. Clever Charlie! Dead more than twenty years, but supporting her still; supporting her by his wit and industry; saving the day for her

when all seemed lost. That was the theater—the dear theater. The hits never died.

"How you want the money?" Lew called.

"Give me your check for two thousand now. I'll take the rest when we get to Hollywood."

He came back to her presently with three copies of the contract ready for her signature and the check.

"How soon can you start?" he wanted to know. "Why not go along with Minna and me tonight? You can get ready—an old trouper like you."

"I'll be there. When and where?"

"The Pennsylvania Station at eight. I'll buy your ticket."

"Thanks."

"And you can pay me on the train," he added hastily. He blotted the signatures. His spirits appeared to be rising. "I'm going to give this thing a whale of a production, and if it goes over I might try one or two more of Charlie's pieces. But I ain't paying such prices again."

"We'll discuss that later," she smiled.

"You better settle down out West," he suggested. "I'd have work for you now and then, and you could pick up something occasionally in the other studios. You got a name, Nellie—a big name. I know, because I give it to you."

"Thanks, Lew." She folded the check. "I'll think about that."

"Me and Minna will look for you at the train." He followed her to the door. "Maybe you think I'm close, Nellie; but if I am I got a reason. All my life something's been hanging over me—a fear—an obsession. I got it watching the other managers. One by one I seen them go Broadway broke, and I been afraid; afraid it would get me too. It wouldn't be any fun, Nellie, being broke and old in this game."

"No, I guess it wouldn't, Lew," she answered gravely. "See you tonight at the train."

She traveled the short distance back to the flat as blithely as a girl of twenty. Five flights up suited her mood. She pushed open the door. Something struck her at once—a silence, a disappointment—something gone. Chum! Chum, who frisked about the feet of all who entered there.

Gracie sat by a window, languidly scanning the department-store advertising in a morning paper.

"Where's Chum?" Nellie demanded.

"Hello, ma! Chum? Oh, Joe came back and we made up our minds it was time to part with poor old Chum. So Joe took him down to the vet ——"

Nellie's heart sank.

"What vet? Where?"

"Meyer, I think the name was. Somewhere on Tenth Street—East Tenth—over near the river. Ma, where you going?"

"Out!" Nellie was at the head of the stairs.

Gracie followed.

"The agent was here," she called. "He's coming again at three."

"Let him come. It's all right, I'm working," Nellie replied over her shoulder, and left the dazed Gracie far behind. She ran over to Broadway and signaled the first taxi she saw.

"Never mind the speed laws!" she cried, climbing in. "Matter of life and death!"

"Where to?" inquired the driver, naturally curious on that point.

"East Tenth. I don't know the number. Near the river. We'll find it somehow. We've got to find it!"

The car started. Nellie was angry now. This was like Joe a little opposition and he was off, couldn't wait; wanted to show he took nobody's orders. Well, she had the upper hand now. The check in her purse gave her that. And little Joey would step round. The taxi crept in and out of the traffic; at every enforced stop her spirits sank.

On East Tenth luck was with her. She looked out the window of the car and saw Joe plodding along—alone. She directed the driver to draw up to the curb, and before the taxi had quite halted she leaped to the sidewalk and confronted her son-in-law.

"Where's Chum?"

"Ma, what are you doing here?"

"Where's Chum? Answer me!"

"I left him in there." He pointed over his shoulder.

"They'll take care of Chum."

She ran past him and through the open door of an ancient brick stable. The darkness blinded her for a moment—and then she saw a thin streak of white coming toward her, heard a familiar bark. Nellie Wayne knelt on the dirty floor and opened her arms.

"All right, Chum. Everything's all right. You're not staying here. You're going with me."

Joe came forward, officious.

"Now, see here, ma, I won't have you butting in. Chum will be better off. And I can't afford to have him round eating his head off."

"Forget it, Joe," she advised. "After this Chum belongs to me."

"To you? That's good! How you going to take care of him?"

She stood up and took a pink bit of paper from her purse. "Read that," she said. It was the simplest explanation.

"Two thousand!" Joe gasped. "From Lew Gorman!"

"Yes, and there's a lot more still coming to me."

"What's he going to do—star you?"

She did not reply, but knelt again and took Chum in her arms. An old, unshaven man shuffled out of a smelly office.

"All right, doc," Joe told him. "We changed our mind about the dog. You can give me back the two dollars." The old man objected with surprising vehemence. He was, he said, ready to do his part.

"Come along, Joe," Nellie called. "You can ride with us if you like."

Joe hesitated between his two and Nellie's two thousand, but only for an instant. He followed her and meekly climbed to her side in the taxi.

"I don't get this," he said.

"I sold one of Charlie's old plays to Gorman for a picture," she explained. "And I'm going out to Hollywood to act in it."

"In the movies! You, in the movies!" Joe threw back his head and laughed loudly. "After all you've said against them ——"

"Well, I can change my mind, can't I? I see my mistake. It's up to me to move along with the times. You can't just stand round mooning about the good old days. If you do you're sunk."

"Now you're talking sense," Joe approved. They rode on in silence for a time. "A fellow was telling me that copper's the thing," he went on presently; "a fellow who works in Wall Street. 'Just put a few thousand in copper,' he says, 'and ——'"

"Listen!" cut in Nellie. "All the money I used to have hated me, Joe. It left me right away. But this is friendly money. It's going to stick around."

"Well, I was just suggesting ——"

"I'll pay the rent and give Gracie five hundred to tide along until you get work. Then I'm going out to California and buy a little bungalow—a little home for Chum and me; a place where he can lie round all day in the sun, or maybe chase butterflies if he feels ambitious. Do they have butterflies out there?"

"They got everything," said Joe.

"I'll pick up a bit of work now and then. And what's left over after buying the house goes into bonds—government bonds. My home will always be open to you, Joe—to Nellie and Gracie—just the way yours was to me. Only there won't be any agent for the landlord in the cast."

"Well, I done my best," he said.

"That's all right, Joe. You did, and I'm mighty grateful. And there'll always be a welcome for you out West."

"Somehow, I can't see you leaving Broadway," said Joe.

"Why not? My Broadway left me long ago."

She stopped the cab at a bank not far from the flat and sent Joe home with Chum. A cashier, who knew her well, translated Lew's hieroglyphics into a magnificent roll of bills. She rode in triumph back to the walk-up apartment.

In the parlor Gracie and young Nellie were bending anxiously above a black silk dress, over which Gracie was waving an uncertain needle. Nellie went to them at once and seized the garment.

"What's this?" she wanted to know.

"Ma, Joe says you got an engagement."

"Yes; but what's this?"

"It's mine," young Nellie answered. She seemed breathless with excitement; her big brown eyes were glowing. "I've got a part too! Levy's rushing me into his new comedy—a maid rôle, only a few lines, but a beginning. The girl who had the rôle was fired, and we're trying to make her costume over to fit me. The dress rehearsal's tonight."

Nellie Wayne stood silent, staring at the costume with a sort of contempt.

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"Nonsense!" she said suddenly, and tossed it into a wastebasket.

With a little cry young Nellie rescued it. She faced her grandmother, trembling, flushed, determined.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you interfere? It's my life, I can live it as I please. I'm going on the stage. You had your day, you had your fun; you can't stop me. I'm going on the stage, I tell you! I love it! I want it! I'd die if I didn't!"

"Baby!" Nellie put her hands on the girl's slim shoulders. "Baby, that wasn't bad at all. A little more voice, perhaps—a little more authority—but that will come in time; when you've lived longer—suffered. Going on the stage! Of course you are! But not in that dress. Come with Nellie Wayne and she'll buy you the best in town."

Young Nellie wilted.

"Oh, I'm sorry! Excuse me! But I thought, after what you said ——"

"What did I say?"

"About my acting. You said you'd rather see me in my grave; that Broadway was a dreadful place—no gratitude—no heart ——"

"What rot, baby! You're dreaming! I never did!"

"But, mother," protested Gracie, "I heard you myself!"

"You're crazy, both of you! I may be getting old, my dears, I may be fifty"—Gracie looked at her—"or thereabouts, but I fancy I know what I said. Would I belittle the profession that gave me so many happy years? Would I smirch the memories I've got by wild talk like that—me, the best Viola of a generation? I should hope not! Of course, baby's going to act! I want her in the profession—carrying on the torch—but not in one of Levy's hand-me-downs; not while Nellie has a roll of bills like this." She opened her pocketbook; they saw and gasped. "It's your father, Gracie. It's from him. Dead and gone, but helping us still. Now, baby, get your hat. If your dress rehearsal's tonight we must rush. Besides, I'm off at eight myself."

The girl disappeared into her room. Nellie walked the floor, beaming, happy.

"A maid's part! To think of it, Gracie! I had a maid's part my first engagement too. What was that line? 'My lady, the curate is waiting for you in the garden.' Our baby! She's got the spark, Gracie! Did you see how she flared out at me?"

Gracie put her hand to her head.

"So many things are happening," she complained.

Nellie explored her purse and threw a handful of bills on the table.

"There—some of it's for the rent man, with Nellie Wayne's love. Give the janitor ten dollars and tell him to bring my trunks up from the storeroom. We'll have to spend the afternoon packing." Young Nellie reappeared. "Come, child, I'll take you to Madame Claire. It's a rush job, but Maggie will do it for me. And oh, Gracie dear, call up the Walden and engage a table! I'm giving a farewell party tonight. Better say six o'clock. I mustn't miss my train. And order it, too, will you, so we shan't be kept waiting."

"What—what shall I order?" asked Gracie.

"Oh, I don't know. Just shut your eyes and spend, Gracie. It's Nellie Wayne's good-by."

IV

THE dinner was over and they emerged from the hotel. Nellie Wayne, erect and blooming—booked again! Then baby and Gracie, Joe, carrying a florist's box, Tom Kerrigen with Chum in his arms.

"Now, Gracie, I want you and Joe to go with baby. Her first dress rehearsal—you've got to be there. Tom will take me to the train."

"All right, mother, if you wish it."

"Did you order the taxi, Tom?"

"Here he is, Nellie."

"And he's got the top down. That's good! I'm not going to say the word, Gracie; such a sad word; just *au revoir*."

Joe proffered his box.

"So long, ma. A few roses—from the three of us."

"Oh, Joe, you're too good to me!"

"Your money paid for them," said Joe humbly.

"Your kindness bought them." She took the box. "You and Gracie must visit me ——"

"We'll be there," Joe promised. "Fellow in Los Angeles wanted me to go into the real-estate game with him. Maybe you'd better hold off buying that house ——"

She smiled, pressed his hand, turned to her daughter.

"Well, Gracie—what you crying for? You've seen me start on the road a thousand times. Baby"—she put her arm about the girl—"you're in the profession now; the greatest profession in the world. Respect it, give it your best, no matter what's in the box. That's the first rule the only one."

"I'll never forget," young Nellie said, "what's behind me—you—and grandfather. I'll never forget this afternoon—buying the dress—my first costume. You'll be proud of me."

"God bless you, dear. You're on your way. A great star—I'm sure of it. How happy Charlie would be to see you tonight!" Her voice broke. "Run along now, please, the three of you."

She stood looking after them until they were lost in the throng on Broadway. Her eyes were wet.

"We'd better start," Tom Kerrigen said gently. "The taxi's waiting."

She turned to him.

"I wanted this last ride with you, Tom, down our old street together. Tell him to drive to the Pennsylvania by way of Union Square. I guess there's time." He helped her into the cab and deposited Chum in her lap. The dog was restless, excited the lights, the crowd, eight o'clock again. "There, Chum, old fellow," she said, "calm down. We're not showing tonight; we're off for the road; booked solid into the hereafter—and it's a long sleeper jump."

The cab swung into Long Acre, into the dazzling square of the electric signs. The new Rialto—all glitter and no heart. They crossed Forty-second Street, and the White Way grew darker. They were moving on into the past.

The Empire was left behind, and then the Knickerbocker. No more playhouses, no more in reality; tall loft buildings towering overhead—Feinberg & Morris, Ladies' Waists; Max Hirschfield, Artificial Flowers—and then the big grim department stores of Herald Square.

No more playhouses in reality, but a dozen or more in their dreams. Famous temples of the drama, torn down and forgotten. The Herald Square, the Bijou, the Standard! Nellie Wayne in Charlie Farren's Latest! Wallack's and Daly's. Nellie Wayne in As You Like It! Prancing horses at the curb, fine ladies and fine gentlemen descending, silk hats gleaming above the crowd. The crack of cabbies' whips. Carriages at eleven-thirty sharp!

They were in Madison Square.

"Did you see what I saw, Tom?"

"Ghosts, Nellie; a thousand ghosts. I'm going home tomorrow."

"We're ghosts, too, Tom. The stage is set for a new piece and here we are mumbling the old lines, the lines nobody wants to hear."

"Over there at the Hoffman House I saw Charlie that last night. He said he wasn't feeling right."

"Tell the driver to turn down Twenty-second. Never mind Union Square. I've seen enough."

"You shouldn't have come this way, Nellie."

"Nonsense, Tom! I came on purpose. It saddens me, but it makes it easier to go—to go and never to come back. There's nothing to come back for."

Into the dark of Twenty-second the taxi swerved, and Nellie laid a hand on her friend's arm.

"Have him stop just a moment, Tom." The bored driver obeyed.

They had come to a halt before a battered old brick house almost obliterated by time—a weary old house given over to trade. Alien names decorated its front. Talk of blouses and whalebone and leather goods. Wholesale only. On the first floor a lunch room, closed for the night.

"Do you remember my garden at the rear? The hollyhocks? And the canary in the dining-room window—the canary that used to wake and sing when we came home after the play?"

"Sometimes I'd get here first, Nellie, and I'd sit on the steps and wait for the sound of the horse's hoofs. And then the shining new hansom with Reilly on the box passing the gaslight on the corner—and Charlie on the sidewalk, helping you down?"

Silence for a moment.

"Tell him to go on now, Tom," she said softly.

The rattle of a protesting engine followed, and they moved away.

(Continued on Page 161)

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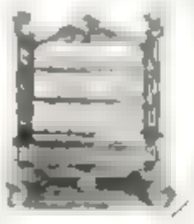

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(Continued from Page 158)

"That's all over and done with," Nellie said. "We're just old useless props cluttering up the scene. It will be different out West. Thank heaven, I've still got work to do!"

"That's right, Nellie." They rode along. "I – I'll be spending the winters down near you. I'll see you now and then."

"I'm glad to hear that, Tom. The best friend anybody ever had. Wasn't it strange how clearly we seemed to see him there in front of the old house? Charlie, I mean. Did you see him too?"

"Yes," said Kerrigen, "I saw him."

"His name will be on the billboards again, all over the country, just the way it used to be."

"So it will."

She took something from her purse.

"Tom, I want you to look up an old actor—a character man named Frank Shore. Give him that and tell him I'm going to find him a berth out on the Coast."

"I'll do it, Nellie."

They were speeding up Seventh Avenue; the station was close ahead. Nine blocks off the lights of Long Acre were flaming. Nellie Wayne lifted Chum where he could see.

"Take your last look, Chum, old fellow. We're saying good-by." Chum's tired old eyes swept the yellow horizon and he barked a rather faint farewell.

"Sorry, Nellie?" Kerrigen asked.

She shook her head.

"Not very sorry. One thought keeps running through my mind. Whatever happens, I'll never be Broadway broke again."

The taxi swung suddenly into the tunneled drive at the south end of the station—the long dim tunnel where the lights of Long Acre were just another memory.

NORTHCLIFFE

(Continued from Page 7)

vindictive and did not nag. To him a newspaper's life was exactly twenty-four hours, and every day a new life. Some particularly bitter criticism would be followed next day by a bulletin reading:

I am very proud of this morning's Daily Mail. No other paper in England compares with it. My congratulations and thanks to the entire staff.

The contents bills, or placards which cry the news features of English papers, are an important factor in sales. The Chief's bulletin one day during the war read:

As I was motoring through Canterbury yesterday I noticed that our contents bill was printed with very faint ink. Why? Our ink bills are the heaviest in Fleet Street. Have George see me about this.

Northcliffe's staffs, like all the seats of the mighty in England, were filled with Scotsmen. He reveled in taking a good-natured fling at them, especially two highly capable night editors, Beattie and Crawford, who for years put The Daily Mail to bed. Caledonians to the core, they were correspondingly conservative souls. One noon the Chief's encyclical contained this thrust:

I see the handicraft of our gallant Scots in this morning's paper, which is otherwise an excellent production.

The bulletins were Northcliffe's favorite method of keeping The Daily Mail brief, bright and accurate, three qualities he insisted it must always possess. If he was far away from London the bulletins were telegraphed as soon as he had access to the paper. They were awaited by the staff, from day to day, with interest not unmixed with trepidation. Nine out of ten times the Chief's strictures were just and unanswerable. They were invariably inspiring.

The Attack on Kitchener

Had Northcliffe lived his next international drive would have been aimed at Japan. "Watch Japan!" was the gospel he intended to preach with the same relentless fervor that marked his prewar campaign with regard to Germany. His trip to the Far East during the last year of his life seemed to convince him that Nipponese necessities and aspirations spell danger to world peace. Northcliffe used to keep in close touch with Japanese public opinion, adopting, as was his wont, unique methods for the purpose. Regularly, upon the arrival of the Far Eastern mails in London, a young Japanese would come to The Times office and for a couple of hours at a time would translate to Northcliffe extracts from the Japanese press. Next day another Japanese would come and translate them all over again, in order that the Chief might check up. He took an English telephone operator with him to the United States in 1917 as a member of the British War Mission, because he wanted somebody attending to his private wire that he could absolutely rely on. She was a clever Daily Mail switchboard girl and Northcliffe got her the O. B. E.—Officer Order of the British Empire—as a reward for her war work in America.

Securing for his coworkers some of the titular distinctions that came to him was one of Northcliffe's specialties while he basked in the sunshine of Prime Ministers' favor. A man who began life as Northcliffe's office boy is now a baronet. Half a dozen reporters and business managers were knighted. A Daily Mail news editor who wrote save-coal posters for the government during the war now adorns his visiting card with C. B. E.—Commander Order of the British Empire. The Viscountess Northcliffe, who maintained a magnificent war hospital out of her private fortune, is a Dame Grand Cross Order of the British Empire. Northcliffe printing-press power made not only himself but his brother, Rothermere, a viscount, and two of their younger brothers are baronets. Another brother, untitled as yet, is Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Northcliffe considered that his preëminent war service was the exposure of Kitchener's personal responsibility for the shells tragedy in 1915. He risked his liberty, life and business prosperity by that ruthless attack on the national idol. Asked why he assailed "K" in such hammer-and-tongs fashion instead of berating the War Office impersonally, Northcliffe whipped out: "Because you never get anywhere by beating around the bush. You must mention names and fasten blame exactly where it belongs. Kitchener is War Minister. It is his duty to see that the army is properly armed; and I said so."

Out of Favor and In Again

They burned The Daily Mail on the London Stock Exchange. Rival papers suggested that Northcliffe ought to be taken to the Tower and shot for high treason. Public libraries banished his publications from their reading rooms. Advertisements were withdrawn and sales dropped by the tens of thousands. "Better lose circulation than lose the British Empire" was Northcliffe's comment when the vendetta conducted by Kitchener's idolaters was in full swing. Punch printed a scathing cartoon showing John Bull trampling The Daily Mail into the mire. Yet Englishmen lived to admit that Northcliffe's exposure of the shells tragedy saved the day for Britain. When Northcliffe died the circulation of The Daily Mail was the highest in its history—1,800,000.

Though a two-fisted fighter who neither gave nor expected quarter in a newspaper feud, Northcliffe had his sensitive spots. A former dramatic critic of The Daily Mail, Keble Howard, once wrote a novel depicting Northcliffe's career from its humble beginnings. It was called Lord London, and though the characters in the story were disguised under other names all were easily recognizable as men and women who had played major rôles in Northcliffe's life. He himself figured in the book as Hannibal. Although many of his friends and associates considered Lord London harmless and to a certain extent even complimentary, Northcliffe was incensed by its publication. He bought up every copy he could lay hands on, induced the publishers to sell him the rest of the edition, the manuscript, the copyright and the plates, and, as far as lay in his power, suppressed the work. Lord London later was published in an American edition. It was understood that Northcliffe particularly objected to the author's fanciful picture of how Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, was induced to bestow a peerage upon the Chief.

Northcliffe was extraordinarily proud of his facial resemblance to Napoleon and of having his journalistic strokes called

THE OLD WAY
A hurried pencil addition on a scrap of wrapping paper. Note the error of 10 cents in the total

THE WALES CASHIER WAY
The clerk gives a legible and absolutely accurate slip to the customer as a receipt. A carbon record of the transaction remains in the machine

One Retailer Saves $2400 a Year

Errors in mentally added Sales Slips cost Howard A. Swingle $2400 in 1921. He bought a Wales and stopped the loss—the Wales Cashier Costs only $300

BUT that is only *one* way in which the Wales Cashier — the combination Cash Register and Adding Machine — is saving and actually *making* money for progressive retailers throughout the nation.

Mr. Swingle says further:—

"I find the Wales way much faster and more accurate than the old method of using a pencil and figuring on a piece of paper. The Wales not only saves time for me but it also helps me keep satisfied customers. Both they and I know at a glance that the machine total is correct. I also use this machine for checking and proving my accounts, making customers' statements and for all other figuring I have to do."—*Howard A. Swingle, Dry Goods, Groceries and Fresh Meats, Carbondale, Pa.*

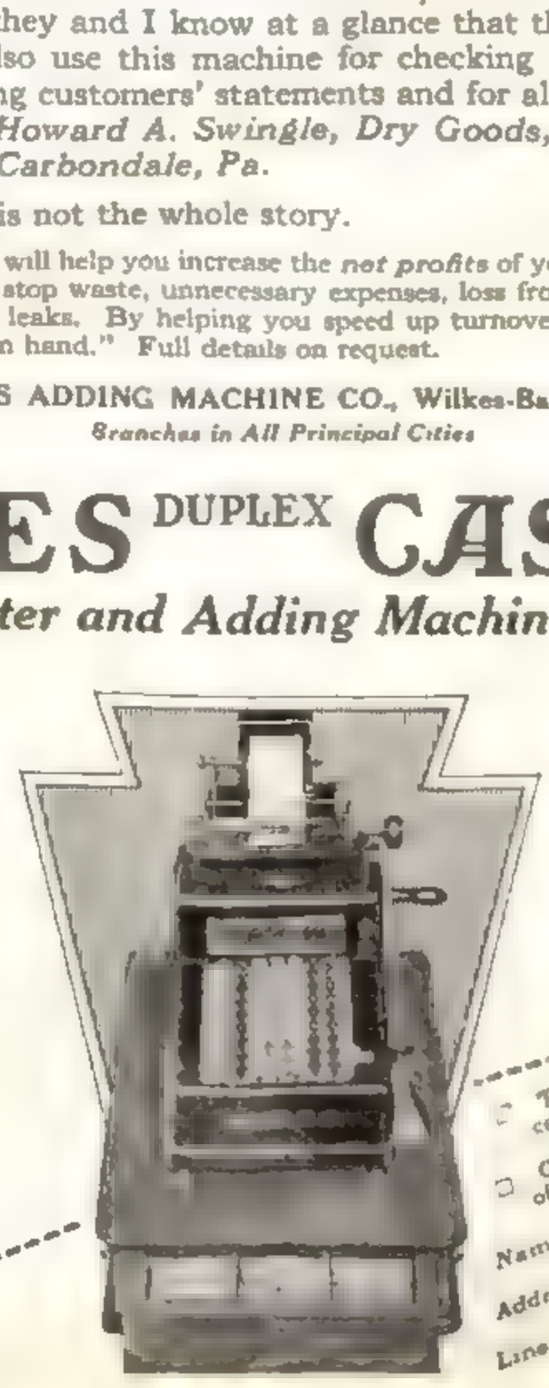
But even *that* is not the whole story.

The Wales Cashier will help you increase the *net profits* of your business. How? By helping you to stop waste, unnecessary expenses, loss from errors, bad debts and other business leaks. By helping you speed up turnover and cut down unprofitable "stock on hand." Full details on request.

WALES ADDING MACHINE CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Branches in All Principal Cities

WALES DUPLEX CASHIER
Cash Register and Adding Machine Combined

Two Machines for the Price of One $300



If your *net profits* are not as large as they should be—if you are losing money through errors or too large overhead—you should know more about the Wales Cashier.

SEND US THIS REQUEST BLANK TODAY

☐ Tell me how the Wales Cashier can increase my net profits

☐ Give me a free demonstration of the Wales Cashier

Name _____

Address _____

Line of Business _____

The famous box that holds 100 Cinco Cigars but never holds them long

Justly Popular

Cinco year after year has increased in popularity. Success of this kind comes only to a good product.

Once you have smoked Cinco you'll just naturally want it every time.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INC.
PHILADELPHIA Established 1860

Napoleonic, as, indeed, most of them were. All his life he cultivated a style of hairdressing that permitted a stray lock of his rich brown hair to fall across his forehead, *à la* the Little Corsican. Occasionally Northcliffe signed his name "N.," in imitation of Napoleon's celebrated initial. His favorite signature was "Chief" and he so signed himself invariably when addressing his associates and colleagues. Sometimes the signature was "Your attached Chief" or "Your devoted Chief." He loved to be called Chief and immensely preferred it to My Lord. Lady Northcliffe, who filled a greater rôle in his life than most people knew, always referred to Northcliffe in conversation with others as the Chief. His army of men and women workers showered Napoleonic loyalty upon him. He was seldom prouder than when gazing down upon the multitude of Daily Mail employes, 7000 strong, gathered for their annual bean feast as the Chief's guests.

For years Northcliffe had the reputation of using men up, and then, like squeezed lemons, tossing them to the scrap heap. At one time he avowed himself an apostle of the Osler theory that a man is no good after forty. Northcliffe's views on that score mellowed as he himself crossed the line and found himself, after forty, an ever more potent figure in the life of his country and the world. But his partiality for young men never left him and he gave them place and power as often as opportunity offered. The newspaper craft in Great Britain never knew so generous an employer. He insisted upon efficiency, but rewarded it handsomely. He said he believed in high wages and good salaries out of "enlightened selfishness." He made it a rule never to allow a worthy employe to ask for a raise. He invariably beat him to it and offered the increase. Numerous Northcliffe employes, grown old or broken down in his service, were pensioned for life. If Northcliffe ever sacked a man there was a reason. "Good men are scarce. My business is to keep them," was one of his maxims.

Northcliffe regularly spent a whole day in bed. He persuaded himself it was the only real way to get rest. In fact, he never worked harder than when so established. Callers on such occasions were received in an endless procession and they found the Chief surrounded by telephones, newspapers, correspondence, editors and secretaries. Meals were served at the bedside, usually with a guest or two to help him rest. In the winter of 1919 I visited Northcliffe on one of his bed days in the mansion in Carlton Gardens, where he died. He exhibited with boyish glee an ulcerated growth the size of a golf ball which had been removed from his throat a few weeks before. It was bottled in alcohol and Northcliffe kept it on a table to show to his callers. There was a time, three years ago, when it was thought he might be suffering with incipient cancer.

The Old Convict's Pardon

Behind Northcliffe's mask of severity and along with a nature that could be cruel and even heartless at times, there was a deep blend of sentiment and kindliness. He was the nearest approach to a Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in real life that I ever encountered—a strange combination of lovable boy and tyrant. He was boy almost all the time, but his Hyde moments were not infrequent.

The Chief was once accompanied to Berlin by John Galsworthy, who wanted to compare German prison systems with those in vogue in England. Northcliffe had me arrange a visit to Moabit, the German Sing Sing. I went along as interpreter. One of the convicts we interviewed was a white-haired lifer who had been in solitary confinement for more than thirty years—all prisoners in Moabit were kept in solitary. Northcliffe was much touched by old Gabel's fate. In England lifers are released, as a rule, after twenty years' imprisonment. The Chief asked the warden if he would oppose a pardon for Gabel. The warden said he would recommend it. Six weeks later I was astonished to read in the German papers that Moabit's oldest prisoner had been released. I sent a news dispatch to The Daily Mail about it, because the case attracted considerable attention in Germany. Next day came a telegram from Northcliffe reading:

> Congratulate my old friend Gabel on his pardon and give him 500 marks with my compliments, to start life over again.

Later I heard that it was undoubtedly a word Northcliffe had dropped in certain influential quarters that resulted in Gabel's liberty. It was on the occasion of the Northcliffe-Galsworthy sojourn in Berlin that I asked the Chief if he cared to meet the Kaiser, an appointment that could easily have been arranged. Northcliffe cherished no such ambition. I suggested he might wish to see Prince Bulow, the Imperial Chancellor. That did not interest him either.

"Whom do you want to meet in Berlin, then?" I queried.

"Newspapermen," was the reply.

"But you'll talk nothing but shop," I remonstrated.

"What else is there in the world worth talking, except shop?" he rejoined.

An Admirer of America

So for the three days Northcliffe was in town he communed ravenously with American and British correspondents. He was never quite so happy as when in the intimate company of working fellow craftsmen. Every detail of our profession fascinated him.

Northcliffe was never annoyed when Yankee admirers told him he was an American who happened to be born in Ireland, for his admiration of us and our country was proverbial and boundless. He liked our audacity, disregard of precedents, directness of method and all-around pep. Before the war, conditions permitting, he visited the United States annually and boasted he was probably the only Briton alive who had been in every one of our forty-eight states. He insisted that his men, editorial and business managers alike, should explore America, and considered their usefulness to him incomplete until they had made such a voyage of discovery. The Daily Mail was a frank imitation of American newspaper methods when it descended upon an affrighted British public in May, 1896.

Northcliffe printed The Daily Mail privately and experimentally for three months before a copy reached the public. He mastered every detail of news gathering, publication and distribution before issuing the paper for sale. He wanted to purvey a finished product. It was an instantaneous success. The Daily Mail was always the Chief's pet, although in later life The Times was his pride.

The secret of this superjournalist's incomparable career? Northcliffe made no secret of it—his success came from keeping everlastingly at a thing. When Northcliffe was last in Washington, at the outset of his globe-girdling journey, he was the guest of Overseas Writers, the organization of American newspapermen who have had professional service abroad. They asked him to dedicate their visitors' book with an autographed sentiment. This is what he wrote:

> Remember the power of persistence in journalism.
> NORTHCLIFFE.

The Chief would wish for no finer epitaph than that.

Wear Duofold and You'll be Comfortable

Protect Yourself this Fall and Winter

Guard against the ravages of cold, damp, chilly air. Protect yourself against the sudden changes of temperature in fall and winter. *It is easy!*

Wear Duofold Health Underwear and secure the greatest degree of *protection* and *comfort* possible through the medium of clothes.

Duofold is a light weight knitted underwear with the fabric made of two THIN layers with an air space between. It keeps cold and dampness *out* and natural body warmth *in* on the same principle as that of the storm window, where two *thin* panes of glass with air space between are more effective than a single pane much thicker.

If you prefer cotton or mercerized underwear you can now enjoy the advantages of the Duofold principle in such garments. They provide warmth, comfort and protection *with light weight*, more effectively than thick, heavy cotton underwear of a single layer of fabric.

If you want the added protection of wool you can get it in Duofold, but *with all the wool on the outside*, in the outer layer of fabric, *where it can't irritate the skin*. The *inner* layer is made of fine, soft cotton for *Comfort*.

Duofold is made for the whole family from adults to infants. Sold by men's furnishing, dry goods and department stores practically everywhere.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO., Mohawk, N. Y.

HENDERSON & ERVIN, *Sales Agents*, 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Chicago: 234 S. Wells Street Atlanta: 601 Silvey Building Boston: 52 Chauncy Street

Ideal for Infants and Children

What fabric could provide greater protection to a little body and better comfort to tender skin than a thin layer, made with wool, on the *outside* for *warmth* and a thin layer, made with soft cotton, on the *inside* for *comfort?* Write for Booklet, "Health Protection for Infants and Children."

Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

THIS Diamond

is valued at $250,000 and yet an imitation costs but a few dollars

A child would as readily accept one as the other. But a diamond expert would laugh at you if you offered to him the substitute, even as a gift.

Just so would an expert in Fire Arms scorn your offer, at any price, of one of the many cheap importations of revolvers and automatic pistols which unprincipled persons are attempting to make the public believe are as good as a COLT.

Cheap materials put together by unskilled methods, masquerading as high grade fire arms, are just as much a fraud upon the public as glass being sold for diamonds—cotton offered as wool—paper as leather—brass as gold—tin for silver.

Whatever price you pay for one of these inferior arms is too much.

Unfortunately the growing need for home protection, which makes a COLT and its worthy American competitors essential, has brought out a flood of these cheap arms. Your home deserves the protection of a COLT

For nearly a century this has been the arm which has stood for law and order in America, the official side arm of our national forces on land and sea. Its superior safety features and unchallenged superiority for accuracy and dependability make it paramount as the protector of the home.

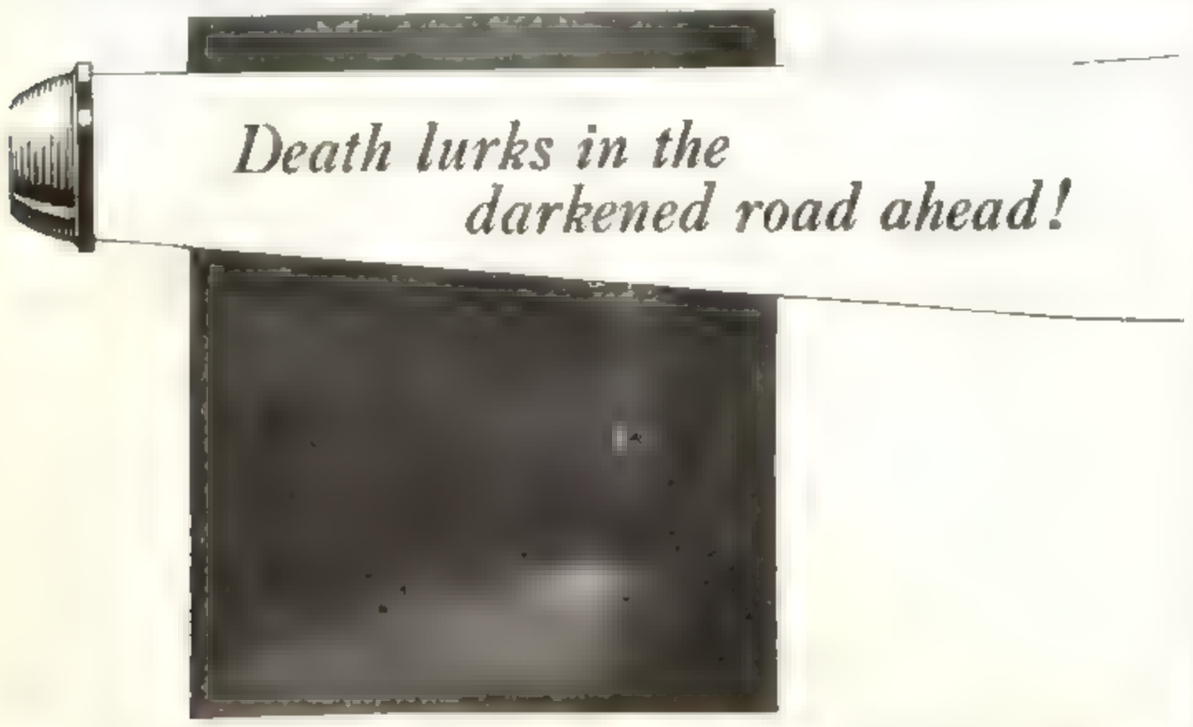
At its price today, COLT quality is the least expensive home protection you can buy

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.

Pacific Coast Representative, Phil B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

COLT'S

THE STANDARD OF THE FIRE ARMS WORLD



Death lurks in the darkened road ahead!

POOR headlights are worse than none—they lure to a false sense of security in the road ahead—they blind the oncoming driver—they court disaster.

Get a real lens from a lens-maker. Bausch & Lomb have specialized in this work for seventy years and are the largest makers of lenses in the world.

Bausch & Lomb lenses spread an even light from side to side the width of the road or turns. Both lenses are mechanically correct and thus are legal in every state. Such cars as Cadillac, Rolls-Royce and Lincoln have them as standard equipment.

Take chances no longer—the price of safety for night riding is small. You can attach a pair of Bausch & Lomb Lenses yourself, in 5 minutes. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail your check today, naming make and model of car

Price, per pair.	Name of car and model
	(Prices apply particularly to current models)
$4	Apperson—Buick (4)—Chalmers—Chevrolet 1490—Dodge—Durant—Ford—Gardner—Grant—Hupmobile—Kissel—Liberty (open)—McLaughlin—Maxwell—Mitchell (D-40)—Overland.
$5	Anderson—Apperson—Auburn—Buick—Cadillac—Chalmers—Chandler—Chevrolet—Cleveland—Columbia—Crow-Elkhart—Dixie—Dort—Duesenberg-Straight—Earl—Elgin—Essex—Franklin—Gardner—Grant—Handley-Knight—Holmes—Hudson—Jackson—Jordan—Kelsey—Lafayette—Leach—Lexington—Liberty (closed)—Lincoln—Maxwell—Mitchell (C-42—M—Nash—Oakland—Oldsmobile—Packard—Paige—Peerless—Pierce-Arrow—Reo—Revere—Stearns-Knight—Studebaker—Templar—Westcott—Willys-Knight.
$6	Auburn—Buick—Brewster—Buick—Cadillac—Chandler—Chevrolet—Cleveland—Columbia—Crow-Elkhart—Dixie—Dort—Duesenberg-Straight—Earl—Elgin—Essex—Franklin—Gardner—Grant—Handley-Knight—Holmes—Hudson—Jackson—Jordan—Kelsey—Lafayette—Leach—Lexington—Liberty (closed)—Lincoln—Maxwell—Mitchell (C-42—Nash—Oakland—Oldsmobile—Packard—Paige—Peerless—Pierce-Arrow—Reo—Revere—Stearns-Knight—Studebaker—Templar—Westcott—Willys-Knight.
$6	Auburn—Buick—Brewster—Buick—Cadillac—Chandler—Chevrolet—Cleveland—Columbia—Crow-Elkhart—Dixie—Dort—Duesenberg-Straight—Earl—Elgin—Essex—Franklin—Gardner—Grant—Handley-Knight—Holmes—Hudson—Jackson—Jordan—Kelsey—Lafayette—Leach—Lexington—Liberty (closed)—Lincoln—Maxwell—Mitchell (C-42—Nash—Oakland—Oldsmobile—McFarlan—Marmon—Mercer—Moon—Premier—Paige (6-66)—Peerless (56)—Reo—Roamer—Rolls-Royce—Stanley—Stearns-Duryea—Stutz—Templar—Velie—Westcott

The name is cast in every lens

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO., *Dept. B*, Rochester, N. Y.
New York Washington Chicago San Francisco

BAUSCH & LOMB MOTOR LENS

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 25)

"Finally I went to see Dan Williamson. This was in February, 1915. I told him that I had rid myself of the mental incubus of debt and I was ready to trade as of old. You will recall that when he needed me he offered me the use of twenty-five thousand dollars without my asking him.

"Now that I needed him he said, 'When you see something that looks good to you and you want to buy five hundred shares go ahead and it will be all right.'

"I thanked him and went away. He had kept me from making a great deal of money and the office had lost a lot in commissions. I admit I was a little sore to think that Williamson & Brown didn't give me a decent stake. I intended to trade conservatively at first. It would make my financial recovery easier and quicker if I could begin with a line a little better than five hundred shares. But, anyhow, I realized that, such as it was, there was my chance to come back.

"I left Dan Williamson's office and studied the situation in general and my own problem in particular. It was a bull market. That was as plain to me as it was to thousands of traders. But my stake consisted merely of an offer to carry five hundred shares for me. That is, I had no leeway, limited as I was. I couldn't afford even a slight setback at the beginning. I must build up my stake with my very first play. That initial purchase of mine of five hundred shares must be profitable. I had to make real money. I knew that unless I had sufficient trading capital I would not be able to use good judgment. Without adequate margins it would be impossible to take the cold-blooded, dispassionate attitude toward the game that comes from the ability to afford a few minor losses such as I often incurred in testing the market before putting down the big bet.

"I think now that I found myself then at the most critical period of my career as a speculator. If I failed this time there was no telling where or when, if ever, I might get another stake for another try. It was very clear that I simply must wait for the exact psychological moment.

"I didn't go near Williamson & Brown's. I mean, I purposely kept away from them for six long weeks of steady tape reading. I was afraid that if I went to the office, knowing that I could buy five hundred shares, I might be tempted into trading at the wrong time or in the wrong stock. A trader, in addition to studying basic conditions, remembering market precedents and keeping in mind the psychology of the sucker public as well as the limitations of his brokers, must also know himself and provide against his own weaknesses. There is no need to feel anger over being human. I have come to feel that it is as necessary to know how to read myself as to know how to read the tape. I have studied and reckoned on my own reactions to given impulses or to the inevitable temptations of an active market, quite in the same mood and spirit as I have considered crop conditions or analyzed reports of earnings."

Watching and Waiting

"So day after day, broke and anxious to resume trading, I sat in front of a quotation board in another broker's office where I couldn't buy or sell as much as one share of stock, studying the market, not missing a single transaction on the tape, watching for the psychological moment to ring the full-speed-ahead bell.

"By reason of conditions known to the whole world the stock I was most bullish on in those critical days of early 1915 was Bethlehem Steel. I was morally certain it was going way up, but in order to make sure that I would win on my very first play, as I must, I decided to wait until it crossed par.

"I think I have told you it has been my experience that whenever a stock crosses 100 or 200 or 300 for the first time, it nearly always keeps going up for 30 to 50 points—and after 300 faster than after 100 or 200. One of my first big coups was in Anaconda, which I bought when it crossed 200 and sold a day later at 260. My practice of buying a stock just after it crossed par dated back to my early bucket-shop days. It is an old trading principle.

"You can imagine how keen I was to get back to trading on my old scale. I was so eager to begin that I could not think of anything else; but I held myself in leash. I saw Bethlehem Steel climb, every day, higher and higher, as I was sure it would, and yet there I was, checking my impulse to run over to Williamson & Brown's office and buy five hundred shares. I knew I simply had to make my initial operation as nearly a cinch as was humanly possible.

"Every point that stock went up meant five hundred dollars I had not made. The first ten points' advance meant that I would have been able to pyramid, and instead of five hundred shares I might now be carrying one thousand shares that would be earning for me one thousand dollars a point. But I sat tight and instead of listening to my loud-mouthed hopes or to my clamorous beliefs I heeded only the level voice of my experience and the counsel of common sense. Once I got a decent stake together I could afford to take chances. But without a stake, taking chances, even slight chances, was a luxury utterly beyond my reach. Six weeks of patience—but, in the end, a victory for common sense over greed and hope!

"I really began to waver and sweat blood when the stock got up to 90. Think of what I had not made by not buying, when I was so bullish! Well, when it got to 98 I said to myself, 'Bethlehem is going through 100, and when it does the roof is going to blow clean off!' The tape said the same thing more than plainly. In fact, it used a megaphone. I tell you, I saw 100 on the tape when the ticker was only printing 98. And I knew that wasn't the voice of my hope or the sight of my desire, but the assertion of my tape-reading instinct. So I said to myself, 'I can't wait until it gets through 100. I have to get it now. It is as good as gone through par.'"

Bethlehem Goes Kiting

"I rushed to Williamson & Brown's office and put in an order to buy five hundred shares of Bethlehem Steel. The market was then 98. I got my five hundred shares at 98 to 99. After that she shot right up, and closed that night, I think, at 114 or 115. I bought five hundred shares more.

"The next day Bethlehem Steel was 145 and I had my stake. But I earned it. Those six weeks of waiting for the right moment were the most strenuous and wearing six weeks I ever put in. But it paid me, for I now had enough capital to trade in fair-sized lots. I never would have got anywhere just on five hundred shares of stock.

"There is a great deal in starting right, whatever the enterprise may be, and I did very well after my Bethlehem deal—so well, indeed, that you would not have believed it was the selfsame man trading. As a matter of fact I wasn't the same man, for where I had been harassed and wrong I was now at ease and right. There were no creditors to annoy and no lack of funds to interfere with my thinking or with my listening to the truthful voice of experience, and so I was winning right along.

"All of a sudden, as I was on my way to a sure fortune, we had the Lusitania break. Every once in a while a man gets a crack like that in the solar plexus, probably that he may be reminded of the sad fact that no human being can be so uniformly right on the market as to be beyond the reach of unprofitable accidents. I have heard people say that no professional speculator need have been hit very hard by the news of the torpedoing of the Lusitania, and they go on to tell how they had it long before the Street did. I was not clever enough to escape by means of advance information, and all I can tell you is that on account of what I lost through the Lusitania break and one or two other reverses that I wasn't wise enough to foresee, I found myself at the end of 1915 with a balance at my brokers' of about one hundred and forty thousand dollars. That was all I actually made, though I was consistently right on the market throughout the greater part of the year.

"I did much better during the following year. I was very lucky. I was rampantly bullish in a wild bull market. Things were

certainly coming my way so that there wasn't anything to do but to make money. It made me remember a saying of the late H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, to the effect that there were times when a man could no more help making money than he could help getting wet if he went out in a rainstorm without an umbrella. It was the most clearly defined bull market we ever had. It was plain to everybody that the Allied purchases of all kinds of supplies here made the United States the most prosperous nation in the world. We had all the things that no one else had for sale, and we were fast getting all the cash in the world. I mean that the wide world's gold was pouring into this country in torrents. Inflation was inevitable, and, of course, that meant rising prices for everything.

"All this was so evident from the first that little or no manipulation for the rise was needed. That was the reason why the preliminary work was so much less than in other bull markets. And not only was the war-bride boom more naturally developed than all others but it proved unprecedentedly profitable for the general public. That is, the stock-market winnings during 1915 were more widely distributed than in any other boom in the history of Wall Street. That the public did not turn all their paper profits into good hard cash or that they did not long keep what profits they actually took was merely history repeating itself. Nowhere does history indulge in repetitions so often or so uniformly as in Wall Street. When you read contemporary accounts of booms or panics the one thing that strikes you most forcibly is how little either stock speculation or stock speculators today differ from yesterday. The game does not change and neither does human nature.

"I went along with the rise in 1916. I was as bullish as the next man, but of course I kept my eyes open. I knew, as everybody did, that there must be an end, and I was on the watch for warning signals. I wasn't particularly interested in guessing from which quarter the tip would come and so I didn't stare at just one spot. I was not, and I never have felt that I was, wedded indissolubly to one or the other side of the market. That a bull market has added to my bank account or a bear market has been particularly generous I do not consider sufficient reason for sticking to the bull or the bear side after I get the get-out warning. A man does not swear eternal allegiance to either the bull or the bear side. His concern lies with being right."

Early Signs of a Bear Market

"And there is another thing to remember, and that is that a market does not culminate in one grand blaze of glory. Neither does it end with a sudden reversal of form. A market can and does often cease to be a bull market long before prices generally begin to break. My long expected warning came to me when I noticed that, one after another, those stocks which had been the leaders of the market reacted several points from the top and —for the first time in many months— did not come back. Their race evidently was run, and that clearly necessitated a change in my trading tactics.

"It was simple enough. In a bull market the trend of prices, of course, is decidedly and definitely upward. Therefore whenever a stock goes against the general trend you are justified in assuming that there is something wrong with that particular stock. It is enough for the experienced trader to perceive that something is wrong. He must not expect the tape to become a lecturer. His job is to listen for it to say 'Get out!' and not wait for it to submit a legal brief for approval.

"As I said before, I noticed that stocks which had been the leaders of the wonderful advance had ceased to advance. They dropped six or seven points and stayed there. At the same time the rest of the market kept on advancing under new standard bearers. Since nothing wrong had developed with the companies themselves, the reason had to be sought elsewhere. Those stocks had gone with the current for months. When they ceased to do so, though the bull tide was still running strong, it meant that for those particular stocks the bull market was over. For the rest of the list the tendency was still decidedly upward.

"There was no need to be perplexed into inactivity, for there were really no cross-currents. I did not turn bearish on the market then, because the tape didn't tell me to do so. The end of the bull market had not come, though it was within hailing distance. Pending its arrival there was still bull money to be made. Such being the case, I merely turned bearish on the stocks which had stopped advancing; and as the rest of the market had rising power behind it I both bought and sold.

"The leaders that had ceased to lead I sold. I put out a short line of five thousand shares in each of them; and then I went long of the new leaders. The stocks I was short of didn't do much, but my long stocks kept on rising. When finally these, in turn, ceased to advance I sold them out and went short—five thousand shares of each. By this time I was more bearish than bullish, because obviously the next big money was going to be made on the down side. While I felt certain that the bear market had really begun before the bull market had really ended, I knew the time for being a rampant bear was not yet. There was no sense in being more royalist than the king; especially in being so too soon. The tape merely said that patroling parties from the main bear army had dashed by. Time to get ready."

A Chance to Cover

"I kept on both buying and selling until after about a month's trading I had out a short line of sixty thousand shares—five thousand shares each in a dozen different stocks which earlier in the year had been the public's favorites because they had been the leaders of the great bull market. It was not a very heavy line; but don't forget that neither was the market definitely bearish.

"Then one day the entire market became quite weak and prices of all stocks began to fall. When I had a profit of at least four points in each and every one of the twelve stocks that I was short of, I knew that I was right. The tape told me it was now safe to be bearish, so I promptly doubled up.

"I had my position. I was short of stocks in a market that now was plainly a bear market. There wasn't any need for me to push things along. The market was bound to go my way, and, knowing that, I could afford to wait. After I doubled up I didn't make another trade for a long time. About seven weeks after I put out my full line we had the famous leak, and stocks broke badly. It was said that somebody had advance news from Washington that President Wilson was going to issue a message that would bring back the dove of peace to Europe in a hurry. Of course the war-bride boom was started and kept up by the World War, and peace was a bear item. When one of the cleverest traders on the floor was accused of profiting by advance information he simply proved he had sold stocks not on any news but because he considered that the bull market was overripe. I myself had doubled my line of shorts seven weeks before.

"On the news the market broke badly and I naturally covered. It was the only play possible. When something happens on which you had not counted when you made your plans it behooves you to utilize the opportunity that a kindly fate offers you. For one thing, on a bad break like that you have a big market, one that you can turn around in, and that is the time to turn your paper profits into real money. Even in a bear market a man cannot always buy one hundred and twenty thousand shares of stock without putting up the price on himself. He must wait for the market that will allow him to buy that much at no damage to his profit as it stands him on paper.

"I should like to point out to you that I was not counting on that particular break at that particular time for that particular reason. But, as I have told you before, my experience of thirty years as a trader is that such accidents are usually along the line of least resistance on which I base my operations in the market. Another thing to bear in mind is this: Never try to sell at the top. It isn't wise. Sell after a reaction if there is no rally.

"I cleared about three million dollars in 1916 by being bullish as long as the bull market lasted and then by being bearish when the bear market started. As I said before, a man does not have to marry one side of the market till death do them part.

"That winter I went South, to Palm Beach, as I usually do for a vacation, because I am very fond of salt-water fishing. I was short of stocks and wheat, and both

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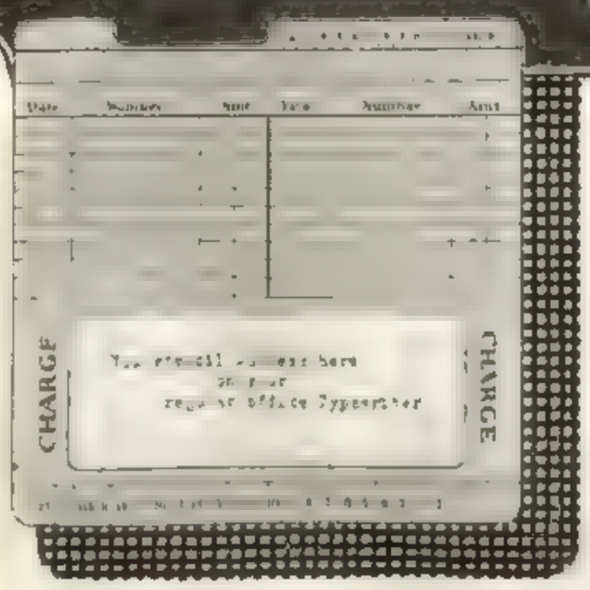

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lines showed me a handsome profit. There wasn't anything to annoy me and I was having a good time. Of course unless I go to Europe I cannot really be out of touch with the stock or commodities markets. For instance, in the Adirondacks I have a direct wire from my broker's office to my house.

"In Palm Beach I used to go to my broker's branch office regularly. I noticed that cotton, in which I had no interest, was strong and rising. About that time—this was in 1917—I heard a great deal about the efforts that President Wilson was making to bring about peace. The reports came from Washington, both in the shape of press dispatches and private advices to friends in Palm Beach. That is the reason why one day I got the notion that the course of the various markets reflected confidence in Mr. Wilson's success. With peace supposedly close at hand, stocks and wheat ought to go down and cotton up. I was all set as far as stocks and wheat went, but I had not done anything in cotton in some time.

"At 2:20 that afternoon I did not own a single bale, but at 2:25 my belief that peace was impending made me buy fifteen thousand bales as a starter. I proposed to follow my old system of trading—that is, of buying my full line—which I have already described to you.

"That very afternoon, after the market closed we got the unrestricted-warfare note. There wasn't anything to do except to wait for the market to open the next day. I recall that at Gridley's that night one of the greatest captains of industry in the country was offering to sell any amount of United States Steel at five points below the closing price that afternoon. There were several Pittsburgh millionaires within hearing. Nobody took the big man's offer. They knew there was bound to be a whopping big break at the opening.

"Sure enough, the next morning the stock and commodity markets were in an uproar, as you can imagine. Some stocks opened eight points below the previous night's close. To me that meant a heavensent opportunity to cover all my shorts profitably. As I said before, in a bear market it is always wise to cover if complete demoralization suddenly develops. That is the only way, if you swing a good-sized line, of turning a big paper profit into real money both quickly and without regrettable reductions. For instance, I was short fifty thousand shares of United States Steel alone. Of course I was short of other stocks, and when I saw I had the market to cover in, I did. My profits amounted to about one and a half million dollars. It was not a chance to disregard."

A Matter of Bookkeeping

"Cotton, of which I was long fifteen thousand bales, bought in the last half hour of the trading the previous afternoon, opened down five hundred points. Some break! It meant an overnight loss of three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. While it was perfectly clear that the only wise play in stocks and wheat was to cover on the break I was not so clear as to what I ought to do in cotton. There were various things to consider, and while I always take my loss the moment I am convinced I am wrong, I did not like to take that loss that morning. Then I reflected that I had gone South to have a good time fishing instead of perplexing myself over the course of the cotton market. And moreover, I had taken such big profits in my wheat and in stocks that I decided to take my loss in cotton. I would figure that my profit had been a little more than one million instead of over a million and a half. It was all a matter of bookkeeping, as promoters are apt to tell you when you ask too many questions.

"When I returned to New York early in 1917 I paid back all the money I owed, which was over a million dollars. It was a great pleasure to me to pay my debts. I might have paid it back a few months earlier, but I didn't for a very simple reason. I was trading actively and successfully and I needed all the capital I had. I owed it to myself as well as to the men I considered my creditors to take every advantage of the wonderful markets we had in 1915 and 1916. I knew that I would make a great deal of money and I wasn't worrying because I was letting them wait a few months longer for money many of them never expected to get back. I did not wish to pay off my obligations in driblets or to one man at a time, but in full to all at once. So as long as the market was doing all it could for me I just kept on trading on as big a scale as my resources permitted.

"I wished to pay interest, but all those creditors who had signed releases positively refused to accept it. The man I paid off the last of all was the chap I owed the eight hundred dollars to, who had made my life a burden and had upset me until I couldn't trade. I let him wait until he heard that I had paid off all the others. Then he got his money. I wanted to teach him to be considerate the next time somebody owed him a few hundreds.

"And that is how I came back," finished Lawrence Livingston, looking at me meditatively, as though he were not quite certain whether he had forgotten to tell me some important details.

Paying for Dead Horses

As I looked at him I thought of his great discovery: That he couldn't trade successfully while his debts were hanging over him. He went through bankruptcy in order to be free from the disturbing interference of a thought, to rid himself of an unprofitable state of mind—all the time urged by the wish to succeed in order to discharge those self-same harassing obligations. To me his recognition of his need was much more of a feat than his clairvoyant reading of the tape. To be greatly successful in any business a man must know not only his own business but his own self. And this man certainly knew both.

I asked him, "And was it before or after you paid off the money you owed that you salted away the millions your friends talk about?"

"It was after I paid off my debts in full. I put a pretty fair amount into annuities," answered Livingston.

One of his friends told me he gets 4 per cent on five millions. I didn't ask him about the amount because it didn't interest me so much as his reasons.

"Why?" I asked.

And he answered, "I made up my mind I wasn't going to be strapped and uncomfortable and minus a stake ever again."

"But," I objected, "annuities cease with your death, and you have a family."

"Yes," said Livingston, "but after I married I put some money in trust for my wife. And after the boy came I put some in trust for him."

"And why did you do that?" I asked.

"It is the only thing to do," he said.

"Is it because you think the stock market might take it away from you?"

"I know this," said Livingston earnestly: "that a man will spend anything he can lay his hands on; and also that he can lose every cent. But by doing what I did my wife and child are safe from me."

I smiled. He frowned. I explained my smile.

"Livingston, you are right, and you confirm a pet theory of mine. But I remember how an old friend of ours married right after his first failure. When he made another fortune in the cotton market I said to him: 'When you went broke before, you were single. It didn't matter how you lived. But now you have others dependent upon you. Are you absolutely certain that you will never go broke again or are you going to provide against such a possibility?' I remember that our friend smiled to think that I should believe him a cross between a conceited ass and a selfish pig, and told me that he had put away eight hundred thousand dollars in trust for his wife. I don't know what happened to that money."

Lawrence Livingston's face flushed with obvious anger. But it was not directed against me, as I perceived when he spoke.

"Yes," he said with feeling; "but that man coaxed his wife to sign off when he needed the money, and he lost it. But I have fixed it up so that no matter what I want or what my wife wants, that trust holds. It is absolutely safe from all attacks by either of us; safe from my market needs; safe even from a devoted wife's love. I'm taking no chances!"

"You are a wise man," I quite unnecessarily assured him.

He said nothing, but the expression on his face was very curious. It was an amazing blending of a smile and a sneer—as though I thought he didn't know all the enemies that a stock operator has to reckon with.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

$985

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Only in a car built throughout from standard *specialized* units—as the Columbia Light Six is built—can value be definitely analyzed and proved by direct comparison.

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Average price of cars with Auto-Lite electrical equipment	1387	985
Average price of cars with Borg & Beck Clutch	1674	985
Average price of cars with Spicer Universal Joints	2388	985
Average price of cars with Gemmer Steering Gear	2507	985
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CONTINENTAL RED SEAL MOTOR TIMKEN AXLES

The log of a LaFayette coupé

Mr. and Mrs. Harry O. Cobb and a friend clicked the door of their year-old LaFayette coupé at four-thirty on Sunday morning, June 4th last, and headed west out of Indianapolis.

They slept that night in Cedar Rapids, Iowa—502 miles from home.

At 10:45 Monday evening they were pulling into Grand Island, Nebraska, 972 miles from home.

Leaving Grand Island at 9:45 the next morning, they soon were on the level prairie roads and 10:45 Tuesday night found them in Cheyenne—1,425 miles from home.

Cheyenne was their last night stop, although they paused from time to time for forty winks.

The sixty-five miles between Eureka and Austin, Nevada, were arduous miles—a stretch of unditched, unworked road, criss-crossed with treacherous washouts, required an entire day of cautious driving.

In the middle of the Red Desert they stopped for the "picture ahead" and lost the trail.

Even during this brief halt the wind sifted the powdered sands over the tire tracks they were following, obliterating them completely.

By map and compass they determined their position and by driving in ever-widening circles finally picked up the lost trail.

In spite of these handicaps, exactly seven days from the time of leaving Indianapolis the LaFayette coupé was sailing up Van Ness Avenue, in San Francisco, 3,011 miles from home.

[illegible] San Francisco	(3,011 miles)
[illegible]	in seven days
[illegible]	34.9 miles per hour
[illegible]	4.30 miles
[illegible]	total 232.5 gallons
[illegible]	12.9 miles per gallon
[illegible]	total 19.5 quarts
average	617.6 miles per gallon

(The mileage [illegible])

The Cobbs returned in more leisurely fashion by the Southern Route, and by the time they were "back home in Indiana" had put 6,500 miles on the dial, a total of 22,000 miles of service for this car. They had carbon removed, the shackle bolts tightened, a wash and polish, and that was all.

Mr. Cobb is not a professional driver. He is a jeweler and diamond merchant in Indianapolis. His trip was not an endurance run nor a test of speed. It was just a vacation tour

Comparatively few owners have had occasion to test the stamina of the LaFayette across the continent, but regardless of their requirements all have found in this car a capability not equaled in their motoring experience

LAFAYETTE

HANDLING HOME SEEKERS

(Continued from Page 20)

"That has a loan value of about five hundred dollars," the young man told us.

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted the accountant.

"Now if it will raise five hundred dollars," I pointed out, "I'm sure I can get you the other five hundred. Come with me just a minute."

There is a bank in the same building with my office. I knew the manager quite well. It so happened that he knew the firm with which my prospect was connected.

"Yes," he said to my customer, "I will loan you the money on a ninety-day note and will renew if you pay half of it on time—provided you intend to live here in the village and will open your account at our bank."

The young man was dumfounded at this. Though an accountant, he told me that he had never so much as imagined himself going to a bank to borrow money. He thought they would require the indorsement of some well-to-do man or the deposit of some gilt-edged security. The upshot of it was the family bought the home and are tickled to death. Already the note at the bank has been paid off in full—paid off before maturity.

When the deal was closed that gang in my office had the dry grins. My home-harvesting scheme had worked.

To the average business man the working out of those details seems so simple as to be ridiculous. But I want to tell you that not one person out of ten, eager to have a home, has any idea that such things can be done. In big cities particularly the people appear to be frightened by regular business transactions, and they hold banks in absolute awe.

Building for Convenience

The bank manager took a lively interest in my plan from the start, and that was the biggest break of luck I had. He looked upon it as good constructive business for the bank. A month ago he told me that through my suggestions to prospective purchasers he had acquired many new depositors and that he had never lost a cent on a loan. Naturally I became an enthusiastic booster for this particular bank and have thrown quite a number of good things in its way.

Of course, I got many customers who had never heard of me as a home harvester, but I can count ten homes that I have sold as a direct result of that pamphlet. Some of them have recommended me to others. There were a few naturally who, expecting something for nothing, agreed with me right down to the point of digging up the cash payment and then pooh-poohed that as the catch in it. One has to expect that sort of thing.

In handling these many home seekers and listening to their comments the one thing that has impressed me most is the lack of originality in our early architects or house builders. If, in my region, we had half the originality and ingenuity for comfort shown by builders on the Pacific Coast I am sure I could double my sales in any given time.

In my section of the Eastern seaboard, and in others, the houses are so similar in form—so crude I might say—that I often wonder if our ancestors ever had any imagination at all. Somebody built a house shaped like a dry-goods box and put partitions in it many years ago. Since then everybody seems to have done the same thing. In my own town I have found that most of the houses I have for sale never even had an architect.

In Connecticut and Long Island the people are of a saving disposition. Rather than engage an architect some builder or plain carpenter helped work on a house once and then built a new one just like it. If anything new was needed he simply added it on. The idea of embodying these new ideas in the construction plans so as to give the whole thing a pleasing appearance evidently never occurred to him. And they are still building hundreds of new ones just the same way.

In our village there are two or three so-called California bungalows. If the owners had been willing to sell I could have sold any one of them a dozen times during the past summer.

I have pleaded and argued with builders to pay more attention to architecture, but they've got their heads set one way and call me foolish, lacking in common sense.

Just why the Californian should be so much more original and ingenious in the construction of homes always has puzzled me. I went on a trip out there a year or so ago and that was the first thing I investigated. They took me over many sections and I found the houses more wonderful in the way they had been constructed for convenience than I had imagined, and strangely enough nearly all of them were different in design. When I came home to what we are pleased to hear called the effete East I had to explain to a builder that a California bungalow was not a definite sort of house. It was more of an expressed idea of how to live with the least discomfort, and the idea took on many forms.

Out there I learned the origin of the California bungalow, as it was explained to me by a Los Angeles real-estate man. It seems that the first people who went to California were mostly men. They had no intention of remaining in one place long, as their purpose was to dig for gold. They would hurriedly erect a shack for shelter. The men had to cook and keep house as well as work in the mines; so they built their crude homes on the idea of saving all the time and steps possible. Pretty soon they would have to move. They would run across another shanty which had a new trick that they had not thought of. This would promptly be built into the new shack. Nightly the men would confer on some new device, always with the idea of saving themselves any extra work. And, according to my informant, when the women came out in numbers they found some of the most cunning devices for making housekeeping easy that they ever had heard of. They also began using their own creative imagination. As a result we have the form of residence known as the California bungalow. My friend out there insisted that it was not a creation of architects originally, but a gradual development from the ingenious ideas of men who wanted to make housework as easy as possible.

In the old hard section of the East people didn't feel that way. There were women to do the work, and if it came to a question of labor or expense—why, the husbands would save the money and let the wives do a little more work.

The Shackles of Tradition

I am an Easterner bred and born, and I am proud of it. But I am convinced that if the men of my section had been forced to do the housework years ago there would have been a big change in our architecture. There would be today.

Old fellows will always tell you that there was a reason for our form of architecture in frame houses, but none of them has ever told me what it was. For instance, it is not at all unusual to see a house twenty-five feet wide and three stories high on a hundred-foot lot. In addition there is a basement. On the main floor are a sitting room, dining room and kitchen. The bedrooms and bath are on the second floor, and the attic rooms often are used as sleeping quarters for the children. The bathrooms, by the way, in the old houses were not there originally, but have been cut in at the expense of bedroom space. To attend to the children and the kitchen and to go to the bathroom, the woman of the house is constantly climbing steps, until at night she is worn out. Also this sort of house, in a cold climate, is much harder to heat than a one-story house. And, following this old idea, builders of today who are constructing houses to sell are putting them up in exactly the same way. None of them can tell me why, except that they don't want to bother with thinking up anything different.

The only explanation I can find is that the first settlers from European cities were accustomed to using very little space for building because land was so dear. So when they got over here they contrived the idea of building them high up in the air instead of spreading them out on the ground.

I didn't intend to go into a discussion of architecture, but that is mostly what my customers talk about. As this old-fashioned idea of a house has cost me many

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6. One hand clip saves pencil and clothes.
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sales, I get indignant every time I think about it. If ever I do any building development on a large scale I am going to see that my houses are built for women and not for men. The women run them. Every time I see a woman running upstairs to arrange something before showing the house to my clients I can't help but think of those California miners. Those old boys would have knocked that second story off and put it on the ground.

Real-estate dealing in small cities and villages is much more interesting than in big cities, where the trading is largely confined to business property. I have done both. Among the home seekers and sellers there is much more chance to study human nature.

Most of my clients are women, as I have said. Rather, it is the women who take the initiative and also make the final decisions. I think this is true, generally speaking. After observing them for some time now I can understand why so many women have gone into the real-estate business. They like to make quick decisions—gamble if necessary. They make good agents. A man will hem and haw for weeks, but once a woman gets the proposition clearly in her head she has no hesitancy. She will step right out, lay her cards on the table and shove in her stack. And, mind you, if the transaction brings on financial hardships she knows quite well who will have to take the brunt of the sacrifices in keeping the household going.

Where a woman usually gets lost is in planning construction. I have never seen one who could understand a map or a set of plans—visualize them so that she could see the new house as it would appear when finished. For that reason they are the bane of a building contractor's existence while the new home is in course of construction. The moment it begins to assume shape they discover that it does not look as they had imagined it would and want to make changes.

For this reason I have found that it is always best for a family who never owned a home before to buy one already built. In a very short time the woman will find where the plumbing ought to be changed, where this and that partition ought to be taken out, where certain windows should be made into French doors, and so on. If they should sell and start to build a new home they would know exactly what they wanted and have a pretty fair idea as to what it would cost. Women become practical only by experience. Showing them plans is largely a waste of time. Of course, I understand, there are some women architects and some builders; but I am speaking of women in general.

The Only Good System

In my own village there is a woman contractor and builder. She came there two years ago and gave us quite a laugh when she hung out her card. In a very short time, though, she was making the old-time builders hustle. She built and sold fifteen houses in less than six months. Instead of laying a bundle of blue prints on the table when discussing future homes with clients she would take them in a car and show them several nice houses.

"We can build you one like this," she would say, "and will put in any changes that you think necessary."

Her plan was to buy an option on a good lot, build the house to suit a particular client, and then finance the deal by taking a cash payment and mortgages. Out of the cash payment she would pay for the lot and usually make a profit on that. She would get enough to start the building work in addition and then manipulate the rest by putting a mortgage on the whole to secure her notes.

That woman has the confidence of the bank. So far as I know she has yet to make a bad deal. Most important of all, she satisfies her clients by building houses just as they want them. Our old-time builders simply bought up property and built the regulation houses that they had always been building and took a chance on selling to whoever might come along. The woman gave them a good licking.

All this recent activity in getting homes for people fleeing from the high city rents has made some big changes in our business. In the old days an important feature was the rental of property and the collections. I was really startled when I checked things up to find that there is but one renting client on my books. The rental business in the village has fallen off fully 70 per cent. The people have been quick to realize that they can buy as easily as they can rent. That is the best sign I have seen.

The man who suggested that I prepare this article asked me: "What is the psychology of real-estate salesmanship? Think that over before you start."

I have thought it over; also I have read much on the subject. After listening to interesting business talks I have tried to put the suggestions in practice. So far nothing has worked out for me by following a formula.

I don't know whether you would or could call it the psychology or the trick of selling real estate, but the only good system I have found is to attend to my business and never overlook a bet.

Men who think they can size up a customer and tell what he has on his mind when he comes into the office are shrewder than I am. The only thing to do is to take him at face value and go right ahead. Jumping at conclusions will get no commissions—not in my town anyway.

Early this spring a woman came into my office and stood for several minutes, waiting until I had finished a letter. This woman was poorly clad; she wore hardly enough clothes to keep her warm. In her arms she held a baby. Two others, hardly big enough to walk, clung to her skirts.

"I want a house, mister," she said plaintively.

"Won't you sit down, madam?" I suggested, noticing that she was very tired. "You are carrying quite a weight in your arms."

"Yes, sir, I am tired. I've been to all the offices and nobody wants to help me, it looks like." I remembered then that I had seen this woman trudging around to the other real-estate offices of the village. "Yes, sir," she went on, looking at me in a sort of frightened, embarrassed way, "I got to have a house. Is it so hard, mister?"

"Why, no," I told her. "What kind of a house do you want?"

An Unusual Client

"A house—just a house. I want a place where I can take my children; a place where I can have room to work and they can play."

"Where have you been living?"

"I live in Brooklyn, but they turned me out."

"Turned you out—with those children?"

"Yes, mister. The house where we lived was sold, and when we told them we had no other place to live, with houses so scarce and rents so high, the man came and gave us a dispossess notice. I got to have a house."

I felt downright sorry for this poor woman. No matter what happened, I made up my mind to get her some kind of a place.

"Is your husband living?"

"No, sir. I am a widow."

"And these other agents didn't have a single place to rent?"

"They didn't ask me what I wanted. I don't want to rent a house. I want to buy one."

"I'll get you a house if it takes me all day," I told her. "I'll take you around in my car. Could you make a cash payment?"

"Yes, sir. But, you understand, I don't want a fine house—just one for me and the children. I never lived in the country, where houses ain't made all together. Do they cost very much?"

"You leave it to me, madam, and we'll see."

The day before I had taken out six different parties, but none of them wanted to pay more than one thousand dollars down on a home. It was very difficult. I was determined, though, to find this woman something.

We rode round and round, looking at all sorts of houses. The woman apparently had no interest in architecture. The only thing on which she ever commented was the washtubs. She wanted porcelain tubs and wanted to be sure that the water taps and the drain pipes worked all right. Heat, light and exposure seemed to interest her only in a passing way. Her looks told me that she had absolute faith in what I was doing. She had left it all to me.

Finally we found a little six-room cottage with a small lot, a rather nice little place in a section where the prices were moderate—I mean moderate as prices are considered nowadays. This house was listed with me at seventy-eight hundred

(Continued on Page 172)

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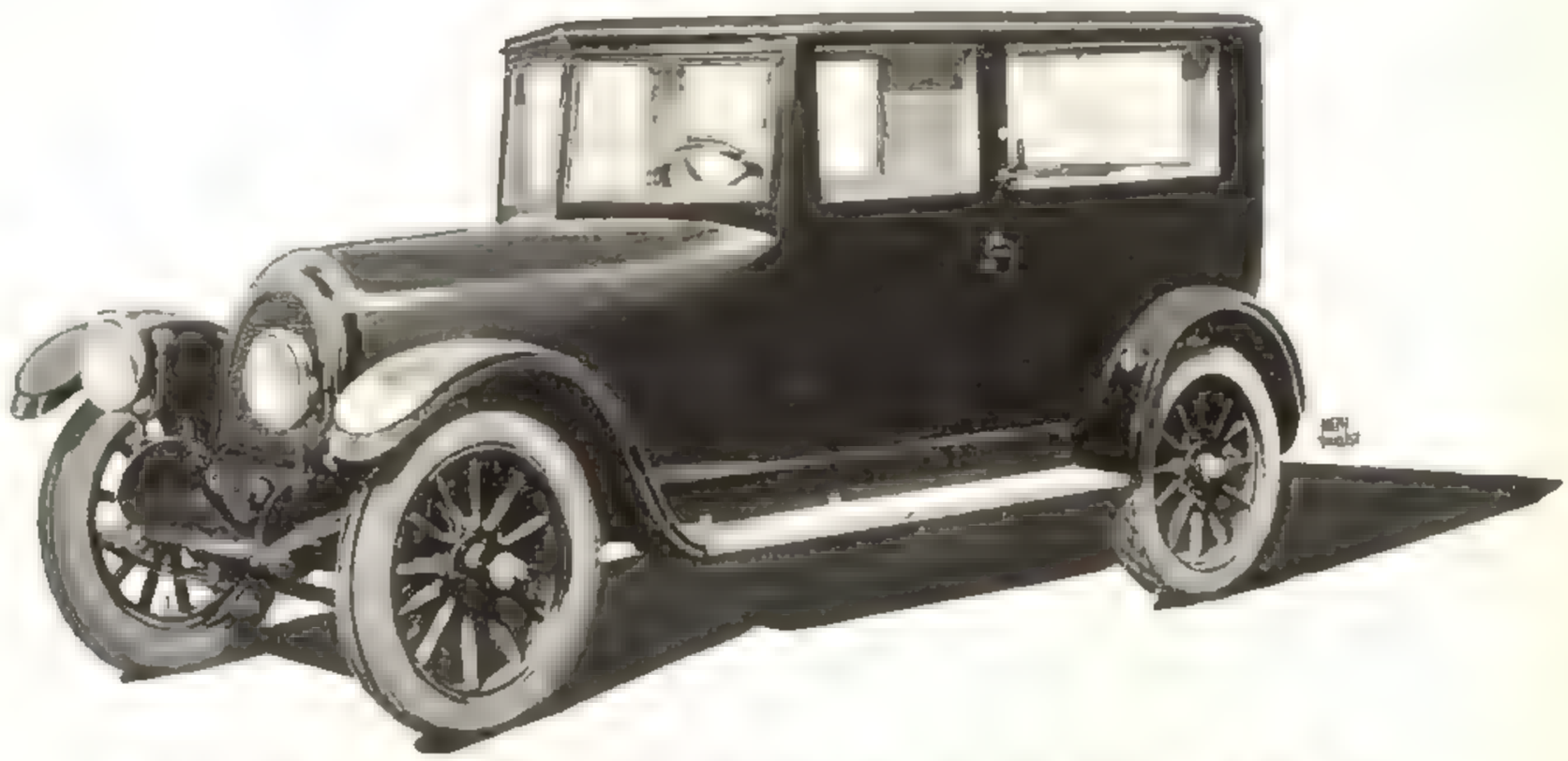

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(Continued from Page 170)

dollars. That was about as cheap as I could get. Up to this time I had not pursued my inquiry as to how much she could pay down. She seemed to be well pleased with this house.

"You like it, mister?" she asked.

"It's about the best we can do," I said.

"All right, sir. I will take this one. I will not be turned out of a house any more. You have been nice and what you say I will do."

"Well, then, we will go to my office and fix up the papers."

I fixed up a contract of sale for her to sign. Without a question she affixed her signature.

"And is it mine now?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, almost. The price of the place is seventy-eight hundred dollars. Now we will talk about the payment—the first one."

"I will take it, sir."

Placing the babies in a big chair, she began fumbling in the pocket of her well-worn skirt. After several digs she finally made quite a pile of bills on the table.

"I have two hundred dollars coming to me," she said.

I didn't grasp her meaning at first. Then I counted the money. She had handed me eight thousand dollars in bills, and wanted the change—two hundred dollars!

Such matters as a deed, a guaranteed title, recording fees, and so on, had never entered her head, and honestly I felt too much of a sport to mention it. This commission had come so quickly and unexpectedly that I decided it was up to me to chip in with the recording fees. Personally I knew the title to be absolutely clear, the previous owner having just had a search made so as to get a mortgage.

"Yes, it's yours," I told her, and I gave her a receipt in full, explaining that I would deliver the deed to her as soon as it could be made out and recorded.

When I related this incident to a real-estate man across the street he almost fell out of his seat. The woman had been around his place for some time. He had paid little attention to her, because he thought she wanted to rent a house, and he had none.

Now I have been in the real-estate business for twenty years, but that is the first case in my whole experience where a customer came in and bought a house just as if she had gone to a department store and picked out shoes for the babies.

The Housing Famine

Just how this woman got hold of all that money in cash puzzled me no little. I could not restrain my curiosity. It seems that her husband had died a year before and had left ten thousand dollars in insurance. The eight thousand dollars was what she had left after paying rent and living expenses for a year—excepting one thousand dollars.

"I had nobody to help me," she said, "because my husband had warned me about letting any strangers get hold of my money. But I figured it out that if I kept on paying rent and moving, in a few years I wouldn't have no money and no house either. So I took it all out of the bank but one thousand dollars and started out to get me a house. I can make a living by taking in sewing—I do some embroidery work for a store that sends it out at so much a dozen. Now that I don't have to pay no rent me and the babies can live on that and my thousand dollars. Now I got a home, ain't I, mister?"

That woman had never read any articles on economics, but she had struck on a basic thought that some of our high-salaried young fathers in New York and other cities might do well to think over.

I cite this odd case in substantiation of my early statement that you can't size up people by any tricks of psychology. Or maybe, after all, this is psychology. Anyway, it goes to show that the only sure-fire way of getting commissions is to take customers as they come and overlook no bets. You can't bank on appearances. A tone of sincerity in the customer's questions is usually a tip-off as to whether or not an agent is wasting his time.

About the time of my much-talked-of sale to the poor woman with the baby in her arms and eight thousand dollars in her skirt pocket there was a great rush for homes in the suburbs. High rentals and a shortage of homes were driving hundreds of New Yorkers from their apartments. The same thing was going on in other cities, though the need for a place to live was not quite so extreme as around New York. In many cases rents had jumped more than 50 per cent. What's worse, families couldn't get apartments even at that advance. Hundreds of small families were actually turned out on account of the apartment houses changing owners, new tenants being put in at higher rentals. It really was a terrible situation. People in other parts of the country find it difficult to appreciate just what was going on in the populous sections around New York, Brooklyn, Newark and Jersey City.

In our village, homes that had been bought in the prewar days for five thousand dollars found a ready market at seven thousand, eight thousand and even nine thousand. And this sudden jump came pretty near ruining some of our best citizens. They saw what they thought was a quick chance to pick up fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars. Those who didn't see very far in front of their noses took it. A groceryman, neighbor of mine, who had spent ten years building up his place got nicked good. He figured that his place then stood him six thousand dollars. He was offered eight thousand.

"Why," he said to me, "I'd be foolish not to grab that! I have another lot down the street and I can build a new house just like I want for seven thousand, and still have a profit."

Nothing could stop him. He sold out and immediately began plans for building. In less than three months he was forced to sue two contractors for failure to go on with their work. They could not get labor or material and were in a pickle. He was in a worse one. When the house was finally finished it had cost him a little more than nine thousand dollars—that in addition to the lot, which also he could have sold at a profit. We had many cases like that.

The Shoestring Shopper

In those days—as in this day—there were mighty few cases of the poor woman with the babies and the eight thousand dollars. Most of them have no babies and about eight hundred dollars. Some less than that. As I have said, a real-estate agent must not judge by appearances.

There was quite a flurry in our little real-estate circles last May when a handsomely dressed young married woman, in search of a home, made the rounds in about the niftiest-looking motor car I ever have seen. I might explain that we have six real-estate offices in the village, and most of the places for sale are listed with all of us. The competition is keen. The business was so good for a while, however, that all did well.

Rather enviously I was watching this attractive and opulent-looking woman stopping at the other offices to make inquiries. My competitors even came out of their offices to talk with the prospect while she sat in her nifty car. Finally she came to me and I put on my most suave and impressive manner.

"Have you found anything to suit you yet, madam?" I inquired, explaining that I had observed her activities.

"Not as yet," she said. "To come right to the point, I must have a big place with considerable grounds and a house of from twenty-four to twenty-eight rooms, with garages and servants' quarters."

A sort of glow ran over me. If you've ever been a real-estate agent and have seen a chance like this you'll understand what I mean. Only a week before the representative of a very old and wealthy family had indicated to me a willingness to sell their big place near the bay.

"I haven't anything right in the village," I said to her; "but ——"

"Oh, I don't care exactly where it is. Train service means little to us. As long as it is on the island"—Long Island—"it will do, provided we can get the room. As a matter of fact, we'd like to be a little isolated."

"I have the place for you—about a mile out. Had you any fixed idea as to the amount you'd like to invest?"

"Well, of course, I want value received."

"The place I have in mind can be bought for about thirty-five thousand, I think."

"That sounds good," she said.

"And," I added, "it has twenty-eight rooms and considerable acreage."

"Get in my car," she suggested, "and let's look at it."

I purposely pointed the way past the other real-estate offices so they could see me riding in the lady's car.

We went out to the beautiful old place and looked it over from cellar to garret. It was easily worth the thirty-five thousand dollars. The woman was immensely pleased and suggested that I get in touch with the owners immediately. She was ready to begin negotiations at once.

"What are the terms?" she inquired. "I suppose it would carry both first and second mortgage?"

"Oh, certainly," I said. I knew that the estate did not wish to raise cash, but would be highly satisfied with 6 per cent mortgages.

"And what amount of cash payment do you think they would require?"

I had made up my mind to say eight thousand dollars, that being less than a fourth. I knew that would be agreeable to the owners. Still, I hesitated. I didn't want to make it too low, because I was looking for as big a commission as possible out of the cash paid.

"Why," I evaded, so as to draw her out if possible and not make a bad break, "I am sure they would be satisfied with a very modest cash payment. Have you any suggestions?"

Now I give you my word this is the truth:

"Well, most of our money is invested in securities which we can't afford to market just at this time," she said. "Do you think it would be satisfactory for me to pay one thousand dollars in cash? That is about as much as I would want to put out in cash just now."

If there was ever a sick man anyone could have positively identified me as the afflicted person at a glance.

"Madam," I said, "I'll get in touch with the owners and communicate with you."

I took her address and also noted the make of the car. I looked her up. Her husband had no rating in Bradstreet's or Dun's. Through the aid of our automobile dealer I learned that our pretty lady had even bought the car on partial payments.

As yet I have failed to get into my head just what that woman was trying to do. Obviously she had no intention—no hope at least—of buying an expensive home. Can you imagine a person buying a thirty-five-thousand-dollar estate with one thousand dollars in cash? My only conclusion is that she wanted to show off the car and do a little window shopping just for effect. She never returned.

House Buying Made Easy

As I have said, you can't pick 'em out by appearances. The car that woman had bought on time would have almost paid for the home the poor woman bought for seventy-eight hundred dollars.

As this rush for homes slowed up a little we noticed that the amount of cash carried by customers gradually decreased. It got to where we would answer questions about property by asking right off the reel, "How much can you pay down in cash?"

Nine times out of ten the answer was, "About a thousand dollars."

That's why the rush is subsiding. The money is getting low.

Before this I mentioned that it was suggested to me, in preparing this article, that I study the psychology of the real-estate business.

"Incidentally," this gentleman asked, "what percentage of the people of more moderate means make good on their purchases? In other words, how many of them overbuy themselves through enthusiasm and are unable to meet their required payments on principal and interest?"

That started me on a little investigation. I went back over my records and also made inquiries of my neighbor competitors. In one hundred deals I have found but one case of foreclosure. Even that one man could have avoided being sold out if it had not been for discouragement and lack of interest on account of domestic unhappiness.

This man made a cash payment of one thousand dollars and monthly payments of twenty dollars, including the interest. He lasted just twelve months and was out something like twelve hundred dollars. Looking at it one way, he didn't lose anything at all. He would have had to pay at least one hundred dollars a month rent for the home he bought.

If small families will continue to keep in mind the idea that they are simply paying rent—paying it to themselves—they will rarely have difficulty. The head of a family who has lived in New York or any other big city for a number of years gets so much in the habit of looking forward to meeting his rent at the end of the month that it sticks to him when he buys a home, and that is all that is necessary. I use New York for an example because the standard of rental is more firmly fixed and because it is high. I imagine it runs in about the same proportion to the cost of living in other cities.

Any man who pays one hundred a month rent can buy a ten-thousand-dollar home and have no difficulty in paying for it without danger of foreclosure or the necessity of selling. On the same basis a family paying fifty dollars a month rent can own a five-thousand-dollar home in a very short time. Once they get by the first year and get accustomed to the new order of things there arises an ambition to pay the thing off and get rid of it.

In looking over these cases I noted but one or two in the entire lot where a purchaser allowed the monthly payments to go the entire limit of time as provided in the mortgage terms. I am referring, of course, to the second mortgage. Along the Eastern seaboard, where my activities have centered, it is a custom never to pay off the first mortgage on a home. I don't know whether that is always a good idea or not. If I were a wage earner of very limited means I think I should rather have the whole thing paid off. That, however, is not the custom. The idea of allowing the first mortgage to remain, of course, is to keep the property in what we call a liquid state for transfer, if necessary. For instance, if a ten-thousand-dollar home carried a four-thousand-dollar first mortgage it would be much easier to sell than if a new mortgage had to be made in case of purchase. The mortgage could be simply taken by assignment or held by the same mortgagor without the trouble and expense of title search, fees and often a bonus.

Borrowing for Credit

Even if a home owner has saved up the four thousand dollars to pay off the mortgage he is usually advised to invest that in some other security at 6 per cent or more. Then he can take the interest from one and apply it to the other. He is out nothing and at the same time keeps his property in a convenient salable form.

Men who buy a piece of property for the first time take much pride in being referred to as taxpayers. That brings with it an idea of being business men. They start talking of good securities before they even have paid off the second mortgage. Consequently that theory of investing in a security so as to offset the interest on their mortgage appeals strongly. It sounds important. They are out of the tenant class.

"You know," a young man said to me the other day, "we rarely ever go in town to see any of our old friends nowadays. Honestly, we've got to where we sort of look down on people who are tenants."

I never saw a man enjoy property ownership so much as this fellow. With it he had a great sense of humor. My office, as I have mentioned, is in the same building with a bank. One day this particular client, who always managed to give me a laugh somehow, dropped in to gossip.

"Say," he said, smiling, "I've just borrowed a thousand dollars from the bank on my personal note—without indorsement or security."

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "You are not in trouble?"

"I should say not! The bank manager down there thinks I'm a pretty good business man. He suggested that he would be glad to accommodate me with a moderate loan any time I needed it, so I borrowed a thousand dollars. I'll keep it and pay it back to him next month. The interest will amount to just five dollars. It's worth that much just for the fun I'll have taking up the note. You see, I might really need to borrow some time. After paying back that thousand so promptly I could borrow two thousand the next time."

And, thinking it over for a moment, I decided that young fellow was much more of a business man than he really suspected. It's a great thing to get the feel of taking up notes promptly. Banks would rather have a client like that than a lot of them with big securities.

Men who buy homes for the first time are very much like those who buy their first automobiles. It is the rarest thing in

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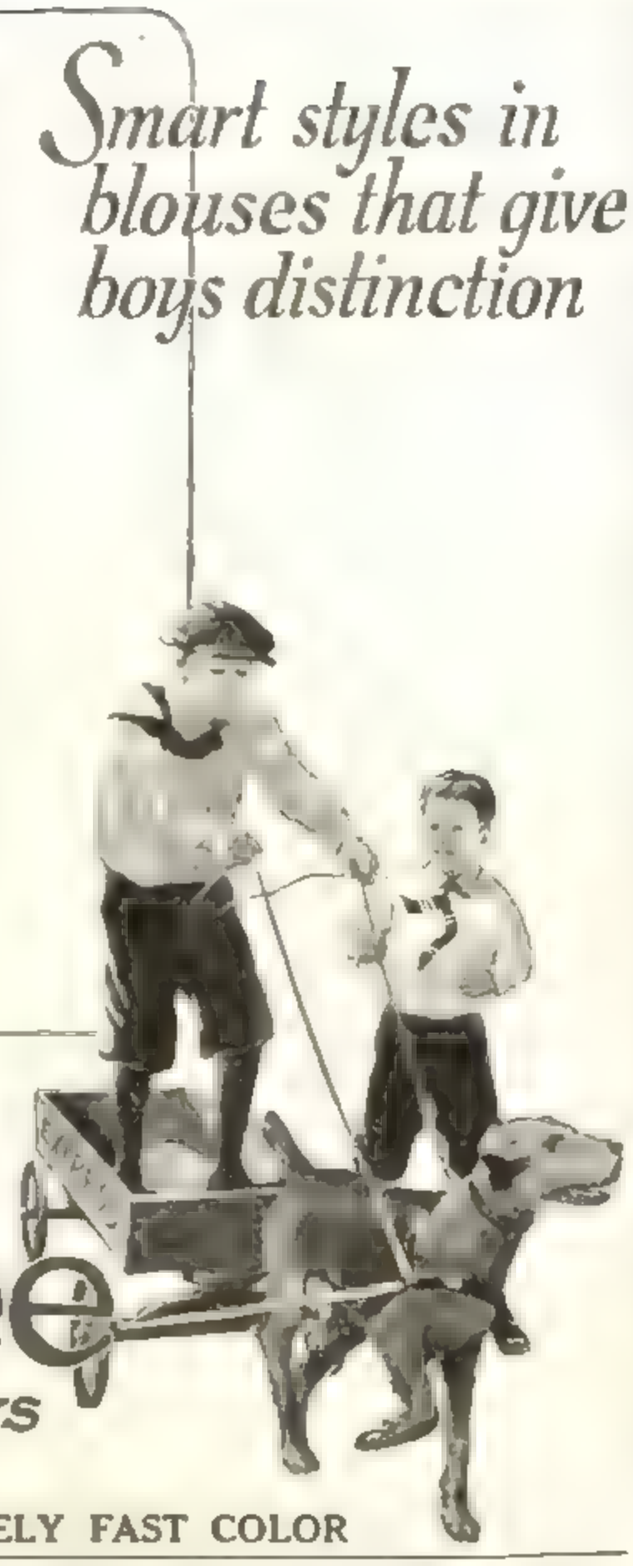

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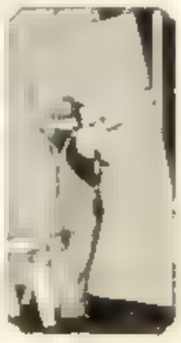

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the world when they will admit they have made a bad deal. That is the one good break that a real-estate dealer gets. After I have sold a place and the new owner begins fixing it up to suit himself—they all make changes I know quite well that he will drop in to see me in a month or two. I also know what he will say

"Well," he begins cheerfully, "I guess we didn't do so badly at that. I could get fifteen hundred more for my place than I paid for it right now. An appraiser came along yesterday and told me our place was easily worth that much. But, of course, a place is worth just what it could be sold for. How much could you get for our place now if we should put it on the market?"

If he paid ten thousand dollars I usually estimate that I can get twelve thousand maybe fifteen thousand after he has finished his improvements. I know quite well that he has no intention in the world of selling. He merely wants me to confirm his opinion; support him in statements he has made to his friends in the city.

You people who live in more reasonable—I might say sensible—sections of the country may have noted the careless, inconsequential way I mention ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollar homes for wage earners. It was not always like that. I can remember very well when to own a ten-thousand-dollar home was evidence of considerable wealth. Many of our very best citizens paid three or four thousand dollars for their present homes right around the suburbs of New York. The standard of figures that I use is very new—after-war stuff.

Right across the street from where I live there is a beautiful home which sold under pressure in 1914 for twenty-eight hundred dollars. Within the last year I have been asked to see if I could buy that place for a customer for ten thousand dollars. The owner will not sell, saying that he bought the place to live in, not for speculation.

There is no reason for a man to upset the serenity of his home simply because he knows it is worth twice as much as he paid for it. It is hard, though, to make some people understand that.

The Speculative Spirit

It is not my purpose here to discuss real-estate buying for speculation. I am talking about home seekers. A man who becomes restless and grasping simply because his home has increased in value might just as well think of selling his breakfast because what he is eating now is worth a dollar when he formerly could buy the same thing for a quarter. If the value is to be considered as against the comfort he ought to go in the restaurant business.

Of course if everybody followed that suggestion it would be pretty tough on the dealers. They won't, though. No amount of sound advice will kill the speculative spirit. Some men sell and buy purely for the sport of trading; while others, after buying a small home, become ambitious to own a bigger one. I have one adventurous client who started out to buy a home, has bought three and hasn't really owned or occupied one yet. He was offered a profit of fifteen hundred dollars for his contract of sale on the first one and took it. He did the same thing on the second and third. Instead of owning his own home he has now become a speculator.

This sort of trading keeps the real-estate dealer alive. Toward the end of last summer, I might add, we came pretty near dying of dry rot. People were either content with their purchases or newcomers had no money. For one whole month I didn't make a single deal.

In the middle of this slump I went to see some of my old associates in the city and would have practically fallen into a big commission—if I hadn't talked too much. It gives me a chance right here to offer a little advice to real-estate agents: when everything is set and going good in a deal keep your mouth shut and listen.

A group of real-estate men were feeling around to get an option on a valuable block of city property owned by an old estate. They had a purchaser eager to buy. He represented a syndicate that planned to erect several apartment houses and was trying quietly to get a big parcel of property together.

It so happened that I was quite familiar with the property of this estate and was called into conference. I took the syndicate man with me and called on the old gentleman whose family had owned the property for many years.

"I could sell this property for you," I said to him, "if you would put a figure on it. I imagine the handling of it has been quite a burden."

"Yes," he said cheerfully, "but I wouldn't sell for less than a million dollars. It ought to bring that."

The syndicate man nodded to me. He would have gladly paid that, because the company couldn't proceed without possession of that particular piece of property.

"Wait a few hours," I said to the old gentleman, "and I'll bring my client."

"Do you really want it?" he asked. I nodded. "Well, then you might as well fix up a contract of sale while you are out. There's no use of a lot of negotiations. Here is a description of the property."

Costly Persiflage

In the top drawer he had all the papers connected with it—deeds, leases and everything.

"Get a contract-of-sale blank," the old gentleman said, "and you can have the descriptions copied in right here."

This looked too good to be true. The real-estate man thought me a wonder.

I returned as quickly as possible and my client had a certified check to put up and make the transaction binding. Everything was lovely. I handed him the sale contract to sign. As I did so I noticed his full name on the papers.

"Oh, by the way," I remarked pleasantly as he dipped his pen in the ink, "you are one of the three or four oldest graduates of Harvard, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, the pen poised in mid-air. For a few minutes he talked about the old days at Harvard, my client getting fidgety.

"But I'd better sign this," the old gentleman went on, "and then we'll talk."

"Your family must have owned this property for several generations," I remarked, just when I should have kept my mouth shut.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "for more than a hundred years. Now, my great-grandfather ——" And he laid down the pen!

For fifteen minutes he recalled old days, how the property had improved, how it used to look when he was a boy, and so on.

"I'm sorry," he finally remarked. "Young man, I'm downright sorry, because you've gone to a lot of trouble. I guess, though, I'll wait. I don't feel like selling right now. You have awakened a lot of memories in me. Suppose you drop in on me later."

I know that client could have brained me. I had talked myself out of a commission that would have carried me for a year or more.

I have dropped in several times, but that old gentleman hasn't yet decided to sell that property. My enthusiasm to recall memories dwindled after the first visit.

Gentleman—you real-estate agents—talk as glibly as you please right up to putting the pen in hand and showing the dotted line. Then keep your mouth shut.

Maybe I'm talking too much now, but I feel that I have the right to give that advice.

Our street has discovered many different uses for Beaver Board

Mrs. John Smith says there are over 100 other John Smiths in town. But she doesn't believe that any one else has a home as distinctively attractive as hers. All the walls and ceilings are panelled with genuine Beaver Board, tinted in suitable colors for each room. It saved money, but she wouldn't swap for anything she has now!

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People thought Howard Helton was losing his real estate office with genuine Beaver Board in order to get a quick job at low cost. But it looks so attractive that Howard brings his prospects in and sells them on Beaver Boarding for the interiors of the new homes he is building. That's one reason his prices are so low!

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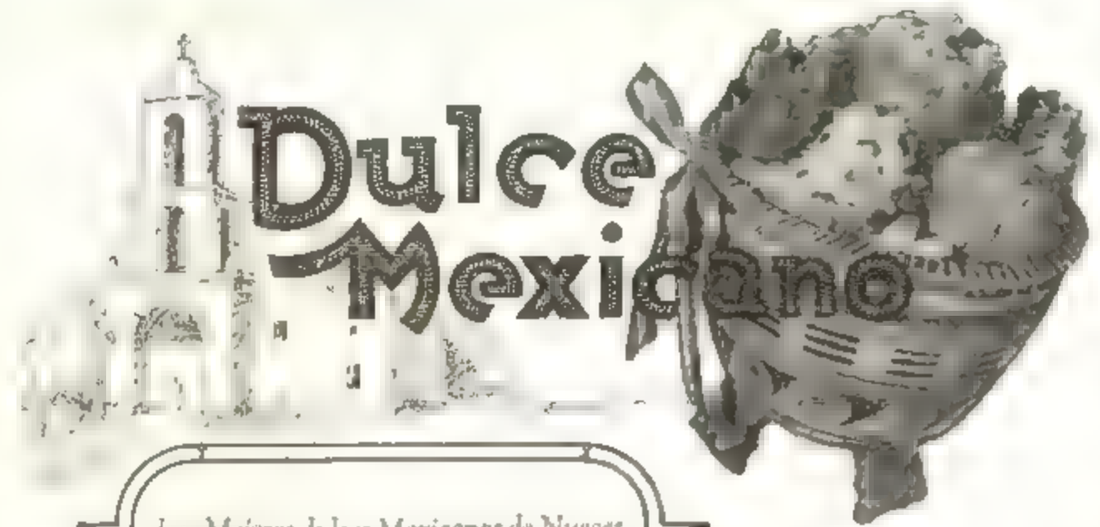

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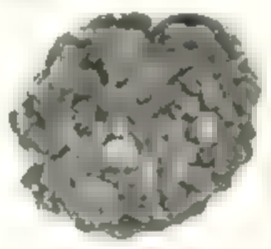

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DYING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

Continued from Page 11

"I suppose I won't see you again?" Oliver said.

"It isn't necessary; I can do nothing."

"Maybe you can come over to the funeral," old Oliver added grimly.

This caused Doctor Sam to look away for a time; he seemed to be thinking of his own affairs.

"I'm within a year or two of your condition," the doctor replied, rousing from his reverie. "I've just heard a piece of sound philosophy. When you said you knew what your trouble was, you added, 'I'm seventy-seven, and it's all right. It's the rule.' That's good sense. I found rules when I came to the country, about the time you did, and they have been true ever since. Old men wear out; it's the rule, and we can't change it. You can't know how much I regret I can do nothing for you. If you don't mind my saying it, I've been hearing about you nearly fifty years, and reports have been far above the average. That's the rule, too; a good man, good reports. It's as true as that old men die."

And when they asked Doctor Sam downtown how old Oliver was there was a tremor in his voice when he told them.

The doctor's report didn't cause much change in the sick man's condition or attitude of mind, and he didn't tell anyone of the frank conversation, but the truth got about.

In three weeks Mrs. Steele died unexpectedly. Then came the trouble over caring for old Oliver. His children said he couldn't remain in the big house, with only the servants to look after him. And after many discussions, and much excitement which didn't do the sick man any good, it was decided he should go to Helen's—the youngest daughter in the family, who had married Jack Holmes. As they had no children and lived in the house which old Oliver liked better than the newer one, he was taken there.

In ten days there was trouble. Old Oliver never liked Jack Holmes; Mrs. Steele used to say that whomever Helen married her father wouldn't like. He knew it was the rule for girls to marry and usually accepted the inevitable, but didn't like it any more than he liked his talk with Doctor Sam. Helen was the baby and his favorite; he had called her Babe until they shamed him out of it. When Helen was missing from the house as a child or young girl, and wasn't at school, they knew she was down at the store and would come home with her father at suppertime. As they walked along the street the devotion of father and daughter was everywhere remarked and admired, and people said:

"Old O. K. will make a great fuss when he loses her."

Oliver may have been rather fretful for a time in properly digesting his philosophy after the death of his wife and his frank talk with Dr. Sam Morton. His suffering may have become more acute after they bundled him over to Helen's and began wondering what to do with the big house.

Old Oliver took Tom Hart, his houseman, with him to Helen's, but Tom had to go home occasionally to get rest. At these times Helen looked after her father.

And he needed a good deal of looking after. His right foot was swollen, and the trouble creeping toward the knee. He was in almost constant pain and rarely went to bed; he rested easier in a big chair they had brought with him. He felt best during the daylight hours, and at Helen's, at night, was often noisily hobbling upstairs or down, assisted by Tom Hart and crutches the doctors had provided. If he went to bed, within half an hour he came downstairs, slowly and painfully, to sit in the chair. With old Oliver around there was always commotion at Helen's. Many called to see him, and quiet and order departed from the household.

One morning at two o'clock, when the patient was particularly restless and Jack Holmes was attending him to give Helen and Tom Hart a chance to sleep, there was a falling out. The sick man completely lost his temper because of something Jack had said or implied, and tongue-lashed his son-in-law as he had possibly been wanting to do a long time. Helen was aroused by the commotion and hurried into the room, to find her father in a rage, standing on his crutches and preparing to go away.

And go away he did, half dressed, half wrapped up in quilts and sheets. Helen started to protest, but her husband spoke rather sharply to her, and she hurried to her room, crying. People said she was a little afraid of her husband, who had and air of feeling superior to everybody in our community. But as old Oliver hobbled out into the darkness that night it is probable Jack Holmes felt thoroughly uncomfortable and that possibly he had committed a blunder at last.

It was not far to Tom Hart's place, and when Tom was aroused by a pounding on his door he found his employer there, painfully supporting himself on his crutches and holding up his bandaged foot.

"Get me to the big house," he said

Long trained by a capable employer, Tom knew how to get quick results. By daylight old Kate Handy, the cook, who had been with the Steeles twenty years, was routed out, and by noon the sick man was more comfortable than he had been at Helen's. Connection with Dr. Sam Morton was secured by telephone, and Oliver talked with him.

"Send me three nurses," he said, "and at once. I've been a slave a long time, as you have been, but intend to die like a gentleman."

Doctor Sam knew Oliver Steele meant what he said in everything. The nurses arrived on the evening train, and plans for dying like a gentleman were soon completed.

Old Oliver didn't want to impose on anyone, he told the nurses, but needed constant attention, and they were to work in shifts of eight hours each.

"Nursing is your business," he said; "it's no hardship for you. I'm making hours short, and I'll pay you union wages every week."

There was a man in town named Walter Bell, who sold automobiles and was reputed to be the most capable driver in that section. Old Oliver sent for him, bought a better car than had ever before been owned in town, and engaged Walter Bell to drive it.

"When I don't need you," his employer said, "you can do what you wish, but when I want you you're my driver."

Kate Handy, the cook, was told to find a woman to assist her and do the washing. The house was abundantly stocked with everything needed. Three meals a day were served for the nurses, as in a hotel. When their patient felt well enough he hobbled out to the dining room with the nurses and sat at the head of the table, with Tom Hart waiting on them.

Old Oliver moved into the great drawing-room, which he littered up as he pleased. Beside the chair in which he spent most of his time he had a table, where he kept his books and papers as he liked. In the drawer he had money, and from this store the nurses were paid every week, as were Tom Hart, Kate Handy, the washwoman and the tradesmen. When it was thought necessary to clean up the room where he sat Kate Handy asked permission. If he felt pretty well he granted it, and submitted while three women cleaned up hurriedly, fearing at any moment he might change his mind.

He had a good many callers; he welcomed anyone to talk to as a diversion. If the local bankers had a hard problem they were glad of a chance to submit it to the old veteran, who would say simply "I wouldn't recommend it" or "It seems all right," and they knew they were getting the judgment of a master.

Many men who wanted advice about land called to get his judgment, for he knew every quarter, eighty or forty within twenty miles, and its value.

Many of the callers came late. The sick man dreaded the night hours; so it came about that the big chandeliers were in use, as were most of the other lights, except in the rooms where the two nurses off duty slept.

Once he said to Miss Hansen, who had charge of him and of the house, "The electric-light men were never satisfied with my bills, although I used as much current as I needed. Satisfy them now."

He talked a good deal with the nurses, and they soon discovered he was an unusual man, as the people of his town had long known. Whatever could be done to make him comfortable they did, with the advice of Doctor Sam, who was always within reach by telephone; but he steadily grew worse.

When the weather was fine Walter Bell occasionally drove his employer about. Tom Hart usually sat on the front seat with the driver, and frequently the three nurses also went along for an airing. One pleasant Saturday afternoon old Oliver so appeared on the street, and was given a reception that must have pleased him. Hundreds of farmers he had known many years crowded about him as he sat in the machine, bundled up, his hat awry, and his sore foot resting in a sling Walter Bell had contrived. He had been a hard man, but fair, and people liked him.

And they generally sided with him in his trouble with Jack Holmes. Helen had met her husband when away at the university. Jack came from a town larger than ours, and we always rather resented his trying to take us over. The old way seemed good enough, with Oliver Steele setting the pace. He didn't marry a rich girl or have a third interest in a prosperous business given him, in addition to a house and a lot of ready money, but we believed him to be a more capable man than Jack Holmes. We had heard Oliver say that as a boy on pleasant Sundays he carried his shoes and went barefoot until he reached the church before putting them on. He was born in the county where he was dying like a gentleman, after building up its most noted institution. Before his right foot got out of shape, long after he was seventy, there wasn't a young man in town who could turn out an equal amount of work, and do it so well, as old Oliver Steele.

When a young fellow in our part of the country was particularly promising we said "He may turn out another Old O. K."

When out taking the air the invalid never went near the brick store where he had made his mark. Jack Holmes was there, and they didn't get along. Helen went to see her father, but found him reserved and quiet. Many believed Jack Holmes resented her going; that he thought she should have accepted his story of the trouble, whatever it was about, and stood by him.

Mary, another daughter, who lived in the country on a farm her father had given her husband, also visited him, as did John, who was still with the brick store, but they all half feared their visits were rather unwelcome. Nothing would have induced him to say so: it is the rule for children to call on their father, and I accepted it, but perhaps he would have been better off had they not called at all.

Miss Hansen, his favorite of the three nurses, was quoted as saying that the sick man once said something causing her to believe that in the trouble at Jack Holmes' house Jack had quoted some disagreeable thing he had heard John or Mary or Helen say about their father.

Old Oliver bitterly resented this, but gave his resentment no definite form, nor directly referred to it, except that he once said to Miss Hansen: "I have the same right to be unreasonable that a baby has. Babies are tyrants; so are the old, when they have a foot like that"—pointing to his own. "I'll be as unreasonable as I wish. I'm paying first-class wages for first-class attention. I'm no longer myself."

Many thought this might be a guarded reference to the belief that his children had been grumbling about his illness to Jack Holmes, an interloper in the family, while he was thinking they loved and respected him.

"I walked the floor many nights with mine when they were fretful," he said to Miss Hansen. "It's the rule, and I never talked about them for it. I've been accustomed to having a good deal of respect shown me. My wife respected me forty years. The neighbors always did. I think I should resent an affront from my family if one were offered."

Miss Hansen also quoted him as saying he had assisted patiently in waiting on and burying a long list of older relatives; but no one ever knew exactly what it was Jack Holmes said that so aroused the indignation of Oliver Steele.

Sympathy was so generally with Oliver that gossip began going about that the brick store was losing trade. For the sick man had been good to his children; everybody knew that. Also that John Steele and Jack Holmes didn't get along. John grumbled about his brother-in-law a good deal, and it was known John was of the opinion that Jack was a detriment to the business. But he controlled Helen's share in the store, and had to be reckoned with.

Old Oliver sent for Joe Gibson, the tombstone man, and talked with him about a monument as calmly as he might have talked to Walter Bell about his occasional excursions downtown on Saturday. He had become impressed with a controversy as to the more enduring material, marble or granite, and decided on granite. An expression used by a granite man, "Rock of Ages," caught his fancy, and he wrote out copy for the inscription, after the great stone decided upon was ready for it. After that people who went by Joe Gibson's place saw him cutting these words:

IT'S THE RULE
O. K.
IN MEMORY OF OLIVER KEMP STEELE
BORN RICH, DECEMBER, 1844
DIED POOR, OCTOBER, 1921

The stonecutter wanted more exact dates, but Oliver said the record would be close enough. He had talked with Miss Hansen, and she had told him, after consulting with Doctor Sam, that, according to the rule, he would wear out in October.

It was after the monument was ready that the invalid talked to Miss Hansen about his dead wife. Mary Ellen, he called her. It was always the same story: her gentleness, patience, her intelligent interest in everything that became a good woman.

"Kate does well enough," he said, "but in Mary Ellen's day I lived like a king. We had Kate then, but nothing went on the table that Mary Ellen didn't know was right."

Mrs. Steele had been a happy woman, but there was a tragedy in her life. When ten months old her father was killed in an accident. A month later her mother died in childbirth, and the newcomer with her. Mary Ellen was so popular with the neighbors that there was a contest among them as to which should take her. She was not only the best baby that ever lived, but the best little girl, young woman, wife, mother, grandmother, her husband told Miss Hansen.

"Our real love affair began long after we were married," he said. "We had good children, but when they were old enough to care for themselves we used to go on trips, to get away from them and enjoy each other. I never knew anyone could be as perfect as Mary Ellen was; she made me more charitable with everybody. I built this house for her; I knew it wouldn't figure out, but hoped she would enjoy it. She knew she inspired it, and never said anything, but I fear it was an unnecessary burden to her instead of the joy I had anticipated."

Early in October Old O. K. began sending for his children and grandchildren. They knew he was growing weaker, and didn't remain long; Miss Hansen saw to that. But he was always pleasant to them, and said he hoped they would pardon his condition, which was becoming pretty bad. He was very restless and up and down constantly, for he had tremendous vitality.

But he never sent for Jack Holmes or saw him. He seemed to have grimly determined to die with that sin on his conscience.

"I hear Old O. K. is poorly," a rough man said one day to Miss Hansen at the front door. "If possible I would like to speak to him."

"He is too ill to see anyone," Miss Hansen replied.

"No, I'm not," old Oliver called out from his chair; "let him come in."

The caller turned out to be a friend, and they talked intimately for a time. The man carried a tin bucket and said on leaving, "My wife sent you a pound of butter. I never return from town that she doesn't ask 'How is Old O. K.?' and I thought I'd come and see."

"Tell your wife," said Oliver, "that she pleased me; and it is hard to please a man situated as I am."

"I wish we could do something for you," the caller said with a tremor in his voice as he went hurriedly away.

Perry Knowles the banker, Job Martin the lawyer, and Andrew Sheldon the editor, called one night, evidently as a committee representing a good many others.

"We've been wondering," Perry said, "if it would do any good to send for Doctor Olson, of New York. He is a noted man, and it so distresses us all to see you like this that we'd hate to neglect anything."

Oliver seemed pleased, but replied that such medical wisdom as the world possessed had trickled down to Dr. Sam Morton and the local practitioners, all of whom

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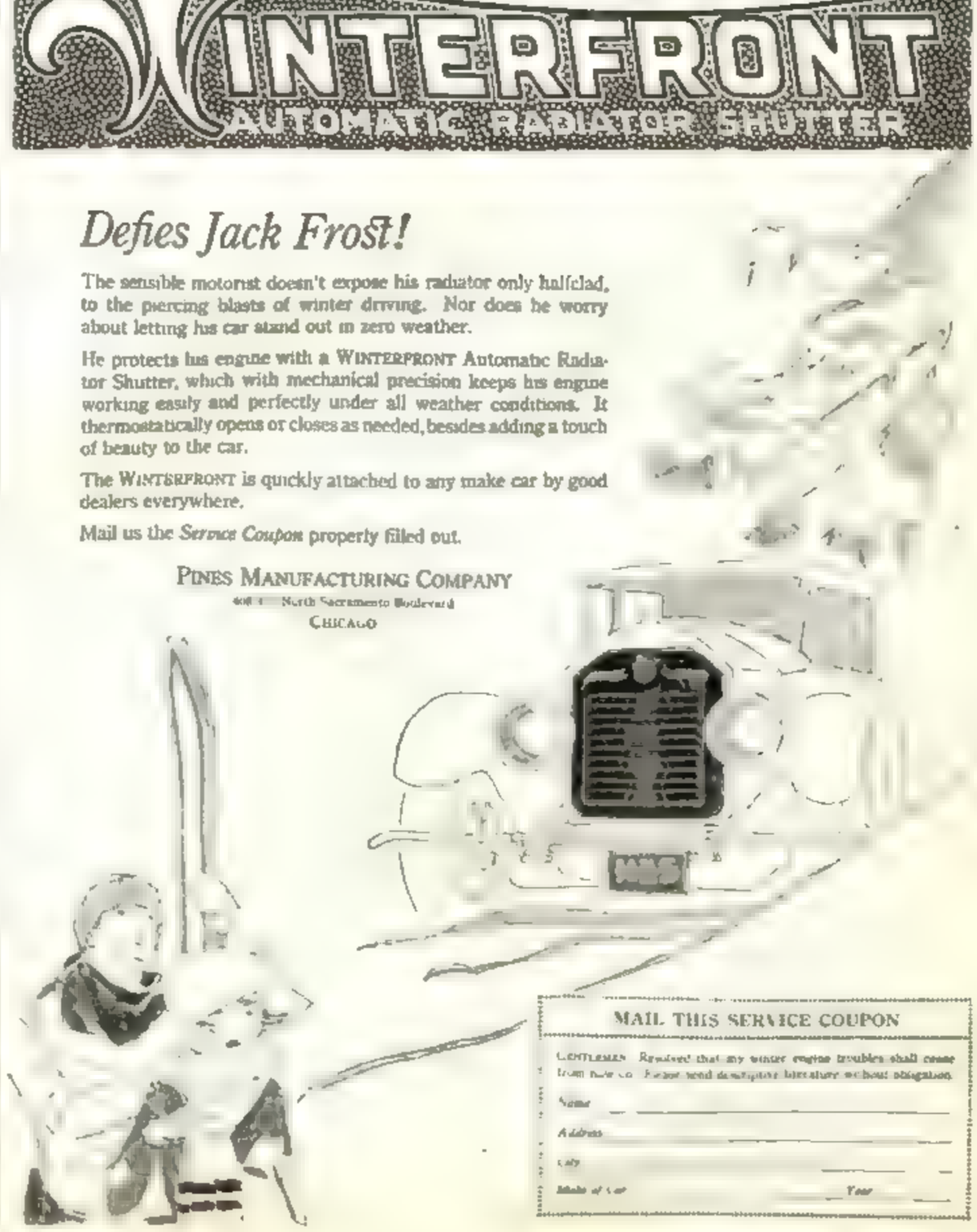

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had been to see him, and that nothing more could be done.

"It's disagreeable," he said, "but it's death. There is no help."

On their way back to town members of the committee soberly and quietly discussed their stricken friend.

"He still has that wonderful head," one of them remarked; "but how his body has wasted away!"

On another occasion the pastor of the church the Steeles had long regularly attended called. The preacher, who was rather new in the town, had discovered that the name of this man whom he had regarded as one of his pillars was not on the rolls, and never had been, although he had long assisted in church affairs with his advice and his means.

On departing, the pastor said rather awkwardly, "Of course you know it would be a great pleasure if I could do anything for you."

He may have meant praying in the sick man's presence, but Oliver replied that all the neighbors had been very kind, and that he appreciated it deeply; all was being done that could be.

"It's the rule," he continued. "Neighbors are always kind."

The nurses had orders to admit whoever appeared and to ask them to wait if the sick man could not see them at once. Two callers once waited an hour to see him and noted the confusion and distress in the sick room.

When they were at last admitted he said to them pitifully: "It is as important to die respectably as to live respectably, but more difficult. I was a soldier in Sheridan's cavalry, and could sleep while riding along at night, but I doubt if I sleep an hour a day now, although I have nothing else to do."

Through the long days and nights he looked forward to the hours just before dawn: then Nature asserted itself, and for an hour or two he slept or dozed in his chair.

Downtown there was much concern over the sick man's condition, and his life was talked over with respect. One day, at the noon hour, Nathan Knox, the restaurant man, showed a number of customers his account books. For thirty years, Nathan said, he had had orders from Oliver Steele to feed the hungry who couldn't pay and send the bill to the brick store. The account had been transferred into many books, and the word "paid" appeared twelve times every year. Nathan once told Oliver he was feeding some rather rough men, a few of them thieves, he feared.

"Did they eat what you gave them?" he asked, and on being told that they did, added: "In feeding a hungry man never ask about his morals. Go ahead."

Many kind acts performed by Oliver Steele came out of hiding. One man said Oliver had saved him from being a drunkard; he had displayed the folly of drunkenness so vividly, but kindly, and in so few words, that the man realized his folly, and quit it. Oliver Steele was never a showy man in his philanthropy, but steadily dependable. He believed much in people helping themselves, and all such found a capable friend at the brick store.

That fall was an unusual one. We had almost no Indian summer, and a good many storms of wind and rain. The night of October twenty-eighth was particularly blustery. A good many were up late, because of rattling doors and windows, and few were able to sleep well.

Two hours after midnight telephone bells began ringing all over town. Someone had observed that the lights in the big house on the hill had gone out.

Old O. K.'s rule had worked again, and Doctor Sam, a disciple, had made another good guess.

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GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

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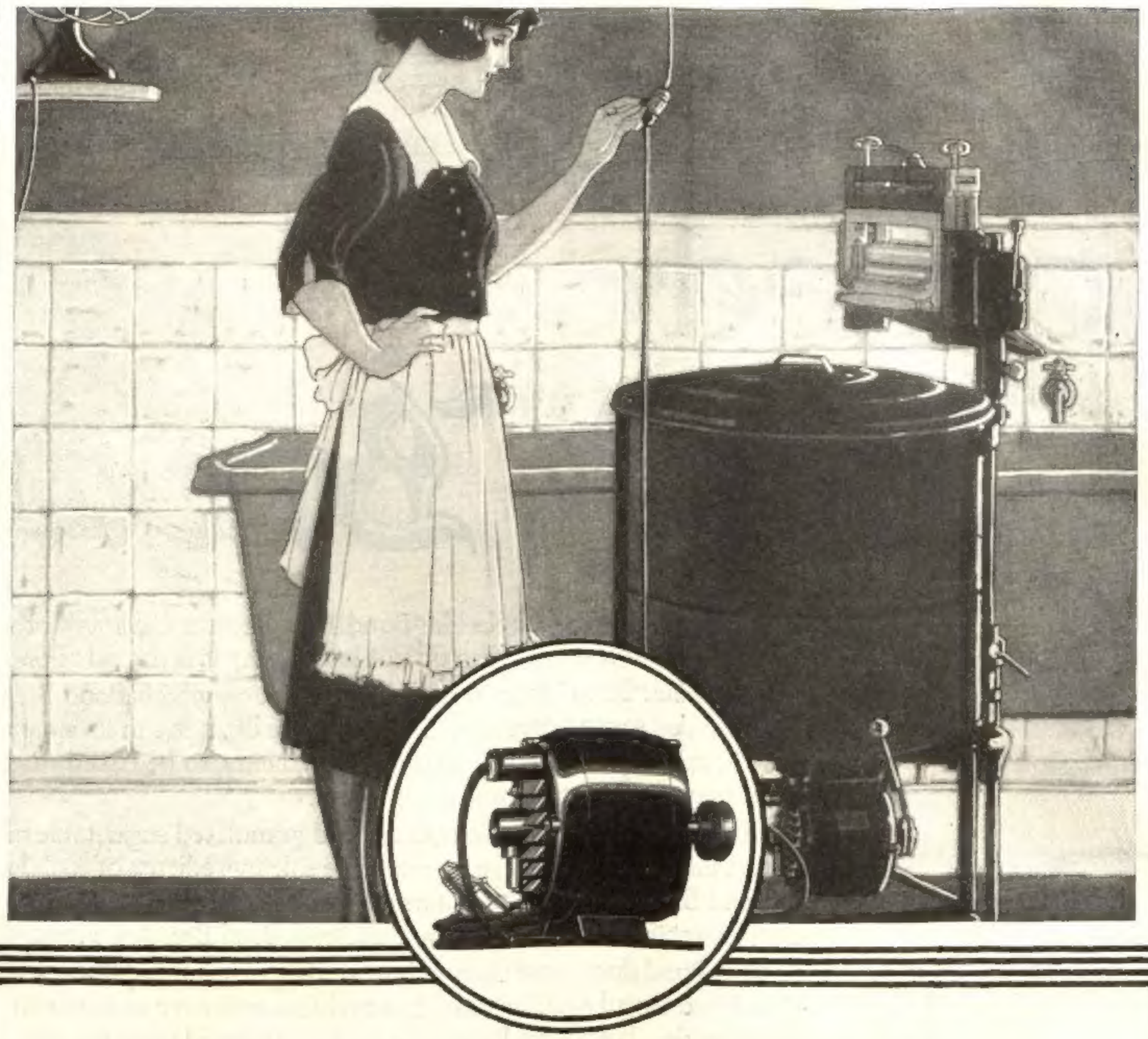
Bond Bread



EVERY morning modern housewives simply click electric switches to banish the day's drudgeries. In farmhouses and in city homes—wherever electricity reaches—household tasks can be quickly, easily and thoroughly accomplished by the use of motor-driven sweepers, washers, mangles and other labor-saving devices.

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Victor Mfg. Co., Leavenworth, Kan.
Modern Laundry Machine Co.
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Almetal Mfg. Co., Maplewood, Mo.
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Try this test with any other pancake flour.

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So Easy to Make

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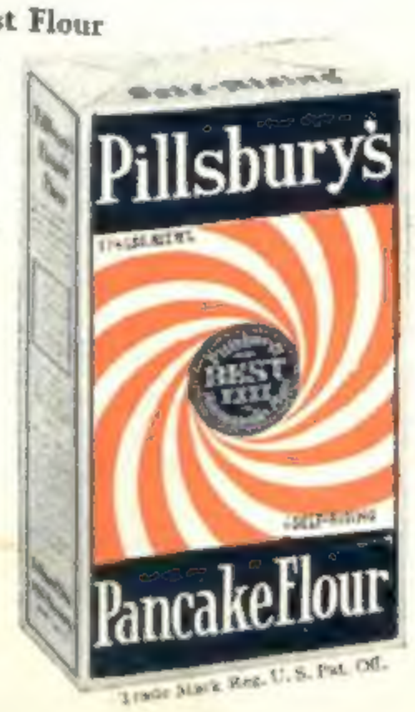

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